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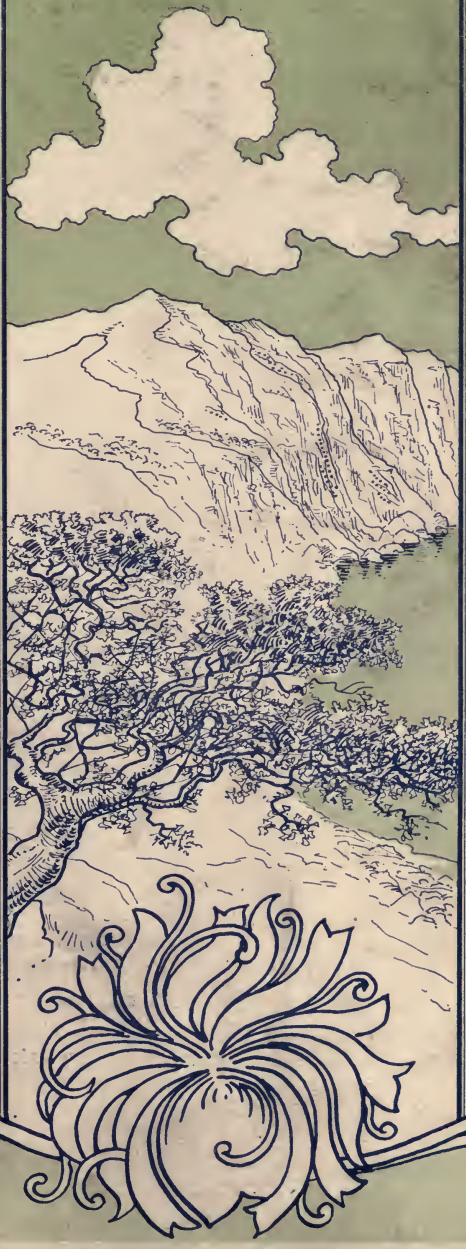

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The Overland Monthly

Vol. LXV—Second Series

January-June 1915

OVERLAND MONTHLY CO., Publishers

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Of distant reef melts faint to meet the low
And dim-heard sounds of tropic midnight. Strands
Of snow-white coral sparkle bright, and glow
Beneath the far-flung fairy stars of lands
At farthest sunset. Sweetly steals the scent
Of new tiere-flowers; shadows faintly loom
And vanish silently. And the night, far spent,
A vision, seems to sound the final doom
Of all things earthly. Moon of tranquil rest
And land of solace—Island of the Blest!

LOUIS BARR SANDS.

Along the shores of the bay

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OVERLAND MONTHLY

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BRET HARTE

VOL. LXV San Francisco, January, 1915 No. 1

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Song and Dance in Tahiti

By Lewis R. Freeman

THE Tahitian word for song, "himine," is a Kanakazation of the English hymn. Before the days of the missions, there must have been some other term, for singing was quite as prominent an occupation among the natives then as now, but it has been discarded as a superfluity long ago. The South Sea Islander does not cumber his memory with more than one name for a given thing, and when new words were forced upon him, as was inevitable with the coming of the whites, the old

ones shortly disappeared through disuse.

Thus "himine" at first was applied to nothing but the hymns which the missionaries taught. Then the term expanded to include the rowing and working chanteys of the natives, and finally to the folk and dance songs. To-day a Tahitian will speak of the "himine" to which a "hula" is danced. Shades of John Williams and James Chalmers! A "hula" to a "himine!" A native breakdown to a missionary hymn!

"You sinful hussies are as full of airs as a music box," said the missionary to the bevy of frolicksome "vahines" who replied with a rollicking "himine" to his invitation to come inside the church and hear his Sunday sermon. "That may be," answered one of the flower-crowned damsels, "but we don't go with a crank, at any rate." They tell you this story at the hotel in Papeete, and you politely laugh—just as you did when you first heard a variation of it ten years ago in America. However, the local adaptation is a good one—a Tahitian nymph is indeed as full of airs as a music box, and a vast deal easier to start up and keep going.

The Tahitian is received into the world with a song, and is sped from it with a song, and the only time in the interval when he has not a song issuing from his lips is when he is asleep. The beat of the sea is in his blood, and a sense of time and an ear for tone are instinct with him. It is as natural for him to hold a tune as it is to walk, and it would be as unusual for him to sing flat as to fall flat. In fact, be it orange or cocoanut wine, sugar cane rum or simple fatigue that starts his senses and his body reeling, he will commence falling flat long before he will commence singing flat. Even his parting hiccough will probably come in the right key.

In the beginning, the South Seas had no musical instruments beyond the hollow-tree drum and the conch. The "eukelele," so often spoken of as the native Hawaiian guitar, was originally an importation from Portugal, though now made in the islands; the concertina, mouth organ and jew's-harp of the rest of the mid-Pacific latitudes, bear their foreign marks upon them. The Kanaka makes music on any one of them the first time he takes it up; but so also does he with two sticks and a coal oil can, or a piece of rolled floor mat—he cannot help it.

But the Tahitian's heart is in his singing, not his playing, and in choral rather than solo expression. He sings for the same reason that the rational drinker drinks—sociability. He always sings when he is on the road or working alone, but only because there is no one else to sing with him; a native who sings alone by preference is looked upon by his fellows much as we look upon a man who is known to be a solitary tippler.

I have never heard the point brought up, but it has struck me on more than one occasion that much of the phenomenal success of the early missionaries was due to their rare judgment in turning their first meetings into big singfests. Even a meeting of to-day is three-quarters "himine," and in the short interval of prayer and preaching the congregation is in a continual fidget in its eagerness for the opening notes of the next song. Nearly every one slips down from his seat, lies at length on the floor and lights a banana leaf cigarette; the children run about, not over-quietly, and amuse themselves with pranks upon their elders. But at the first long-drawn note of the "himine" leader—the trumpet call to action—all leap to their seats, throw away their cigarettes and sit at stiff attention, and from then till the end of the song have no eyes or ears for anything but the business in hand.

All of the missionary hymns, and especially those which have come down from the early days, are translations of old songs of the camp meeting and revival order, and every one of them has the beat and swing of a sailors' chantey. These lively new tunes tickled the native fancy as soon as they were introduced, and the fact

In the throes of the "hula"

that the first meetings consisted of even more singing and less preaching than those of to-day must have done much toward winning the missionary tolerance and even popularity, where the trader and the planter were ever suspended by hair-fine threads above the cooking pots. The natives, won and held through their love of hearing themselves sing, have thereby also been rendered more plastic for spiritual moulding. What could not have been done with them if their passion for dancing could have been similarly played upon?

The two dominant sounds of island life, the bomb of the breakers and the hum of the wind in the trees, may be traced through all of the native music, and, through improvisation, in much that one hears in the churches. The sonorous, chesty notes of the men's lower registers echo faithfully the thunder of the sea upon the reef, and a high, close-mouthed humming of the women is admirably imitative of the rise and fall of the wind, the rubbing of branches and the lisp of split palm fronds. The resonant over-tones of the bass in a men's chorus is not unsuggestive of the dying rumble of a big hollow log drum. "The swing and entrain of the whole performance are intoxicating," writes an English woman who made a study of the Island music. "The chorus, be it ten or a thousand voices, sweeps onward as resistlessly as a cataract, and the beat of the measure is like the pulse of Father Time himself."

There are several parts as a rule, but they wander in and out of one another at will, and every now and then a single voice will break away and embroider a little improvisation upon the melody that is like a sudden scatter of spray from the crest of a rolling breaker. Then the chorus takes it up and answers it, and the whole mass of the voices hurls itself upon the tune

like the breaker falling and bursting upon the shore.

For the benefit of those interested in music in a technical sense I give this brief note jotted down by a musician of our party: "In some ways the music is like Indian and Chinese music of the classical mode employed in temples. A compass of about five or six notes ascending and descending to a note of an apparently unrelated key. All the tunes seem to be written in the same key, with the mode minor and the higher pitched and unrelated note, usually rendered in a loud and not very musical falsetto. At times the contrapuntal writing is decided and excellent."

Dancing is the natural concomitant of singing in all of the South Sea Islands, and the only occasion on which one is enjoyed without the other is at church service. As for dancing, singing is a *sine qua non.* Not only can a native not dance without a singing accompaniment, but his own voice must also be a part of that accompaniment. To bind a Tahitian dancer's mouth is to tie his feet quite as much as tying a Latin's hands is tantamount to binding his mouth.

The first Tahitian dancers of whom there is any authentic record were the members of the "Areo," a secret intertribal organization of the old days, which would undoubtedly be credited to Bacchic inspiration were there any way of tracing the connection. The "Areos" were a roystering lot of madcaps, hardly comparable to anything else in history, but partaking something of the character of a modern choral society, a fancy dancing class and a band of brigands, with the avowed encouragement of human sacrifice, murder, cannibalism and general immorality thrown in.

The "Areo" was made up of the elite of each tribe, and the members were carefully tutored in the fine points of singing and dancing, much after the fashion of the geishas of Japan and the Nautch girls of India. They traveled from valley to valley, and village to village like a college glee club, and the fact that their shows were open to all comers free of charge brought them unbounded popularity, and made them welcome guests in the palace of the king at the capital, or in the huts of the meanest fishing hamlet on the island. What they desired they took, and so powerful and popular were they that there was none to gainsay them. "Wicked, amusing, devilish, delightful, dazzling, debauched, demoniac, fascinating," are some of the adjectives historians have used to describe them. What wonder that the budding youth of Tahiti centered his ambition on growing up to become an "Areo," with an intensity that an American youth, tossed on the horns of the inevitable pirate-captaincy-presidency dilemma, can never know?

And then came the missionary—("Before the missionary came," on the lips of an old Tahitian, is fraught with the wildness of regret of "Before the Gringo came," on the lips of an old Spanish Don of Southern California) —and the "Areo" grew less and less, and finally were no more. What of its legacies? We have seen how the missionaries adopted and turned the song to their own good ends. Has the dance had the vitality to survive without the patronage of the real arbiters of island destiny? Hardly in its pristine purity. The "hula in Tahiti today is in about the same state as the "Harp that once through Tara's Halls" —the only evidence of its existence is when some over-strung string of "vahines" breaks (out) to show that still it lives. If the "breaking" is in public you will probably see the frayed ends of the string being chivvied down to the city bastile by a couple of motherly gendarmes.

And yet the ancient dance is not quite dead; there are a few strings that will yet give back a responsive chord if one knows how to twang them. But don't think it will be you, Mr. Tourist. I never heard of but one man who chanced to strike the "Lost Chord," and his fingers had been wandering over the worn strings for a year or more before they twanged the right

A native hut, Tahiti

combination. I will write of this later.

The usual "hula" that is arranged for those of the "personally conducted, limited to fifty, all expenses paid" party who are in search of something deliciously naughty is about as devilish as a quadrille at a Sunday school picnic—a squad of portly "vahines" marching soberly through a half-dozen simple figures. But at every one of these performances a darkly mysterious Kanaka is sure to slip quietly around among the men of the party and hint vaguely of the "real thing" that has been arranged for that very evening, and to which admission may be gained for—say $10, Chilean—apiece. Like half-starved trout to the first grasshopper of the season they rise, and with felicitous mutterings of "A chance of a lifetime to see a hula" —"Last one to ever be pulled off—Fancy it occurring during our visit"—a party of a dozen or more, leaving its distractedly envious ladies behind, is steered off from the hotel into the scented twilight.

The "subscriptions" are collected en route to a deserted thatch shack on the outside of the town where, by the light of a couple of battered ship side lamps, the searchers for local color see a dozen anemic frailities from the beach—dull-eyed, sad looking "vavahines," flotsam and jetsam from half the island groups of the South Pacific, with strong hints of elephantiasis in their heavy ankles and blotchy skin—writhe and wriggle for half an hour in action more suggestive of the popular stage imitation of a portly dame trying to make the hooks of her Princess gown meet than a Terpsichorean performance. The girls are a shameless

lot of hussies of the class—any one who has whiled away the evening of his steamer stop in Honolulu or Port Said, or where not in search of "local color" will recognize them—that dexterously appropriates your scarf-pin under pretense of putting a flower in your button hole, and when you discover the loss boldly challenges you to tell the police about it.

And yet, what an indescribable lure there is in the "real thing" bait any time after you have been bitten by the "search for local color" bug! It would hardly be fair to have held the glass on the researches of other Tahitian tourists without confessing that I, also, was once a greedy swallower of the "real thing" bait, and under circumstances particularly aggravating. So here's for a clean breast of it.

I had noticed with increasing curiosity as our Tahitian visit wore on that the sailors from the yacht had been returning for several days from shore leave with new hats and new neckties, and with wreaths of flowers about their shoulders—sure signs that they were basking in female favor in some part of the island capital, so that when the mate came to me with a story of how he and his fellows had been adopted—a not unusual island custom—by families of an outlying Papeetan suburb, I accepted the truth of the yarn without question.

"As a special favor, sir, a lot of the 'vahines' are going to give us the 'real thing' in the way of a 'hula' to-morrow night," he confided to me, "and we thought that as you was saying that you didn't think much of them tourist 'hulas' they get up for the steamer people that you might like to see the genuine article."

"Thanks, Victor," I said. "Write down the directions for reaching the place and I will pick up W—— and be there."

It isn't the custom to go sight-seeing with your sailors in Tahiti any more than in America, but the role of patron seemed to excuse it in this case. And who in his first year in the islands ever failed to rise for the "real thing" bait under any circumstances? W——, who joined me for the evening, was a British ornithologist of considerable reputation, and himself an earnest searcher after the fabled native of pristine purity.

We found the place without difficulty by locating it approximately and then running down the bang of a beaten oil can and the whine of an accordion. It is quite possible that the sailors had been taken to the bosom of some native families, as they claimed; it is even possible that there may have been a right merry breakdown of a sort going on before we came. But certain it is that it was nothing bordering on that elusive will-o'-the-wisp, the "real thing," and more certain still that our coming—perhaps through suspicions aroused by the official cut of W——'s ducks—come pretty near to putting a stop to even such activity as had been in progress.

The double line of capering "vahines" broke for the unlighted corners, and in a trice had hidden their graceful flower wreathed limbs under flowing "holakaus." They were a likely looking lot of girls, but not even the dozen bottles of cheap claret which we had brought as a good-will offering served to stir them to any further action.

In vain the chagrined sailors cajoled and swore and pushed and pulled; the distrustful nymphs only hung their flower-crowned heads and shrank farther into the dark corners. There was only one of the lot that did not seem paralyzed with bashfulness, and this one, a long, rangy rack of bones with close-cropped hair—the only uncomely one of them all—started a lively whirling dervish sort of a dance that threatened to break the floor in.

"Not an orthodox 'hula,' but the best bit of quick stepping I've seen in the island," cried W—— enthusiastically. "Go it, girl!"

Thus encouraged, the lengthy dancer let out another link and at the same time lowered her song from a high falsetto humming to a booming of chesty bass notes.

Under the Cocoanut trees, Tahiti

"My word!" gasped W——, "she's a man!"

And a man "she" was, called in at the last moment to take the place of a girl who had fallen ill.

"Let's take a flash of that bunch of icebergs and get out of here," suggested W—— wearedly. "I've had about enough of your 'real thing' for one night."

So while W—— and the sailors chivvied the reluctant dancers together and grouped them in frozen poses, I set up the camera and put out the flash-light powder. A sufficient quantity of the latter was poured from a two-ounce tin box into its cover, and set on a rickety table, the mate being directed to light it at the click of my opening shutter. He lit the powder at the proper moment, but confused the order to the extent of lighting the contents of the nearly full box instead of the small portion in the cover There came an explosive "whish" and a blinding flash, and under a dense smoke cloud the mate, his lashes gone and his drooping Norwegian mustache burned to a few singed stubs, was writhing on the floor and groaning with agony. An instant later the light bamboo wall behind the table was observed to be afire and the room sprang into uproar.

The sailors bellowed for water, and

W—— shouted for a quilt, while the natives screamed back to the effect that, as the house was deserted and isolated, neither could be had. There seemed nothing to do but get out and let the old shack burn. W—— and a sailor, the apparently stone-blind mate between them, were making for the door and I was endeavoring to salvage the trampled fragments of my photographic apparatus, when my eye caught a flash of red in one corner, and my ear the twice or thrice repeated crash of breaking glass. In a quarter of a minute more a vigorously swished wet rag had threshed out the darting flame tongues just before they reached the pendant frizzles of the pandanus thatch.

A resourceful "vahine," while all the rest of us were wasting our breath calling for water and quilts, and bewailing the absence of hand grenades and chemical engines, had calmly whisked off her "pareo," broken all of the unopened claret bottles over it, and whipped out the fire. Wasn't it Moll Pitcher who won the day and a monument by swabbing out the cannon with some of her surplus lingerie? They don't erect monuments to fire fighters in Tahiti, so W——and I did the best thing possible under the circumstances in subscribing the price of a dozen new "pareos."

HERSELF

In the hush of a house of sorrow I sat alone to-day.
Mourning the sunny spirit that had slipped from our lives away.
There were flowers, thick as the tear drops, that from heavy eyelids start,
Lilies white as her shining soul, roses sweet as her heart.

Soft in the perfumed darkness came a knock at the outer door,
And a gray-haired woman entered, wrinkled and bent and poor,
Her worn hands grasped a shallow dish of zimnias and feverfew,
And she sighed: "I brought the best I had to the best I ever knew."

"I ain't no learnin' like she had, but somehow it seems to me
Folks is mostly so busy *doin'* they ain't got time to *be*.
But She had and 'twas *her*, not her lesson books helped most as the years went by,
For She taught her scholars how to live, and she's showed 'em how to die.

"And to folks like me, She was most as poor, and she never was over-strong,
But just to know she was *livin'* seemed to kind of help along.
Her faith was a shinin' ladder from here to the afterwhile,
And the blackest trouble faded some after it met her smile.

"And so I've fetched my posies. They're poor, but *she* wouldn't mind.
Let 'em set close by and say like her, 'Trust always and be kind.'
And if some of the others wonder why you put 'em where you do,
Just say: 'She gave the Best she had to the Best she ever knew.'"

ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD.

In the desert the riding horse or "cow pony" is staked by digging a hole and tamping the sand around a knot on the end of the lariat.

THE DESERT

By Fred Lockley

IS THE OLD West utterly and irrevocably gone? Have the Indians followed the buffalo into the dim land of shadows? Prospectors and trappers—where are they? Have they taken the long trail, the well worn trail that leads over the divide? Do the moccasin clad feet of the scouts wander only through the dreary gray wastes of fiction? Do the booted and spurred cowboys gallop only through the pages of romance, or is there somewhere a land where they still live in the flesh? Has the New West—the strenuous New West, with its progress and development—left somewhere an out-of-the-way nook, a forgotten corner untouched by the plow of the settler, unvexed by his wire fence?

As you sit at your office desk looking with unseeing eyes at the columns of figures in the ledger before you, do you feel the lure of the desert, of the great, shimmering, unpeopled, uncontaminated waste? At night as you look in the fireplace and watch the faggots turn from red to gray, does not your imagination transform them into a camp fire? Can you not smell the pungent odor of the burning sage brush and goose-wood which rises like incense in the untainted air? Above you is the purple-black, star strewn dome of the sky; the solitude and mystery of the desert night broods over you, and then—the embers fall apart—the vision of shimmering leagues of unpeopled desert fades. Is there such a land unpeopled, untraveled, primeval?

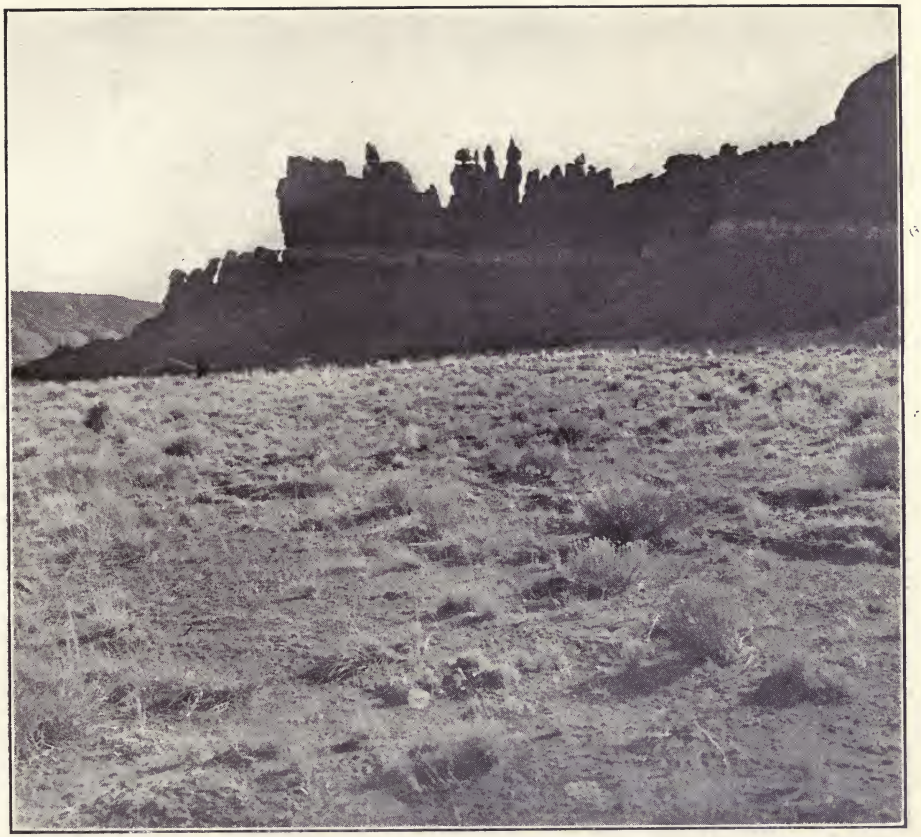
Six hundred miles northeast from

Los Angeles there is a small station called Winslow. It is the gate-way to a land of witchery and mystery, for to the northward, vast and illimitable, stretches the barren desert. Here in this little Arizona town you may see Mexicans and cowboys, Navajos and "lungers," prospectors and card sharps. This is the outfitting point for the North country, and it will pay you to stroll around and look about. Here a party of Argonauts are ready to enter the desert in quest of the golden treasure to be found in the river sand and gravel bars. On each side of their canvas covered wagon, water barrels are suspended, for in the desert water spells life, and the lack of it has strewn the burning sands with bleaching bones, grim records of past tragedies, wherein some thirst-crazed prospector has staggered on and on till he has fallen, and with parched throat, swollen tongue and bloodshot eyes has, with labor unspeakable and with grim primal impulse to live, crawled and dragged himself across the glaring alkali to keep his tryst with death.

When you have admired the horses and commented favorably on his outfit the driver will tell you whatever you wish to know.

"Yes, that's right; we're goin' prospectin'. Up San Juan way. Placer proposition on the bars of the old river bed. Just four of us. The big Swede, as we call him, principally because he ain't a Swede, is the head guy. Then there's the cook; he's an old cavalry man, and has fought Indians all over Arizona and New

Ol-Jay-Toe, or moonwater wash, so called because the water is always white with a moonlight coloring. The rocks are of red or brown coloring.



Saw-toothed ridge, with wonderful colored rocks near Moqui divide. These naked walls show the softly blending and harmonious color scheme of a Turkish rug.

Mexico. Otizan is our guide; he's a Navajo Indian, and myself—used to punch steers, but now I'm ridin' herd on bunches of tenderfeet that want to see the desert, or else hoss wranglin' for prospectin' parties like this one."

You will have two hundred miles to travel before you come to the valley of the San Juan—but such miles—roadless miles that try your wagon, your horse and yourself, and if there are any weak places in any of these, they will be found. But the beauty, the glory of it all! If you have once seen it, you can never forget it. From some upreared mesa you look over an enchanted land, with its deep cut gorges, its curiously carved rock formations, and, league on league to the far-flung horizon, mesas and mountains, water-worn arroyos and wind-eroded bluffs. It is as though the whole region had, while still in liquid state, been wind-driven and storm-lashed and rolled, billow-like, before the fury of some prehistoric tempest, and in a moment, been frozen into immobility. On all sides rise curious terraces, and massive peaks, while the cliffs are vivid with alternating bands of brown and yellow, of red and blue. Across the naked walls nature has flung her many-colored banners.

At the entrance to Copper Canyon, like terra cotta islands from a gray-green sea, rise a missive group of rocks which dominate the plain. Fire and water and wind have wrought their will until the region is a veritable fairy land.

Nature, in some convulsive shudder, has upheaved Capitan, a grim tower that rises, sentinel-like, a sheer thousand feet above the lava strewn foothills. At its foot turned to stone are the trees that grew here ages ago.

Not only is the land rich in gold, but here also are vast deposits of copper and other minerals. At Coal Mesa a vein of coal crops out, which is visible for miles; here, too, nature has placed deposits of peat and fire-clay which occur with the coal, and are capped with heavy masses of slate and sandstone.

One could readily fancy that this region had been the home in some far past age of a race of giants, who in their play had thrown immense boulders over the face of the country, or stacked them, here and there, in fantastic and picturesque disarray. At Ol-jay-toe, or Moonwater Wash, as it is called, boulders as large as houses are scattered promiscuously throughout the valley.

Beyond the passes in the gorges lies the desert—the death-dealing, the life-giving desert. Woe to the city-born if he becomes lost in its mazes! A tiny blot on the glittering whiteness of the sand, a few high-circling buzzards hastening to the spot, another pile of whitened bones. Life-giving? Yes, this rich, volcanic ash, when carried by the San Juan, or the Colorado, to the valleys below, make farm lands fertile beyond compare.

Here, by a scanty stream, you come upon some hogans, rude mud huts, in which the Navajos are camped. If chance favors, you may see a wrinkled squaw catch a sheep, and with her knife cut the wool from its back. Here,

A rocky road near the mouth of Copper Canyon.

Desert land in the Owens' River Valley

too, you will see the wool spun into coarse-fibred thread and dyed in soft tints of red and brown. On the ground, with her hand loom in front of her, sits a Navajo squaw, weaving in rude design the history of her life, or of the tribe, into the blanket.

When the sun is blazing down from an unclouded sky, you will see, as you toil over the chocolate colored ridges and the long, desolate stretches of eye-straining white sand, the soapweed and dwarfed cactus waver in the shimmering heat, and, even as you look, there appears in the distance a tree-fringed lake. You can see the ripple of the waves on its surface; you can see them break on the pebbly beach. Press forward ever so eagerly, you will not quench your thirst from its sparkling waters, for ever as you advance, it recedes. Now, like the unsubstantial fabric of a dream, it fades away, and in its place, as if by fairy magic, there appears an ancient cliff village. So distinct are the rock-formed walls, so plainly can you see the bits of broken pottery lying near the cave-like doors that it seems incredible that, like the lake, it is merely a mirage.

Days of unclouded sun, skies of azure and turquoise, nights dream-like with the mellow, silvery moonlight which turns the familiar landscape to a mystic and unknown land, gorges, gloomy and mysterious, cliffs and mesas, ribboned with a harmony of blended colors, weird columns and picturesque castellated crags, fire-formed and water-spun buttes—such is the desert. Its ruggedness may repel, but its mystery beckons. Neither peril nor hardship can daunt those who have felt its witchery and heard its call.

Part of the ruins of the old mission.

Where the Swallows Builded

A Story of San Juan Capistrano

By H. Bedford-Jones

THIS is the story of the faith of Pepita Arregua. She was fat and ugly, and was two-thirds Indian. Sometimes she picked fruit for a living, sometimes she did ranch-work, sometimes she cultivated her own bit of ground, ten miles away from Capistrano. Her husband was dead, and she had a son, Juan, in whom her Mexican blood was more developed, for he was light in color and handsome.

Every Sunday, Pepita came down to the ruined mission of San Juan de Capistrano, walking ten miles down and ten miles back. At first she had brought Juan in her arms, then he had been able to walk for himself.

Now, the mission had been deserted for twenty years and more, except for the padre who came over the hills to hold service each Sunday for the Indians and Mexicans. The place was uncared for, desolate, destroyed

"A corner of the building still remained."

by the terrible earthquake nearly a hundred years before. The old bells had been placed in niches and still rang out faintly, but over all the patio and ruins the weeds were shoulder-high. In the ruins of the great church the swallows built their mud nests, and under the eaves.

"But it is holy," old Pepita would look about, her brown face wrinkled, and would clasp Juan's hand very tightly, as they rested after the service. "After this place I named you, *nino*. Yes, it is holy, and some day will come men to care for it!"

A corner of the buildings still remained, roofed with the tiles that the padres had made a hundred years ago. And each Sunday, as they rested in the shade, Pepita would tell Juan how the mission had been builded; how the Indians had carried the stones on their heads for six miles, how the beams had been brought twenty miles from the hills, how the roof tiles and square tiles for flooring and columns had been made in the old kilns on the hill.

They would wander through the ruined cloisters together, push through the weeds over the long adobe ruins, or perhaps sit and watch the close-built mud nests that clustered under the dome of the great ruined transept. And Pepita would tell of how this ruin marked the weaving shops, how that one was where the hides and tallow were made, how the church itself—the greatest of all the mission churches—had been stricken after thirty years of building and buried its servitors under its ruins.

"Some day men will come with love in their hearts," she would declare firmly. "Else, why should God send those swallows every spring? You will see, you will see!"

But the years passed and no one came. The adobe crumbled a little more, the ruined arches fell with the rains, the old tiles slipped off the roof and crashed on the weed-grown tile pavements below. Once men had tried to rebuild it, long ago, but they had begun by blowing up some of the ruins with gunpowder, and their work had been ruined in a night—by a miracle, Pepita declared.

"Yes, they had no love," she said, nodding at the long arches. "God wants no service but that of love, Juan. But some day a man will come——"

None came but the swallows, however, who built their nests each spring. Juan grew up, clean-limbed and strong—and each Sunday he and Pepita came to the mission, ten miles and back in the hot sun.

One day, when Juan was thirteen, they had come down as usual to service, and as it was summer they rested in the weed-grown patio until the sun's strength lessened. While waiting, Juan got water and mud and made figures as he loved to do, drying them in the sun afterward.

As he was at work, a big automobile stopped on the highway in front of the ruins, and tourists descended to look at the place. One of them, a man, wandered over to where Pepita and Juan sat in the shade. He saw the boy at work, and called the rest of the party hastily. They talked together, while Pepita watched in suspicion and dislike; then one of them who spoke Spanish made an astonishing proposal.

He told Pepita that Juan was a born sculptor, and offered to send the boy to school in San Diego. Pepita at first refused blankly, but the man persisted. He was a wealthy rancher in the hills and had much money. He would pay all expenses and would also pay her for the loss of Juan's labor. By degrees Pepita's dormant ambition was aroused—not for herself, but for Juan. The ranchero said that he might become great if he went to school. . . .

In the end, Pepita consented, with many misgivings. Juan, weeping loudly, was taken into the automobile with his adobe figures, and departed. Pepita looked after the whirling dust-cloud, drew her shawl down over her face, and went home alone—ten miles. Yet, for the sake of Juan, she endured the desolation.

After six months, Juan came home. Pepita hardly knew him, but when she had heard of his new life and work and of the things he was learning, she said nothing of her own loneliness, and he went back to school. So during three years he came home at intervals, more and more an American, less and less an Indian; yet every time he came they went down each Sunday to the old mission, ten miles and back.

At last he came home for good; at first it was a joyful then a terrible day for Pepita, whose hair was now very gray. For Juan brought a letter from the ranchero, and read it to her because Pepita could not read. And the ranchero wanted to send Juan to Europe.

It took Pepita a very long time to understand where Europe was, but when she did comprehend, she sat down in the corner and drew her shawl over her face. Juan left the matter in her hands, for he was dutiful, but he wanted very much to go to Europe. This was on a Saturday, and the next day the wealthy ranchero was to meet them at the mission to obtain Pepita's answer.

"The ruined transept of the great church, where the swallows builded."

The next morning they started early

—Pepita in her sober black, barefoot; Juan in his new clothes. And at the mission they found a new padre—a stooping, gentle-faced young man named O'Flynn, who was said to be dying from consumption. He was stopping in the village, and had taken charge.

When Pepita and Juan sat under the pepper-trees and rested, that afternoon, the new padre joined them. He had heard of Juan, and asked many questions; so kindly were his blue Irish eyes, so sweet was his death-touched face, that Pepita found her distrust at once dispelled, and she opened her heart freely.

"I do not know," and O'Flynn looked across at the red roof tiles. "Perhaps I have failed elsewhere in the world, Pepita, and was sent here. What a beautiful task it would be to rebuild this place, to restore what there is left of it, and to do it exactly as it was first built—not as they have restored the other missions, ruining them!"

"Why not?" cried Juan, his dark eyes flashing as he sat up. "Why could it not be done, padre? If men had love in their hearts——"

O'Flynn smiled sadly. "There is no money, no revenue. We do not know how the old place was built, even. Look at the door-sills, see how curiously they were put together. But the old paint is not like our paint. And if we reconstructed the roof of tule and rawhide, and the plaster, how would we paint them as they were painted? No one knows what colors were used, or how the tinting was done——"

"But listen!" Juan sprang up eagerly. "You could live in the unruined part, and by tilling the weed-grown spaces in the court and patio a living could be made! Two men could do it—and the work might be slow, but it would be work of love."

"Yes, but there is no second man," smiled O'Flynn, though his blue eyes were alight with the vision. "Also, I am not strong and cannot work much and know nothing of the use of paints or how to work with stone and plaster."

Pepita, who had been listening with her shawl over her head, looked up as a big motor car halted in the road. A moment later the ranchero appeared, striding toward them; he doffed his wide hat and was introduced to O'Flynn by the beaming Juan. They talked of Europe and the great things Juan could do. Pepita had not yet given her answer, and after a little she rose and trudged off, unnoticed.

Ten minutes later Juan saw that she was not there, and with a word to the others he went in search of her. Finding the little chapel locked, he went on into the old courtyard where the crumbling arches lined three sides and ruined adobe walls the fourth. Pepita was not there, but Juan stood gazing around, thrilled by the desolate beauty of the place.

He remembered the tales his mother had told him of its building, and his fingers went out against the crumbling tiles of the nearest arch with curious reverence. Yes, there was love in every foot of this ruin, love and service. And his mother had always said that men would come to care for the holy place, in love—why, that was exactly the way the new padre had spoken, too!

Juan started, surprised by the thought. Could it be that his mother's prayers and longings had thus been answered? But no—O'Flynn was ill, and the work would require two men at least, and would be long, years long. No, this was not the man. So with a last look around, he passed on into the mass of ruins behind the building.

His mother was not there. Juan gazed around him, wondering where she could be; and as he stood, he remembered other tales she had told him. In here was the sanctuary of the second church, built of adobe after the earthquake, and now completely fallen to ruin. Underneath the weeds were fallen stones and rotted beams. Pepita had once said that some of the padres lay buried there, forgotten utterly. Juan felt a tinge of awe as

A corner of the old garden.

Along the old mission wall.

he looked down into the place, then passed on across another ruined wall.

From here he could see the niches where the bells were hung—the same sweet old bells that had hung in the great church. The blocked-up doorways, the ruined and weed-hung walls, the high back of the great transept—as Juan's eye swept over these, he realized at last the strong faith and longing of his mother. His trained artist's sense told him what her untutored faith had told her—that all this was too beautiful, too firmly builded in love and service to perish. Surely, men would come. . . .

There was only one other place his mother could be, and this was in the tall transept itself, the domed sanctuary of the great church where the swallows builded. There were no swallows now, however, for it was late in the year and they had departed. Juan stepped into the little stone room off the transept, where had been the sacristy of the great church—and then, startled, he paused abruptly and listened.

Very rarely had he heard his mother cry, for Pepeta was of stolid stock, and when she wept it was in silence. Now, however, he heard great choking sobs and was terrified; they seemed to come from the very soul of his mother, and there were words—soft Spanish words that seemed to hold him in cold terror.

"Oh, God—he never understood at all!" The broken words pierced into Juan's heart as he listened. "I told him—he never understood! He never knew why I let him go, nor how I hoped that he would be the one. Oh, God—God—how I wanted him to

learn and be wise and great, and come back to his old madre and give You his love and service here——"

Very softly, Juan retraced his steps. When he re-entered the patio and came up to the ranchero and Padre O'Flynn, his face was set and white, his lips trembling.

"Come with me—quickly," he said, and in astonishment they obeyed.

He led them around to the transept by the front way. Their steps must have warned Pepita, for they found her sitting quietly, her black shawl over her face, as Indian women have sat through all the years.

They paused before her, and Juan turned to the ranchero.

"My mother will tell you if I can go or not," he said, his voice unsteady.

"*Va, mi hijo,*" she said, not looking up. "Go, my son."

Then Juan laughed—so strangely that the other two men stared at him. With a flame dancing in his eyes, he turned to O'Flynn, and spoke in quick Spanish.

"No," he cried, "I will not go! Long ago my mother told me that men would come to labor here in faith and love, and it was true. You have come. You are not well and you can do little; I am strong and can do much. Together we can live here! My mother can till the ground, with my help, and earn our bread; you can regain your strength; you can use my hands and knowledge and skill, and we will build in love and service!"

He turned to the amazed ranchero, and smiled softly.

"And you, who have done so much for me, who have given me skill and education and teaching, are you not willing that I should do this? Which were better for me—to go and spend your money in Europe, learning new things, or to remain here where my fathers labored, to spend what I have in loving service, to give what I can to restoring this place where men lived unselfish lives and served God?"

There was silence, as Pepita stared up, her brown face incredulous and glorified. Twice the ranchero opened his mouth to speak, and twice he could not; for he was a good man and understood fully. Then, huskily, he spoke:

"Juan—do as God—bids you." And with that he turned and departed.

But Juan had caught up Pepita into his arms. As they stood, there came a subdued crash; perhaps loosened by the footsteps of the ranchero, two or three old mud nests had fallen from the vaulted dome above. O'Flynn looked up, then gave a cry.

"Juan—look! The tinting!"

There where the nests had been, preserved from weather and rain and damp, stood out delicate copper-green and gold tinting, in fine tracery against the dull plaster. For a moment Juan stared up, then with a laugh of happiness he caught the padre's hand and looked down into his mother's eyes.

"*Mi madre,*" he said softly, "did not God send the swallows——"

But his voice choked suddenly, for Pepita was weeping in pure happiness.

THE SHELL

By Thomas Durley Landels

Beside the sea upon the wave-washed sand
I found a tiny, pink, transparent shell;
And as it lay, a jewel, in my hand,
I traced its lines and marked its beauty well.

A perfect thing it was, its workmanship
A miracle of beauty; every line
From tiny hinge to tiny curving lip
Seemed drawn by magic pencil all divine.

A hundred tints more delicate than air
Had met and mingled in that narrow space.
So fragile was its form, so fine and rare,
A single touch might mar its fairy grace.

And yet withal so strong it was, so tough,
The mighty ocean-tides swept harmless by:
The roaring surges were not strong enough,
Nor raging storms, to spoil its symmetry.

It lay unbroken where the boisterous wave
Had cast it down, that tiny fragile form—
So fragile, yet with inward strength to brave
The tides, the waves, the warring winds, the storm.

I knew a woman's heart, a fragile thing,
So tender, gracious, sensitive, it seemed;
Set to rare music was its every string—
A gem from which a heav'nly radiance streamed.

More beautiful it was, more subtly fair
Than any loveliest flow'r that ever blew—
Itself a flow'r, indeed, whose fragrance rare
Made sweet the neighborhood wherein it grew!

So delicate it was, so finely wrought,
An unkind word, a slight, a heedless word,
Would crush and break it as a thing of nought,
And leave it bleeding like a wounded bird.

And yet that woman's heart was stout and strong—
Stout as the oak, wind-lashed and tempest-worn—
Strong as the rock that battles all night long
With tide and surge, and laughs to greet the morn.

Steadfast it stood, unscathed, serenely calm,
Through all life's storms, its pains and griefs and woes—
Only, more loving, more replete with balm,
More fragrant with the sweetness of the rose.

Oh, home of love! a wondrous gem thou art,
So frail and fragile, yet so strong and brave!
The crowning work of God is woman's heart,
A lovely shell left by life's tidal wave.

The Dervish and the Nautch-Girl

By Regina Miriam Block

AZIZAN the Nautch-Girl turned lazily upon the red string-mat on the house-roof, and rolled the opium ball between her hands. It was said of Azizan in the city that she was at once the best dancer and the worst woman in Agra. It was also said of her that she had loved no man in her heart, and when she was asked by an amorous poet from Kashmir if she had a heart at all, she had flung one of her turned-up slippers at his head and cried how she had worn her heart upon its sole and crushed it long ago in dancing. And she had laughed. But the poet had written a Ghazel about her laughter, for he said it sounded like a wild thing weeping at the falsehood and the treachery of men. And he had sent it to her in a silken wrapper. But as it was in Persian, which she could not understand, she had rolled it up mockingly and used it to light her turquoise nargilah.

Yet certain it was that Azizan was lovely, with an Eastern beauty more subtle than a serpent, and tenuous as a vine. Her hair was blue-black and starred with dhatura flowers; her eyelids were darkened, and at the corner of her left eye there was a little cinque spotted mole. Her mouth was more petulant than savage, and she was clad in a purple saree redolent of attar from Nepal. Henna flashed on her finger-tips, and on her wrists clashed rare bracelets of Jeypore enamel. She expressed at once the ecstacy of the dance and the radiance of life.

A native boy with a saffron loincloth crouched at her head, fanning her with a peacock feather fan sewn over with green beetle-wings. It was very pleasant upon the house-roof, away from the day-heat, and Azizan worshiped the sun like a cat. Far below she could see the bazaar, with its chattering buyers and cross-legged carpet-sellers; down in the street ambled mules and carts drawn by white oxen. Women in divers-tinted garments were going down to fetch water with brass lotahs poised on their heads.

Farther away, she saw the sacred Ganges River and the dream-like dome of the Taj Mahal—at once the tomb of dead beauty and a shrine of living glory. In the clear skies overhead pigeons circled, cooing for the blue warmth of their wings.

"It is good to be young," thought Azizan, stretching her toes and rolling the opium ball. And wantonly she recalled last night's dancing down with the others in the bazaar, her triumphs in the revel and the kisses she had stolen from Nasir Ali, the sherbet seller.

The boy by her side suddenly uttered a swift Oriental cry: "What aileth thee, O Bimbi sara?" quoth Azizan, half opening the fringed lattices of her eyes.

"See, see there——" stammered the boy, pointing.

Azizan raised herself upon one elbow and thrust her face over the edge of the house-roof. Beneath her, in the sunlight flooding the narrow alley came a tall, lean figure shrouded entirely in white from head to foot, but for the green turban upon its head. The man was reeling from side to side like a drunkard, and at his heels ran a jeering rabble of men, women and children.

"Ahee, the drunken Dervish," piped

the children. "Tzssst, a Dervish bibbing wine," sneered a fat woman. "Little glory will the Prophet have at thy resurrection." And a hail of stones from the throng accompanied her words.

The man stopped as they whistled round his ears, and stared about him in a stunned fashion. Azizan still peered over, her red-stained hands grasping at the ledge. The inscrutable Fate while rules the destinies of all men in the cycles of creative destruction caused the man to look up to where she rested. His pale face was set as a mask, but the great eyes burned uncannily within it like wild, stricken fires. The next moment the hooting had stopped, for casting up his arms, he pitched forward upon her threshold and lay there without moving.

Azizan arose and her little face was paler, too, although her drooping lids hid the expression of her eyes.

"Bimbisara," she said, clearly, "come and help me to carry in the Dervish."

"But, lady, he is drunk," protected the lad.

Azizan's only answer was to pull him with her by his sleeve as she raced adown the stairs, swaying gracefully from the hips as only Eastern dancers move.

The curious rabble surged back at the sudden opening of the doorway and the men gaped at the barbaric beauty of the girl as she stood there framed in the semi-darkness within that contrasted sharply with the outer Indian noon glare. In the light, her slim body in the purple caree seemed to match the brighter purple of her lips.

"It is Seeta come from Lankha," quavered an old man, marked by the caste mark of a remote mountain tribe, as he stood gaping as if entranced at a vision.

"She is assuredly after Ram," cackled a city crone, as she nudged him and spat crimson betel juice. "Fool, dost thou not know Azizan, the dancing woman, who wears the hearts of men more lightly than her ankiets?"

There was a general titter at this sally, which increased to a roar as Azizan and the boy raised the inert figure of the Dervish under the shoulders and dragged him away into the house. "Mayest thou find a tippling Dervish as good as a sober Hindu," shrieked the gossip, as the door slammed to and left the throng to their own devices, without, while the pigeons cooed and flitted ceaselessly above them.

Meanwhile Azizan and the boy stood breathlessly in the stairway. The Dervish lay upon them in a dead weight, his heavy turbaned head nodded weirdly in the semi-gloom. From without, the clamor and the coarse raillery of the dispersing mob came muffled, but it brought no flush of shame to the cold cheeks of Azizan.

"Mistress," whimpered Bimbisara, "the drunkard is too big. Verily, we cannot take him up the steps."

Her face knitted in anger. Her eyebrows shot in tiny scimiters. "Coward, he is not drunk but smitten by the sun," she said, sharply. Then she smiled at him. "If thou wilt help me, I will give thee two annas and a dish of rice with sticks of cinnamon."

Bimbisara relaxed and nodded at this princely offer, and laboriously they half-carried and half-drew the fainting man up the stair that led to Azizan's chamber.

It was a large low room with chalk walls and a floor of red brick. A native lamp of brass hung from the ceiling, on which sprawled one of those stuffed crocodiles which the Indians regard as mascots. Over a punkah hung an image of Krishna and Ganesu, the elephant-headed god of fortune; the windows were covered with reed-matting. In one corner was Azizan's mattress littered with cushions and a chest containing her garments, adorned with gold and bits of red sealing wax and shreds of broken looking glass, wherein the passer was mirrored in minute reflections for innumerable times. Azizan had rinsed her

hair and steamed it with joss that morning, and the fragrance still lingered within the air.

Azizan gasped and let the limp body slide from her shoulder and arms unto the bed. Yet she did so as if she were reluctant, and an indefinable mirth seemed to die from her eyes, leaving them wistful. Rising slowly, she handed the boy the promised coins. "Go now, Bimbisara," she said, "and the kitchen-woman will give thee the rice as I told thee." Bimbisara went obediently, but midway he paused and turned.

"Why, O lady," he queried, "hast thou taken this stranger into thy house?" Azizan gazed at him as if she did not understand. Then her lips parted, and her face was full of wonder. "Why?" she murmured. "Why indeed? I cannot tell thee, Bimbisara."

The boy looked puzzled and hastened away. Azizan stayed by the Dervish, alone with her new amaze. Then she rose, still gazing at him sideways over her shoulder as if fascinated, and fetched a wine gourd and filled some into a little bowl of clay. Next she gently unswathed his turban, whose green revealed that he had pilgrimaged to Mecca, and washed his neck and hands with water and put cool ointment upon his feet. His features, though still young, eaten keen to the bone as by some inner fervour, were as those of a dead man. Her fingers thrilled, and she sobbed a little as she lifted up his head, and holding it against her bosom, forced the wine between his closed lips. Most of it trickled back along the corners of his mouth, and she wiped it away with her soft hands. And whenever she touched him thus she sobbed with quick, bird-like sobs. But yet he did not move.

Then she knelt mute with her palms on the floor on either side of her, and observed him for a long time in silence. "Why?" she mused, "thou Hindu Nautch-girl with a strange Mahometa Dervish. Does not the jagged bridge of Hell lie between ye? Why dost thou give him of thy substance who is as cow's flesh in the mouth of thy people? And art thou not as pig's flesh in his? Azizan the first dancer in Agra, Azizan the courtesan. A Dervish, a Sufi ascetic and thou. Hast thou not lovers tricked in silk and unguence from city gate to gateway and beyond?"

She laughed aloud, but the sound rang sadly through the chamber. Then she leaned forward. "And his feet are bare and bruised," she said in an odd, cracked voice, "and thinner than a fanstick is he. And such garments are not made outside Persia or Araby. O beggar-Dervish——"

She touched his cheek with the tip of her finger as if doubting his reality. Still he did not stir.

"If thou shouldst be dead," she wailed, and suddenly bending over, kissed him full upon the lips.

Then she sat as if turned to stone. But presently she fell backwards upon the ground and burst into a paroxysm of passionate Eastern weeping.

And in this strange guise Love came into the heart of Azizan the Nautch. Alas! How many are his devices and how infinite his attire. But whether he cometh garbed as mummer or priest, as king or beggar, none can mistake his knocking when his hands beat on the portals of the heart.

II

So in that dim chamber Azizan watched the sick Dervish, while the sun went down flamingo breasted in the heavens and the pigeons ceased their circling. Till the full Indian moon hung low and lambent, sending its spear shaped rays through the reed curtains, and she knew that it had turned the Taj into a dream-palace above the river.

Anon she refreshed him with the wine and chafed him or put fresh water rags about his brows. The kitchen woman hobbled up to tell her that it was time for the dance, but she dismissed her harshly. Next the Nautch-women tripped to her case-

ment to call her, but she assumed a plaintive voice and cried out she was sick. Then Nasir Ali, her lover of the night before, threw a handful of poinsettia flowers pattering against the lattice and pleaded with her to fare forth with him. But she sent him packing with a shrill, fluent stream of invective that detailed all his ancestors down to the cattle of his unborn great-grandson with the most exquisite intimacy. Bimbisara, having lunched royally off the rice, slept across her doormat till sunset, and then crept away to his own people.

And still she sat and watched the Dervish with her dark, insolent eyes. When it grew dusk, she lit the hanging lamp and placed another little lamp, made of shell and of the kind known as chirag lamps, which the women float down the Ganges at the New Year to tell them by its bobbings whether its course will run roughly or smoothly, on the ground near by. In the unsteady half light the shadow of the Dervish played sombrely over the wall.

Azizan must have fallen asleep in her strange vigil, for she was aroused by a sound at her side. She awoke with a start.

The room was bathed in the double glow of the lamps and the moonshine that rested in golden pools upon the floor. The Dervish was sitting up on the mattress, staring at her. His eyes were dilated with fever, and his teeth chattered audibly. He was speaking rapidly in a high, piping tongue which she did not understand, but she could see that his mind was wandering.

"There are rose-leaves on the banks of the ruined city of Amber," he babbled, "and multitudes of doves flit pink footed through Jeypore. But alas, the burning-ghats of Benares and ah-h! the awful Towers of Silence where the vultures crowd above their prey. . . Far did I go to see the entire sacred Koran writ in jeweled letters over the walls of the Taj. I who have seen all things seven times in Mecca and Medinah, and kissed the Caaba stone amid the pilgrims . . But oh, the sun, the cruel, cruel sun, and where are the muezzins on the minarets at dawn? Am I already in Paradise?"

He held her fast suddenly with the strength of fever, and laughed through his parched lips. "Never have I touched a woman, but is this not a Hor-al-Oyun promised to the faithful? How black are her eyes and her tresses are perfumed in all their strands. . . O Houri, O Peri, where is the fountain of Tasnim, for my thirst consumeth me by the very waters of the Garden-close." . . .

And he passed his hot, wavering hands over her cheeks and pulled her head backward by the hair. And Azizan, although she could not follow a word, saw by his eyes that they were tender and grew faint with a nameless joy as she realized the power of those attenuated arms. He fell again into slumber after the manner of those in delirium in this sitting posture, still holding Azizan.

Her limbs cramped and she nigh lost all consciousness. Yet she did not struggle to free herself, but lay there with eyes filmy for gladness, and fell into a kind of trance, drawing in the uneasy breaths of the sleeper as they sped gustily over her upturned face, which grew pale with a wonderful pallor. How long they rested thus Azizan never knew, but she felt the blood sink away from her lips; her body failed her, and she imagined vaguely that she was dying in the embraces of a god. Was he really a Persian or a mad monk from Thibet, with his lean, fantastic face and his form enshrouded all in white as in tomb-cloths? He had the eyes of a Djinn, a spirit all of fire and the voice of a ghoul; the arms about her were as a Karmabandh, firmer than steel and hot with illness. What strange immutable lover had she taken to her heart, she who knew nothing but dance and laughter? And yet he lured her more firmly with some magician spell, than she had seen the charmers thrall their snakes down amid coolies and the camel drivers at the fairs. She began

to moan like a child dreaming of monsters.

A mosquito buzzed headily over the net; the moon vanished behind a cloud bank, and the amber pools faded from the floor. Only the lamps flickered, and the mirror-sherds on the chest glinted like countless watching eyes.

The sound of her weeping woke the sick man, and he flung her rudely from him and rose upright suddenly upon the creaking mattress. Azizan remained as he had thrown her, but she stopped her plaining. A quick fear contracted her heart lest his senses had come back to him and he would turn from her and revile her as an unclean thing.

She watched him tensely in her suspense. He seemed to loom gigantically above her like a prophet. He stood thus for a moment, swaying slightly. Then he stepped suddenly from the bed and began to dance the Zikr, first very slowly and then more quickly. His mouth opened, and he muttered; next words came in a thin, fever-beaten voice. He began to chant the Song of Seid Nimetollah of Kuhistan, the mystical dance song of the Dervishes, which tells of the hidden secrets of nature and the unity of the Godhead with Man. Deftly he imitated the coursing and rotations of the stars, revolving on his own axis round an imaginary Sheikh in the center, representing the sun.

"Spin the ball," he chanted, "I reel,
I burn."
Nor head from foot can I discern,
Nor my heart from love of mine,
Nor the wine-cup from the wine.
All my doing, all my leaving,
Reaches not to my perceiving;
Lost in whirling spheres I rove
And know only that I love. . . .
I am a seeker of the stone,
Living gem of Solomon.
From the shore of souls arrived,
In the sea of sense I dived;
But what is land, or what is wave,
To me who only jewels crave?
Love is the air-fed fire intense
And my heart the frankincense;
As the rich aloes flames I glow
Yet the censer cannot know,
I the all-knowing, yet unknowing
Stand not, pause not in my going."

As he turned and rocked his body, his eyes leapt into dreadful fire, and Azizan rose also in her crushed saree, and forced by the unknown impulses of her love, joined him as he gyrated in the chamber in the wildest, most licentious nautch dances of all her voluptuous knowledge, crooning snatches of Indian music to herself.

The Dervish began to whirl in a frenzy and round and round, quicker and quicker, went Azizan. He sang on and on, and she shrilled forth as to pipes and vinas and conches. His bellying robes blew out the chirag lamp.

One moment her hands were as pink tipped lotus lilies, in another as the flat heads of serpents hissing forth to smite. Her slippers drifted like crescents.

The re-appearing moon banded and chequered them in a pallid sheen. The Dervish ceased crying, his eyes were great and unearthly; Azizan could only sob above her straining heart. And so the remote ecstatic, the Sufi seer and the nautch girl, whirled together as pillars of living flame.

Foam burst out on his mouth and mingled with the blood of his bitten lips; on Azazin's brow the sweat stood in white beads and pearled her eyelashes. The warmth of her skin exhaled its perfumes of jasmin and attar. A savage turn in the dance brought them together. His robes caught in her flying feet and they fell crashing to the floor.

* * * *

And lo! the face of Azizan had relaxed from the blue pain of strangling and was full of joy and the laughter of love. But in the face of the Dervish was a great horror, and his glazed eyes were terrible to see.

Where There is a Teacher

By Alice L. Hanlin

"OH, NO, I don't regret one little bit of that experience," said the bright faced young woman with whom I happened to be talking. "It is all too wonderful. I can never think of a great patch of desert country or a swamp or a valley with human beings struggling along for what they think may come after a while, without being glad that I, at any rate, have had the privilege of being a school teacher under conditions that bring out the sticktoitiveness in one. You see, it was this way," she went on. "I was simply broke. I had had four years of college. My parents weren't very wealthy, to say the least. It had been a strain on them to send me to college at all. But I was determined, and by promising them that I would pay back what they loaned me just as soon as I was out of college, they finally decided to send me through. Of course, any girl who goes through college can expect to get a High School position at say twelve or fifteen hundred dollars a year. At least, that is what I thought before I tried it.

Immediately upon my graduation I set out to find a school. I found, after I had put in several applications, that High Schools want teachers with experience. My applications were all rejected. So very soon I decided well, anyhow, I could get a good position in a Grammar School. Why, Grammar School trustees should jump at the chance to get such a teacher as I was sure I should be. I talked with some, wrote to others, but every place of importance seemed to have been filled early in the summer, or to want experience, and, as I wasn't able to furnish that, I didn't get a position there. By this time the summer was getting pretty well along, and I wasn't any closer to a position than when I started out. It began to dawn on me that perhaps I wouldn't be able to get a position at all, and I began to wonder what in the world I should do if such a thing did happen. I felt that it would be a happening, for I knew that I was able to teach, and had simply been overlooked in the great throng of teachers that are always on the lookout for the positions at the beginning of every school year.

At last, in desperation, I sought an agency. Now, I hate agencies. I suppose they are a necessary evil, and since I sought out the one that helped me, I have had many a teacher tell me that she has been helped very much through the teachers' agency. Be that as it may, I should advise any young teacher to consult all her friends and relatives, and use all the pull she can get, and avoid the agency, if she would save some money the first year. After she has been in the business a while, has established a reputation for herself, and wishes to make a change where she knows she can get a better salary, then it is all right to consult an agency, for they do keep track of all the available openings, and can give valuable information concerning such. And by this time the teacher can afford agency fees.

Well, I didn't have long to wait: A few days after I had gone to see about a place I was called up on the telephone and told to come to the office at once, that a place had been found, and if I thought I should like it I could prepare to go at once. Like it! Well I guess I would. I told the man that called me up that I would take it no

matter where it was. I just had to have a place. So a half hour later found me at his office ready to receive the necessary details of the place to which I was to be appointed.

This was Thursday. In order to get to the place at which I was to teach, I should need to take the train that evening. I should reach a station about five o'clock the next morning, where the train would stop for fifteen minutes. At that town the clerk of my school board lived. I must get off the train there and he would tell me something of the school and conditions I would find. It didn't look very alluring to me, I can tell you. But I had said I would go, and go I must, for I needed the money. I rushed home and packed. I was in such a state of mind all that day that I hardly knew what I was doing. "What a long way it must be from here," I thought, "and I wonder why the clerk of the school board doesn't live anywhere near the school house. I wonder what kind of a boarding place I will have. I do so hope I will have a nice room. And I hope there will be no children in the family, because, while I like children, I shall be with them all day, and at night time I want to rest and plan for the next day's work. I wonder if I should take my encyclopedias. But I guess not. There is sure to be some sort of a library there where I shall be able to get any reference books I shall need." So with these thoughts in mind, I finished packing just in time to eat some supper and go down to the train.

The next morning at five, the train was on time; I reached the little station where I was to get off and meet my future school trustee. I got off. He was there waiting for me. He was a kindly looking old gentleman, rough, to be sure, but I knew in a minute that I should like him, and I hoped I should see much of him. He looked me over for a minute, and then said: "You'll try to stay with us, won't you? The last teacher we had stayed only a week."

"Why, yes," I said. "That's what I came for. How far is the school from here?"

"Well, it's a pretty long way, and I shall never be able to see you, but you can write to me when you want anything."

"Oh, I shall call you up on the telephone when I want anything," I said glibly. I hadn't any idea then that such a thing as a telephone hadn't yet been installed in that community, nor that the mail had to be brought into the valley on horseback or by freight wagon, taking a week at least for one trip.

My trustee told me that a woman, a Mrs. Snowden, would meet me at a little flag station where I was to get off, and would take me from there to her house, where I was to board. And with a pleading look in his eyes and a word for me not to get homesick, but to stick to my job, he helped me back on to the train and left.

I arrived at Stone shortly before twelve o'clock. The woman met me. I looked all around for a town, but saw nothing but a few arrow-weed sheds and some tent houses. "But where is the town?" I ventured. "This is all there is to this town. We shall have a two days' ride before we get home from here. So we will have to be starting out pretty soon." She led me to her camp, where she had stayed the night before. In Stone there was no rooming house or hotel, and travelers had to camp or beg a lodinging of other campers, if they wished to stay over night in the place. The people all around the country were used to the matter, and always came prepared to camp out. At her wagon was a child. Mrs. Snowden had brought him along for company. I was very dusty after my long ride, and suggested that I should like to wash. Mrs. Snowden said that she had no extra water in her camp, but if I would walk over to that tent, pointing in the direction of one of the tents, I could probably get enough water to wash myself. "How funny," I thought. "I never heard of any place where water was scarce." I went to

the tent, however, and when I told the woman there what I wanted, she gave me a dipperful of water, saying that all the water they had there was brought in on the train, and they were very careful in the use of it.

She looked me over as if she were sizing me up, and then said: "Take my advice, young lady. You're the new school-tetacher, aren't you? Well, you take my advice and take the next train right back home and never go out there in the valley, or you will regret it. It isn't any place for a young woman, or any woman at all. You just stay here till train time this evening, and then go back."

"Oh, no," I said. "I promised that I would stay with the place, and I must do it."

"Well, my best wishes go with you, but I am sure you will be sorry."

I went back to Mrs. Snowden, and after eating a lunch which she had prepared, we started out. It was hot, the roads were dusty, and while I was filled with curiosity to know something of the country to which I was being taken, Mrs. Snowden was so uncommunicative that I despaired of trying to keep up a conversation with her. So we went out into the valley. Will I ever forget my first night that I slept out on the desert? We drove late, for as Mrs. Snowden explained, the horses had rested all morning, and we would be farther on our way for the next day. About nine o'clock we stopped to make camp. We gathered brush, made a fire, heated some coffee, ate some lunch, and then spread our blankets to sleep. But I didn't sleep. I think I never saw nor have since seen so many rattlesnakes and desert rats and lizzards. The ground seemed alive with them. Mrs. Snowden had a revolver with her, and this she gave to me, saying that if I didn't feel like sleeping, maybe I would feel safer to have this to kill snakes in case any came near the beds. I took the revolver, though I had never shot one in my life, and I sat up nearly all that night, listening, trembling for fear some snake would come near.

Morning came, and with it another day, with its long ride. Toward evening we reached the home of Mrs. Snowden. The house was what the people now call stick-in-the-mud. That is, it was made of sticks laid horizontally, about half an inch apart and the cracks filled up with mud. No other houses were in sight, and when I asked where was the settlement, I was told that there was no settlement. That the nearest neighbor lived nearly five miles away.

Talk about your heroes and heroines. Any woman, or man, who comes out on to a desert such as this, taking with him the faith that it may some day amount to something for himself and family, who lives as these people lived, hauling their groceries from the station forty miles away, who get mail once a week at the very most, who have no magazines or newspapers, or music, or anything to break the monotony of the long, lonely days, these are the heroes. And with such as these has our glorious country been built up.

It seems to me that I got nearer to the true God here than I had ever done in any of the large churches and under the best sermons at home. Out under the stars some nights it just seemed that one could almost talk with God face to face. I'm sure He must be closer in some places than in others. I'm sure He is out on the desert, even if people do call it a God-forsaken place.

Monday I went to school. Instead of the neat little painted country school which I had pictured, I found an arrow weed shack. Poles stuck in the ground made the framework. Poles laid across formed the rafters, and on this had been spread arrow weed to keep out the sun. The room had no floor, and the children and I had to be on the lookout constantly for the rattlesnakes which would come in to get out of the heat. There were no blackboards, no pencils, a few old pieces of chalk, a very little paper and no books except a few old copies which some of the children had found

at home. I wondered how I was to keep school under any such conditions, but I had said I would, and so I would. Well, I tried it for about a week. At the end of that time I decided that I could do nothing with the things I had, but if I had materials with which to work, I believed it would not be so bad. I said as much to Mr. Snowden on Friday, and suggested that I should go home and get some paper and books which I knew would be useful to me. He was very much opposed to my going. He was afraid, once I got away, I should never come back. To quiet that fear, I said I would leave my trunk as a guarantee that I would return the next week. A man was going out for some freight, so I asked him and he took me back to the station. When the woman in the tent saw me, she came over to the track where I was standing, and without waiting for me to explain my errand, said: "Well, you got enough of it, didn't you? No one ever stays there to teach. It isn't fit for any woman."

"But I am going back," I said. "I am just going home to get some books and things which I know I can use out there."

"You're a fool," she said. "You better stay at home with your mother. That place isn't fit for any woman."

I went home. And I came back. I brought books, pencils, a piece of blackboard, paper and many other useful things. And I stayed one year, two years, three years—why, I am here even now.

The country has changed since then. Soon after I came, the district was divided, and my school was down there near the lagoon. Many a delightful boat ride did we have on the lagoon. Many a fine school picnic did we have down there under the cottonwood trees. Now they've leveed it all, and the water doesn't come in. The ditches have been built for irrigation, and things of course are very much better, but if I had it to do over again, I should do the same thing.

I got experience. I know now that it doesn't take buildings, nor apparatus, nor grounds, nor any of the so-called necessary things to run a school. Given a teacher with the right spirit and some children, and she can teach and they can learn. And it was good for me, too. Oh, how I had to remember the things I had learned. I didn't have the reference books, you know. And now out of habit and desert training, when I read something worth reading at all, I remember it.

No, I don't regret one little bit of the experience. I took up a homestead with the others, and I am still here. What with the railroad and telephone and all, this can no longer be called a God-forsaken place. And won't we all be glad when they get the new twenty thousand dollar High School built?

WISHES

May the gleaming bowl of Yuletide
Brim with gifts of choicest wealth,
And the sparkling glass of New Year
Spill you happiness, joy and health.

AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES.

The Law and the Lover

By P. Deming

THE COURTS are not limited in their power by precedent or technicality to the extent usually supposed.

Come with me and let me give you a case:

Below us is a vast plain, and across it is drawn a line of airy blue. That line is the St. Lawrence River. We are on the northern declivity of the Adirondack Mountains.

This lonely little red wooden building where we stand is the town-house where the town meetings and elections are held; and sometimes a justice of the peace holds his court here. This building shakes and shivers in the winds that come up from the vastness below; and the bricks of the chimney, above the roof, are wasted away by the gnawing of the elements. We are looking upon the highway where the storms travel and rage in passing from the Great Lakes to the Gulf and the sea.

In this remote town-house, in 1860, Lawyer Billings practiced the art of amazing the people. He only came occasionally, from the countyseat six miles away. He triumphed over the local pettifogger and the local justice of the peace. His assumed dignity and greatness imposed upon the people.

But the point was that this lawyer, who was forty-one and unmarried, saw and greatly admired Lucy Mitchell.

Beyond this long line of horse-sheds —which we see across the road from the town-house, is the Mitchell farmhouse. There is where Lucy lived. She was nineteen and a rustic beauty, with dark hair and eyes. She was good and true, and a favorite with the people. Her father, Mr. Jason Mitchell, was an important man in the town. His many acres and his determined will were well known. He wished his daughter to favor Lawyer Billings. And here the trouble began.

Lucy, for several years, had been having an honest and faithful boy-lover, but little older than herself. He lived with his widowed mother a mile away, and had always attended the district school with Lucy. He was a light-haired, gentle youth, but very resolute and well-mated with Lucy's more ardent temperament.

Mr. Jason Mitchell had never favored this boy lover, Robin Dawson. It was said that he looked higher for his daughter. And now he wished her to give up Robin and accept Billings.

This state of affairs made talk in the town. Mr. Billings, in his usual grand manner, explained to various friends of his that for this mere stripling, without expectations, to aspire to the hand of the daughter of the leading citizen of the town, and that, too, directly against the wishes of her father, was an impropriety so great that he felt compelled to rebuke it.

He said that aside from his own feelings he would, from motives of a public nature, be unable to allow such a thing to proceed. He would have felt sympathy for the poor, misguided young man under some circumstances, but not as things stood in this case.

The people generally took sides with Robin. They did not face Lawyer Billings and tell him so; but among themselves they held that the younger man had the right of the matter. He and Lucy had been true lovers for a long time, and it would be wickedly wrong to prevent their marriage. Ja-

son Mitchell was a tyrant and a dreadfully cruel man. He had broken the arm of a boy he once hired, and had killed valuable animals because they displeased him. So the people said in their talk with one another. They held that if Robin was not such a good and quiet little fellow he would run away with Lucy and marry her; and they said that this would be right. To run away to get married was common in the town. It was deemed reputable and enterprising even when no one objected to the marriage. They knew that Lucy would agree to it the minute it was proposed. She was a fearless, spirited girl. It was true that Jason was reported to have told Robin that if he attempted any clandestine proceedings he would kill him; but the man who would stand aside for that and not marry his true love was not the right kind of a man. Robin was just coming twenty-one. He ought to put on the necessary courage and do his manly duty.

Much of this came to the ears of Robin and his mother; and action was taken in accordance with it. At two o'clock one bright May afternoon, Robin drove a horse and light wagon under the long sheds near the town-house, and two minutes later Lucy left the farm-house, skipped across the green lot, over the rail fence, under the sheds, and joined him. No time was lost. The stout grey horse was turned quickly and started. The little cross-road leading down the long declivity toward Canada was the one that was taken, and away they went at a rattling pace. How many of the neighbors were in the plot cannot well be told.

It is known that about half a mile down the hill, when the pair passed the house of Mother Kearns, she was out and waved her handkerchief; and just beyond, Peter Green swung his hat with a hurrah for Robin. A mile farther on they came to the house of Father Snell. He was the old minister who had ceased to preach, but still continued to marry the young people. Here they went in, and a couple of neighboring women were there, apparently waiting.

In ten minutes, the knot was tied, and Robin and Lucy, laughing and happy, were again in the wagon starting onward toward the house of Robin's cousin, who lived almost down to the Canada line.

It was just then that far back on the little road a horseman was seen, like a speck, coming on at a gallop. It was at once known that it must be Jason Mitchell in pursuit of the fugitives. In talking it all over afterwards, it came out that Mother Kearns called to him as he went by to stop, and that Peter Green called out that the children were married, and it was no use to follow. But he said that Jason went like the wind and acted like a wild man. His hat was off, and he had sprung upon his sorrel colt without stopping for a saddle. The rope halter served instead of a bridle, and he used the knotted end as a whip.

Robin and Lucy, glancing back, knew it was a sorrel colt he rode, and comprehended that they were pursued. Lucy was a good deal agitated, and wished Robin to hasten. In response, he urged his horse until he pushed him into a run.

At Father Snell's, Jason stopped a moment and demanded of the aged man, who stood in the door-yard, whether he had married the runaways. An affirmative reply was given, and then Jason, hurling a curse at the old pastor, such as he had not heard for many a year, dashed onward. It was a two mile chase to the cousin's. When Robin and Lucy reached there, Jason was less than a quarter of a mile behind. The two young people sprang from the wagon and went in without stopping to hitch the horse. They had been looked for, and the whole matter was understood at once. They were hurried up stairs and into the only room in the house that had an effective lock on the door.

In a few moments, Jason came rushing in, pale with rage. He did not stop to speak, but went from room to room, disregarding the expostulations

of the family. He came to the room that was locked. He kicked the door with his heavy boot. Robin's quiet voice came from the inside warning him not to enter. In a moment, Jason placed his powerful shoulder against the door, and exerting all his strength, the catch gave way and the door flew open.

The strong man rushed in; there was a scream from Lucy and the sound of a quick scuffle, and then the startling report of a pistol. The scuffling continued, and another shot was fired. Then the noise ceased.

A moment later, Robin and Lucy came downstairs together to the agitated family in the hall. Robin's face was very white, except a large dark bruise upon it. He said in a hoarse voice: "I have shot him," and then he and Lucy went out and got into the wagon and drove away.

Jason Mitchell was found lying upon the floor dead.

Three days later Jason was buried; and Robin, who had at once sought an officer of the law and given himself up, was lodged in the county jail.

Jason Mitchell had been a wealthy and powerful man. Billings did not exaggerate when he spoke of him as the leading citizen of the town. His sudden death by violence was a great shock to the neighborhood, and it was thrilling news far beyond, for a circuit of many miles. That a mere boy should shoot such a man was regarded as an inexcusable and high-handed crime under any circumstances. Public opinion was strong in this direction. The young men and the women who had secretly counseled Robin and urged him on to the course he had pursued, now shrank from avowing any knowledge of or part in the transaction. That voice which is controlling was against the deed, and against the one who had committed it. To shoot the father of one's own wife was an act which neither the law nor humanity could justify. An indictment for murder was found by the grand jury of the county, which happened to be just then in session.

October was coming with its brown leaves and ripe fruits. The important event of that month was to be the sitting of the Supreme Court of the State, and the court of *oyer* and *terminer* at the countyseat. A great judge was coming around the mountains, and Robin was to be "tried for his life." It was to be an event such as had not occurred in the county for fifty years. There had been the trial and execution of a murderer in the early history of the settlements, and that was still told of around the firesides by the old people as an unequaled tragedy.

There was in the community great respect for what was understood to be a kind of abstract law, and for State authority. It was supposed that the great Judge who was coming could deal out the law and decide cases with almost the accuracy a physician displays in dealing out pills and powders. A life had been taken, and in the natural course of events, Robin must pay the penalty. It was doubted whether, under the circumstances, the punishment might not be merely imprisonment for life or for many years. Dan Kyle, who was the neighborhood authority upon the subject, favored the idea that it might be only imprisonment. Billings, strange to narrate, utterly declined to say a word upon the subject.

A lawyer at the countyseat was employed by Robin's mother to defend her son.

The day came. The court house, upon a breezy height in the middle of the village where the countyseat was located, was besieged by people. The sheriff and his officers guarded the doors. The long court room was densely packed. In front of the bench where the court was seated, and back behind the members of the bar, sat Robin. Lucy was near him. It was noticed that Billings did not sit with the district attorney, who was the public prosecutor, but sat gloomily alone as a spectator.

The trial proceeded as such trials do, with a long preamble in getting a

jury, and then a very protracted examination of the witnesses. Nine days were consumed in the preliminary proceedings and in putting in the evidence. Each evening at a very late hour, Lucy and her mother and some of the friendly neighbors, in a rough lumber wagon, returned on the hillside to Mitchell's Corners. And each morning at an early hour they were traveling back again to the court.

These were heavy days to Lucy. But the heaviest days of all were the Saturday and Sunday after the evidence was declared to have been closed and the court adjourned over from Friday evening to Monday morning in order that a little rest might be taken and counsel have time to prepare for their talk to the jury. Lucy sat at home with her own mother during those two days. They were unusually warm and bright days for that season of the year. She gazed long and mournfully out upon the wide landscape of the great valley and watched the falling leaves and saw the brown tints of autumn in the fields. The tragedy of her wedding had robbed her of her bloom. The brightness of her youth seemed dying with the sad falling of the year.

Four days later, at the court house it came to be Thursday noon. On Monday and Tuesday the counsel had presented their arguments and made their appeals to the jury, and on Tuesday evening the court had charged the jury. The jury had now been out more than a day and two nights, deliberating. They had sent in questions, and had been three times called in and instructed by the court, but had not agreed upon a verdict. Robin was in his cell. His mother and Lucy had been admitted to see him, but had gone, and he was alone. He sat by the grated window and looked out upon a wide stretch of the far-off Canada woods.

Robin knew that the great crisis of his life was at hand. The confinement and anxiety had rendered his smooth young face pale and haggard.

There came the sound of footsteps in the hall, the heavy door was swung open, an officer entered and Robin was taken from the jail to the court room. It was very still there; the jury were in their places, but it was whispered among the officers that the jury had not agreed. The crowd parted, and the officers took Robin through to the seat assigned him.

The judge was unusually calm and tranquil. The anxious look which he had worn during the days of the trial had left him. The hush of the court revealed the fact that some important event was now to occur. The inquiry was made in a formal manner of the jury whether they had yet agreed upon a verdict, and the foreman replied that they had not, adding that there was no possibility of an agreement. The painful thought came to Robin's mother that there must be another trial and all this harrowing labor and excitement be again endured. The dreadful uncertainty in regard to Robin's fate must continue for months to come.

Then followed a scene almost unexampled in the courts. The Judge was a man of wide experience and great reputation. If he had a fault it was his severity. He now sat for a few moments as if reflecting, and looked in silence upon the scene before him.

The October sunlight came in at the windows, giving the room a golden tinge and falling upon the keen, intellectual face and pure white hair of the judge. His Honor looked serenely down upon Robin; then he spoke. The words came cool and business-like, and the people held their breath in the deep hush of the room. He said to the jury:

"Gentlemen: It has so happened that I have learned the nature of your deliberations. One of your number, it seems, does not yet understand that a man is not compelled to wait until he is disabled before he has the right to defend himself. I have tried to instruct you upon this point. Here is the case of one whose life, previously, had been threatened. And now he

was seized and bruised, and was in imminent peril. Whatever the moral right may have been, the father had no more legal right over this husband and wife than over any other. The court has become clear in doing that which might have been done earlier in this trial. We must be just. I do not think this man should be required to meet this matter again. Where a case, after consideration, becomes entirely clear, it is for the court to direct what shall be taken as the verdict of the jury. In this instance the question was submitted to you, scarcely doubting, perhaps not doubting at all, what your action would be. But you have not reached a verdict, although the court has instructed you repeatedly. The court will now direct the verdict—what it shall be."

Here the district attorney sprang to his feet and protested vigorously.

But His Honor, with calm severity, turned to the clerk of the court and said:

"Mr. Clerk, you may now enter a verdict of *Not Guilty*."

The Judge ceased speaking. There was a moment of intense stillness and astonishment, then a rustle all through the room, and a convulsive cry, "Thank God! Thank God!" from Robin's mother.

It began to be understood that the great court could do this strange thing.

Robin, who had been looking intently at the Judge, was at first stunned and bewildered; then, as he comprehended what had been done, and felt the great weight lifting from his young life, he wildly rose and essayed to speak, but he could not. He trembled, his head drooped, and the muscles of his face quivered with strong emotion. There was crying and sobbing all around him. Lucy sprang to him with the exclamation, "Oh, Robin, Robin!" and impulsively threw her arms around his neck. Then the young man's tears came, at first with anguish and bitterly, then in a flood, relieving his heart of its burden.

The Judge sternly commanded silence. Robin was told he could go, and he and Lucy and the people went out of doors.

Outside, there followed talk of the wonder that had happened. Had the court the power to do this unheard-of thing—after the case had been submitted to a jury? It must be so, for the great Judge had done it. Some lawyers came out and were discussing the question. They tried to think of a precedent for the course that had been pursued. One of them strenuously objected to it. But on consultation he conceded that it must, probably, be right. And all agreed that justice required it.

It was strange to see how plain the case was, now that the Judge had said it. The claim began to be made that a clearer case of self-defense as defined by the statute had not been known. That juryman who had refused to acquit was now spoken of as if he had been a villain.

Robin's mother suddenly left the excited crowd and hastened back to the court room. Evidently she had a thought upon her mind. She went in at the door just as the court had adjourned for the day, and His Honor, cane in hand, was coming down from the bench. As she entered, she met him and threw herself upon her knees, and in faltering words began to bless the man who had given her Robin back to her.

"Madam," said the Judge, sternly, "leave this passage-way clear, immediately, or the officers will compel you."

The astonished woman obeyed with alactrity, but was none the less grateful. Her intuitions told her that a fearless Judge had dared to do right in behalf of her son where a weaker one would not have ventured. He had defended Robin with his own great authority.

Billings claimed that he had from the first foreseen that there must be an acquittal. He spoke in a friendly way to Robin, and remarked to some of the lawyers in Robin's hearing that he knew the parties, and that the

young man would have been maimed for life, or perhaps slain by Mitchell, if he had not defended himself in the way he did.

The great trial was over. The people separated to their homes. A new thought had been dropped into the minds of the backwoods community; they perceived that the law is sometimes a shield. They said a very sad thing had happened; they wished it had been different. But this matter could not be laid up against Robin. He was still to be received as the honest boy he always had been. The law had decided the case.

"And yet, and yet——" said one and another hesitatingly. But the dim, haunting thoughts were not fully spoken. It was found to be too late to discuss the things that might have been. As time went by, a feeling of great compassion grew up in the hearts of the people for Robin and those with him whose lives had been darkened by the tragedy.

TALKING

I am so glad for all the little days
That have been good to me. For all the birds
That looked at me, and sang. And for the words
The grave stars never said. And for the praise
And brave rebuke the trees have given me.
It's what Dawns said that helped me to be free.

Each daffodil knows things I never knew.
Each weed has secrets it would like to tell.
There's always something that a lily-bell
Can talk about, and interest one, too.
I like to chat with cherry-blossoms. They
Have usually something quaint to say.

I have some friends—it seems so queer to me,
Who only talk with other people! Why
They don't nod when the berry-blooms go by,
Or smile back at the laughing apple-tree!
They limit their acquaintanceship to folk
Who speak in words. I think it's such a joke!

MARY C. DAVIES.

BY POST

By Nellie Cravey Gillmore

FROM HIM:

I can see the little pucker between your eyes when you open this and find that it is really I who am daring to write to you after all that has passed. Will you be angry? or just surprised? Perhaps you will only be bored and a little bit disgusted, after that last, hard year of our life together.

Why do I do it? you are asking. It is possible you may answer this question better than I. But there is something I want to tell you, Margaret; something I feel you must know, in justice to us both—especially to you. I want to tell you that I have been *thinking*—thinking a great, great deal in the past few months—and wondering.

At first I was obstinate. You must have known that all along. I purposely closed my eyes and ears to reason, and you? You said never a word, but suffered it in the patient, dignified way that belongs to you. Your very calmness fired me, led me to do and say impulsive things which I know now were the cause of your leaving me. For a time I was wild, relentless; I could not forgive you for the step. In my heart I called you cold and hard, and blamed you for everything. But I have come to realize the truth; to know that but for my own selfishness and stubbornness I should to-day have you by my side: I should be the happiest man on God's green earth instead of the most desolate.

The fact that you are married to *him* cannot keep me from longing for you with every fibre of my being. I want to see you. I want to hear the sound of your voice, feel the touch of your fingers and crush you to my breast. Though the law stands like an iron wall between us, in the spirit you are still mine, *mine*. But if I can just hear you say that you forgive me and that you are happy in your new life, existence may become a little more endurable.

There can be no impropriety (can there?) in a chance meeting in some public place, chaperoned by the passing crowds. Will you? There will be compensation in knowing that at least your life has not been spoiled; it will lift some little of the burden from my tortured soul, and in the knowledge of your content, I shall acquire strength for the future, where you are not to be. You are not going to deny me this poor consolation?

From Her—

My life has not been spoiled, Harry. On the contrary, it has been broadened, filled, rounded out.

I cannot truthfully say that I have not suffered, even as you. I must not tell you how much I *have* gone through. There were months and months when things looked all black, when I longed for Death to free me from the crucible. But all that is over. One morning I waked to the realization that the old, frivolous Margaret was gone. The brooding, desperate woman who took her place had joined the shadowy ranks, too. I began to triumph in my resurrection. I was glad of my sorrow, rejoiced at my suffering, proud of my *deliverance*. Through it all I had found myself, and was satisfied.

Then after a while, *he* came. He was one of the safe sort; a man I knew, deep down in my heart, I could

run no risk in marrying. He would trust me always, in everything. He loved me, and I felt that I could rely on him.

There is no reason why we should meet now. I hold nothing against you. Long ago I discovered that I might have judged you hastily, when perhaps I should not have judged at all, just waited. It is good and generous in you to take it all on your own shoulders. But you must not. I shall bear my part of the responsibility cheerfully, gladly.

From Him—

I am overpowered with melancholy, with uncertainty. My soul wavers between half a dozen conceptions because it is responsive to all the great instincts of human nature, and because it is keenly cognizant of the iron bands of Duty and Obligation. Must we learn to look upon life as a progressive renunciation? A perpetual surrender of our deepest impulses? Resignation? Yes, when we have erred. Once I held the key of a great happiness in my hands—and I threw it away. I am bowed down by the bitter fruits of my own unreasoning actions; crushed at the appalling results of what I have wantonly done. Everything seems chaos.

Sometimes I try to do even without Hope, but it is then that I realize my helpless dependence upon it—and my equally futile cry outside its doors.

How many hundreds of questions I should like to ask you! How many thousands of things to talk about, and yet you refuse me even a word! How terribly hard it is to bear: this eternal struggle of which the phases are unconvincing and the end inevitable. For I, too, have been consigned to those "shadowy ranks," and am no longer a vital figure in your life. I know it, and know that it is I who forfeited that precious privilege. I no longer marvel at the stoic philosophy which maintained the right of self-destruction.

Will you not see me, just for a moment? and for the last time?

From Her—

Seeing you would do no good; it would merely re-open wounds which would far better be left closed, to heal.

We are all but weak mortals: poor, inconsequent human beings. Duty and Obligation, you say. That is it. Life is, after all, but one long procession of "Ships that pass in the night." Some of them are derelicts; now and then one goes to pieces on the reefs; a few reach a safe harbor. And so, there is but one thing to do if we are to be strong of heart and true of faith: keep your gaze fixed always on the beacon light—that beacon light of Duty and Obligation.

No, Harry, I cannot see you.

From Him—

Last night I passed you in a crowd on Sixth avenue. I called your name twice, three times. For an instant, it seemed to me that you heard, that your face changed, grew frightened—a transitory look of the old repugnance came to your eyes. Then you hurried on, I pursuing, till you disappeared in the throngs.

You were alone. It was late at night but I could see your face distinctly in the blaze of the electric lights. You appeared pale, thinner than I had ever known you, and your features did not bear the stamp of contentment you profess. If I thought that *he* was not dealing fairly with you . . .

I noticed, too, that you were plainly dressed, without ornaments. You used to care enormously about such things, Margaret. You *are* changed.

I returned to my cheerless rooms heart-sick and wretched. Everything seemed to mock me. The very pictures on the walls were gibing at me. The little wicker chair with the low arms you used to sit in (I shall keep that with me always), and the rosewood writing desk where you did your writing, and the green velvet hassock that your dear feet rested on, all combined to rack my tortured brain beyond endurance. I went back out into the night and walked and walked and

walked, not coming in till past midnight.

I spent a miserable, dream-haunted night. Always, in moments of brief unconsciousness, you were with me, now caressing, now reproaching. Once you came and kissed me, just as you used to do in the old dear days that are dead. Mad with joy, I reached out my arms and clasped the empty air. Again you stood before me, wan, hollow-eyed and broken. I tried to speak —the words smothered in my throat. I attempted to touch one of the slim, soft hands hanging at your side, but with a pitiful little smile, you vanished.

Why did you elude me last night, little woman?

Are you happy? I wonder . . .

From Her—

You must not send such letters to me. Have I not told you of the fulfillment of a deeper, truer, broader life? Of my struggles, awakening and victory?

Yes, it is true that I heard your voice. I saw you. I *was* a little frightened. I did not want to come face to face with you. I was afraid of what you might say. Surely you must comprehend! It would be like pricking a scar upon a tender surface. Nothing but harm could come of it.

I am going away. Try not to yield to morbid fancies concerning the old life. Believe me, our separation was the very best thing for us both. I *am* happy.

From Him—

In spite of all you say, something convinces me that you have not told me the whole truth. Have you forgotten that, with all my shortcomings, I am not the type of man to sit passive when every nerve is tingling and smarting under the lash of a thousand misgivings and suspicions?

I don't want to incur your anger or even your displeasure, but I must tell you that I have been making inquiries and have discovered your connection with this slum work. Why does *he* allow it? Do *you* think it is the best thing for you? You were delicate and sensitive in *those* days, and I remember that the sight of sorrow and suffering upset you horribly. Aren't you squandering your youth and health in the quixotic pursuit of an exaggerated notion of philanthropy, or charity? Is all this the meaning of a "broader, deeper life?"

Under ordinary conditions, it would be hard enough to endure—this seeing you kill yourself by inches; but when I reflect that I may be the cause of it all . . . the thought is intolerable.

Why did you tell me you were going away? Do you suppose for an instant that mere distance or time could make any difference to me? Never! Despite your firm refusal to meet me, I do not mean to give up till I have seen you face to face and heard the truth from your own lips. I am possessed of a frightful feeling of unrest; an intuition that is almost a certainty, that all is not right. I hold myself to blame, Margaret, and perhaps I am selfish; but I can never be fully resigned until I know!

From Her—

It is unkind of you to press me so, to almost persecute me. You must have seen that I deliberately evaded you that night, must have comprehended that my reason was a grave one. I, far better than yourself, realized what the result of such a meeting would be.

Why, why cannot you be brave and generous enough to let me rest satisfied in the new life? Why tear open the old wound by forcing a return to memories that should never have been aroused. I had fought a heroic, and I believed, a winning battle. These letters have upset me terribly. But I still mean to win, and *you must help me.*

If your regret for the past is genuine, prove it. Let everything drop where it is. Do not seek to recall that bitter period of raw grief, the black, leaden days of resignation, the tedious months of readjustment. I could not bear a repetition of it all.

Let me feel that I can depend upon you.

From Him—

You are a sick, heart-broken woman. Your little experiment has proved a pitiful failure. You still care. Am I not right?

If *he* were the sort of man you picture, if you really loved him and were content, your face would tell a different story. Dear, dear, do you think that you can fool *me?* You must know that I worship you a thousand times more than in the honeymoon days and the months that followed, when neither of us understood!

It was not so difficult a thing, Margaret, for you to go from me and marry another man. Has *he* been weighed in the balance and come up to your measure? You are still mine by every law but the law of man. *I read it in your face.*

Leave him! come back to me. Let us begin the fight anew for our happiness—and keep it! My whole soul is bound up in you, and I'm not going to give you up.

From Her—

Boy! It was all a lie—a poor, miserable little lie. I have lived in the depths. My grief has been eating out my very heart. I could not have stood it much longer. When your first letter came, I experienced the first real joy that has come to me in five long years. I wanted to go to you. I longed to throw myself on your breast and sob out my unhappiness like a tired child. But I dared not—then. I was groping. I had passed through so much, had suffered so acutely that I could not afford to make another mistake. I could not tell just what your real feelings were; I wanted to make sure. And that is why I kept up the farce.

Each letter you wrote brought with it fresh hope and gladness to my sore and aching heart. The resolute way that you surrounded every difficulty I reared in your path, your determined ignorement of my little devices, planned only to try you, filled me with unutterable joy and triumph. For I knew then that I had won you, and that we had both come out of the darkness to complete understanding.

And the night that I saw you, read the story of your suffering in the lines of your face and the fast-greying temples—the shadowed eyes and listless movement, I could have wept for pure happiness. I knew at last that you wanted me more than anything in all the world, that you could not do without me. But I was not yet ready to listen to the words I so longed to hear. I hurried home, quivering in exquisite anticipation of what I knew you would move heaven and earth to accomplish. Waiting was the hardest thing I ever tried to do, unless it was the writing of all these horrid, harsh letters when my heart was so full of gladness.

This morning the birds are singing and the clouds are gloriously blue; all nature seems in harmony with the music and beauty in my soul. In all the wide universe, dear, nothing counts but just we two. It seems as if Paradise itself had swung wide its gates to me, that I have entered and am waiting for you there. Come!

P. S.—*He* died two years ago.

GIVEN'S BABY

By Alfred Howe Davis

THE BLACK powder cartridge of the old days had its advantage for the hunted. The cloudlet of smoke accurately indicated the location of the gunner, even at a distance of half a mile, in level country.

Given—Borax Given he was called on the desert—had occasion to deeply regret the passing of black powder, this early fall day in the year of the latest gold rush to Antelope Valley. And his curses on the modern smokeless cartridge were sincere and profound.

He had made five trips to the spring that day in an effort to get water. On the last one a couple of bullets chipped the sandstone uncomfortably close to his head. He had guessed at the ambush and returned fire.

As soon as he judged it safe, he retreated to his shanty, built in the lee of a high mesa which stretched out into the vast, level plain.

"They are still at it, ain't they, Giv?" a raspy voice came from the depths of a flour barrel, and a woman's head emerged a second later. She went to work on the dough without waiting for an answer, and apparently without expecting one.

Given picked up a rifle which had been in use before that day, and, pushing back a board from a window, he looked out upon the desert, which ran to the edge of the bowled sky, flat and dead.

The woman worked in silence for several minutes before she paused, and, carefully wiping the dough from her hands, turned to the crouching figure of the man. .

"They ain't got the nerve to come closer to-night," she said.

He did not answer, but remained at the opening a little longer. Then picking up a water bag he went out of the house and down to the spring. This time he returned with fresh water and hung the bag on a nail outside the shack. The stiff wind which blows constantly in that country cools the water in seasons when the heat at midday quickly saps the life from any living thing which may venture beyond the reach of the few and scattered springs. And while on this trip he sighted an object that strengthened his faith in himself.

"I seen two of them packing the third on a mule across the valley," he told the woman on his return. "We ain't going to be bothered with them again for a time. Your old man's got an eye for desert shooting yet, Zen."

"You certainly got your eye, Given," she answered, slowly. "You certainly have." Then she went over to the window and sat down, engrossed in her own thoughts.

The long twilight of the desert was coming on, and the wind battered harder at the creaking boards of the shack half-buried in sand which had banked about it with the passing months.

Given walked to one end of the room and began breaking brush for the fire.

"You're tired, mighty tired of this —ain't you, Zen?" he said at last. "You're tired of this business of being hunted like low-lived coyotes. You're tired of this God-forsaken desert, with its everlasting wind. Zen, maybe we better get you to town. You been a good girl, and the Lord knows how I'd ever stuck it out here without you."

"We ain't going to do nothing of the kind," she replied quickly. "Nothing of the kind. Do you think I married you, Given, to quit you because you got the nerve to stand out for your rights?"

Given went to her and put an arm about her shoulder.

"It is our rights, ain't it? It's our right to stick to this land against these jumpers that get hungry for every foot of ground they see an honest man settle on. And it's our right to see that those who was responsible for Davy's murder suffer for it."

"Do you think the homestead is the reason why they try to pot you, Giv?" she asked, half timidly. "You know it ain't. Its on account of your killing young Rincon, ain't it?"

"Zen," Given questioned deliberately, "didn't Rincon and his father kill Davy; didn't they steal my cattle; didn't they even run them off the range? Didn't they get part of what was coming to them?"

"Young Rincon got what was coming to him, Giv, but as for the cattle—well, at least two or three head, you know, didn't have our brand on when they wandered into our herd. They do seem to be getting bolder. Some of old Rincon's relations come within calling distance of the cabin to-day."

"But they didn't stay long, though they did come precious close to getting me down by the spring. And what's more, they took another of their dirty tribe back on a pack burro. Maybe I'll have to kill them mostly before we'll get any peace here. You know what my aims are. We need a home to tie to now, and I figgered this would make us one. But they seem to want to pester us even out here. And they is what is called law-abiding citizens. I got an idea, Zen, that about the next time I have the chance I'll get old Rincon, fair or four, and that we'll call it even and go back in the hills."

She was silent for a moment. Both were thinking of the word old Rincon had sent; that if Given did not go to town, then Rincon would come to the desert. And Given had not gone to town.

"If you kill him, we never will be at peace again," she protested mildly. "This ain't the country it used to be."

"No, nor the men in it ain't the same as they used to be," he replied a trifle warmly. "They ain't the kind that will give a man a break."

"And it will mean that we will have to be on the move all the rest of our days," she persisted. "You know, Given, that we got to look out for the young one when it comes."

"That's the reason I claim you'd better go on into Mojave," he said in a low voice. "Go on in. I'll take you to-night if you want to go. But I got to stay here, Zen. This land's ours."

She shook her head and turned to her cooking.

With the coming of fall, the days grew shorter and the wind more violent. The woman spent much of her time now ripping up old clothing and making it over into very tiny garments. Given sat by the hour and watched her. He exhibited a sudden interest in affairs about the house himself, and, taking some of the precious pine slabs he had packed from a deserted mine in the valley, he worked, during the long evening hours, on a rude cradle which the woman lined with flannel.

One afternoon, while he was at work on the cradle, he caught sight of a speck moving along the western skyline. With his glasses he made out a man on horseback, a carbine slung in the case by the saddle.

"Old Rincon's coming," Given said slowly, leveling his glasses at the figure. He could see that the rider was using a pair of field glasses now and that he had taken his carbine from the scabbard. When the horseman dropped out of sight in a ravine, Given selected a rifle and turned to the woman, who sat in fear over in a far corner of the room.

"Don't be afeard, Zenobia," Given spoke gently. "There ain't any use waiting for him to get here. You won't be worrying, will you, Zen?"

"I won't," the woman answered, bravely, getting to her feet. "And I know it's his life or yours."

Given left the shack at a dog trot and struck a ravine leading west. For a couple of hours he traveled, when suddenly he saw horse tracks partially covered by the constantly shifting sand. He had not expected to come upon them so soon.

He took the trail which, for a distance, doubled back along the bank of the ravine through which he had been traveling. Then the tracks turned abruptly to the left.

At that instant the truth flashed through Given's brain. The rider, seeing Given's approach, had turned aside. He stood tense for a moment, ready for action, and his eye shifted quickly up and down the ravine.

Then he followed the trail again, going slower now than he had before. Occasionally he went to the top of the ravine, where his view to the claim house was unobstructed.

At last he came upon a stove setting out on the prairie, all that was left of a bunk house that had been used in the old days when a placer boom was on in the hills. The constantly blowing wind had wrenched the boards off, one by one, and buried them in the sand. The stove itself was only half out of the dirt.

Given sat down upon the stove to rest. He was about to go on again when a sharp clink sounded on the iron beside him, and simultaneously there came the report of a rifle. When the next shot tore its way into the sand in a line with the spot where Given had been sitting, he was down behind the stove, and was pumping away at Rincon, who had left his horse in the ravine, and was standing two hundred yards from Given, partially hidden behind a small sand dune.

Given shot deliberately, and before his magazine was half empty he saw Rincon's gun drop to the ground and his hands reach for the sky. Given waited several seconds, then with a revolver in working position, he arose from behind the stove, which had been cracked to pieces in the short fusillade. He walked slowly toward the man. Old Rincon's bearded face was flushed and his jumper front was wet with blood. He looked Given squarely in the eye.

"Well, I'm done. Why don't you shoot?" he drawled sullenly. "I came here to get you, and if it hadn't a been for that stove that I brung here myself, I'd a had you. Why don't you shoot?"

Given's fingers played over the trigger guard of his revolver.

"Turn around," he ordered. Rincon turned his back.

"I thought that was about your size," he sneered. "You ain't got the nerve to bring down a man who's looking at you."

Given walked up to Rincon, without replying, and searched him. He took a couple of revolvers from him, and throwing out the cartridges, placed them in his pocket. The guns he tossed into a gully. Then, taking the other's rifle, he emptied the magazine and threw that in after the revolvers.

"You can let down those arms and walk ahead," ordered Given. "I'm a-going to take you up to the draw where you and your murdering outfit killed my kid brother, who never done anything against you or any other man. That's been ten years ago, Rincon. I've been waiting for you to come out here. I suppose they sent you because you was the sure-enough bad man of the outfit," Given laughed. "You the bad man of the outfit. Well, I'm going to take you up the draw and shoot you like a trapped coyote, and I ain't going to give you no more chance for a fair shake than you give Davy. That's all."

Rincon walked on without a word.

Night was coming on when Given first sighted his cabin.

"We got to go faster," Rincon spoke for the first time since they had left the stove. "We got to go——"

Given saw him falter and stumble.

"Don't try to play any game on me," Given shouted angrily. "It's just a little fancy of mine to see you gulp

your murdering life away on the spot where you killed Davy, but I might make a more convenient route of it."

Old Rincon said nothing. His shirt front was now soaked with blood from a shoulder wound. Given could not see that his eyes were shut and his teeth gritten in pain, and he would not have been concerned could he have seen. Vengeance for the wrongs of years was in his hands. Rincon and his men had persistently driven Given from one place to another. They had burned his ranch property, and when he had gone to placer mining with Davy, they had come upon the latter one night as he was returning to camp and had shot him.

Whether or not the few cattle with the strange brands which had come into Given's possession in the early days had in fact belonged to Rincon, had long since ceased to be the great cause of strife between them. Murders committed by both of them since then had strengthened the feud with bloodshed. Old Rincon thought of the details of the past, one after another, as he stumbled along.

The lights in Given's cabin shone clear through the gathering night. Rincon's pace was growing slower. He stumbled in a dip and plunged face downward on the sand. Given walked up to him cautiously and rolled him over on his back.

"Rincon, you murdering old desert rat," Given spoke low, as if the words were to be kept from a pair of coyotes which slunk back in the shadows. "You may be dying and you may be faking. Now I'm going to leave you here. I'm going to leave you here to die."

The man stirred. "Give me a drink," he whispered. Then as his eyes opened and his senses cleared for the instant, he muttered: "Damn you, no; no drink from you."

"I'll just relieve you of those bullets," Given said, unbuckling Rincon's belt and throwing it about his own waist. "Now you can sit out here and think over things until they get you," and Given waved his hand toward the pack of coyotes back under the night.

Old Rincon made no answer, but sat up and feebly tore his jumper and shirt away from his wounded shoulder. He watched Given disappear in the night.

Once out of sight of Rincon, Given's thoughts traveled rapidly back over the life he had lived for many years, the life of the hunted. With anger rising still higher in his heart against the man who had been primarily responsible for his lot, Given hesitated for a moment as though to return and finish the work. Then he laughed when the sharp yelp of a coyote came to him.

He walked up to the door of his cabin. A cry, that of an infant, came to him as he entered the room.

Half an hour later Given was on his way back to the spot where he had left Rincon. But there was a new resolve in his heart which, as he hurried on, gained strength. Zenobia, his wife, his son's mother—Zenobia had asked him to go back, for it would be a bad day to remember as their boy's birthday.

If there had been a lurking desire still to see Rincon die as Davy had died, the last spark of it had fled when the baby's tiny red hand had instinctively closed about his finger for the first time. Then and there he had put up his guns.

He walked swiftly, but glanced back several times toward the cabin. The faint light shone steadily, and as he went on, new hopes, other aims than the solitary one of revenge that had been with him constantly during the years of manhood, took hold of him.

Occasional yelps of coyotes guided him in a certain direction, and as he approached, the animals, sitting on their haunches a few rods from a splotch on the gray desert, scampered away.

"Rincon," Given shouted. "Rincon."

No answer came. Given could see that the man was still sitting up, his head upon his knees. Given took hold of him.

"Rincon."

The man raised his head. Taking a flask from his pocket, Given poured some liquor down the wounded man's throat.

"Rincon, I'm going to take you to my shack, and put you in shape if you are willing to call it square. As for myself, I'd keep on with this to the end. You know that, don't you?" And as though some doubt as to his motive might have arisen in Rincon's mind, Given clutched him as he spoke, and looked him squarely in the face.

"But my woman was with me in the fight against you and your outfit, because she thought I was right, and I was in it because I knew I was right. Things are different now. I've got a son, Rincon, a son aged about six hours, and Zenobia figures I got to look out for him somewhat in this, so I'm going to pack out of this country, down into Arizona or somewhere, and get a new hold. And with you I'll call it quits."

"We'll call it quits." Old Rincon spoke in a voice which came from a thousand memories of his own first born whom Given had killed.

THE FIGHTERS

We stood there, two strong souls,
  Freed from the bond called life;
Past all the time-set goals,
  Past all the strife;
Stood where the strong winds play,
Laughing and fleet as they.
Arms round each other thrown,
Brothers, alone.

And, in the world's mad roll,
  Clutched at each other, caught
The swing, the naked soul
  Next soul, untaught,
"God, this is wine," he cried.
Brother, for this we died!"
And, with exultant breath,
I, "This is death!"

In his lean strength he stood,
  As gods are, straight and fair,
And, strongly, "This is good!
  Brother, down there,
I hated one." . . . Our eyes
Knowledge touched. In surprise,
Wond'ring, he whispered low,
"What? You my foe?"

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

An Argonaut of 1850-52

By Herman B. Albery

MY NARRATIVE of events on the Isthmus of Panama in 1850 ended with my taking passage on the steamer Isthmus on the 9th day of April, 1850. Not many things of note occurred on the voyage up the coast except an occasional sight of a whale and the several stops we made at the island of Taboga, at Realejo, where the governor, with his wife and daughters, came alongside in an open boat, and at Mazatlan, where a British man-of-war lay at anchor. As we steamed up, the Stars and Stripes were displayed, and the band on the British vessel struck up "Hail Columbia," amid cheers and shouting. After long weeks of hardship and illness, with the approach of my journey's end in sight, all the latent patriotism in me surged up at the thought that this was still my country and I an American citizen.

Our course lay so near the coast that we had frequent views of the near-lying mountain ranges. At night, active volcanoes enliven the scene, belching forth their streams of fire magnificently and illuminating the surrounding landscape. At the several points where our steamer stopped for coal and provisions, the natives swarmed about us in their small boats, offering for sale the fruits of the country—oranges, limes, pineapples, a peach-like fruit called Mancho, besides the more substantial things to eat common to all countries.

I am told that whales have disappeared from these waters, but, as we traveled farther north, they became more numerous. Both kinds, the right whale and the sperm whale, were in evidence, and sometimes they came quite near the ship.

Finally, on Saturday, the 4th, we get a fine view of the Santa Cruz Mountains, whose peaks are visible above huge masses of white clouds. There are more whales, and then:

"This evening at 9:30 o'clock we cast anchor off San Francisco. Sunday, May 5th, we have a fine view of the back part of the city. We raised anchor and sailed around in front of the town. The country is hilly, but looks beautiful. This is a splendid harbor. Got ashore to-day in the forenoon. Friday night, the 3d of May, nearly half of San Francisco burned down."

The method of getting ashore was in small boats, as there was no dock large enough for our ship. In fact, the only dock at all was a small affair about sixty feet in length, called Cunningham's Wharf, where the Sacramento boats received and discharged their passengers and freight.

The San Francisco of 1850 impressed me peculiarly, and I will be pardoned for quoting from my diary of that day. To the San Franciscan of to-day it ought to be interesting:

"This afternoon went through part of the city, and I must say such a place as this never before met my eyes. It would seem that the place was built in one day and calculated for a military encampment. All sorts of houses in all sorts of places. There are, it is true, some quite respectable looking houses, but then there are others as miserable looking hovels as disgrace the earth. Some who commenced frame houses would lack lumber, and make up the deficiency with canvas, and even this kind of house, and very small at that, would rent for $60 to $200 a month. These are some of the

most unimportant. Better houses rent for much more. There is very little regularity in any part of the city. Some of the streets are a complete bed of sand, and in walking I would sink down several inches. There are no sidewalks, so you have to wade right through it. The wind raises every afternoon, and blows so hard that the sand drifts like dry snow, so that you can scarcely see. This makes it very disagreeable. In the forenoon it is excessively hot, but when the wind raises, about two o'clock, it becomes very cold, and an overcoat is very acceptable. This is the case every day this season of the year. Although this is Sunday, most of the stores are open and all the gambling shops are crowded. Most of them have bands of music. In passing along Clay street, I saw people returning from church; at the same time I saw others running horses, some drunk, whooping and halloing like wild, and nearly everything else detestable."

Monday, May 6, 1850.—To-day, in passing through town, much the same as yesterday met my view. I have been over the burnt district. This no doubt is the best portion of the city by far, but now to look at it makes one shudder. Houses, merchandise of all sorts, one dark heap of ruins. Men who last Friday were worth thirty thousand dollars, on Saturday morning had to borrow money to get their breakfast.

"To sum up the whole, I think San Francisco is anything but a pleasant place. I have no doubt it would be a healthy place if the streets were kept clean and the sloughs filled up and drained. As it is, there will be more or less sickness."

A thing which I did not enter in my journal is nevertheless vivid in my recollection of the general shabbiness of the place. An enterprising merchant had laid a plain board on some kind of support, and for protection had above his head one breadth of muslin. He was selling two slices of buttered bread for 2 cents. The bread was quite good and fresh, but the butter had evidently come round Cape Horn. I can taste it yet. There was also a fine flavoring of sand.

May 7th.—We started for Sacramento City. On the way up the coast I had made the acquaintance of Chas. Carroll, formerly surveyor of Guernsey County, Ohio, who had his surveyor's outfit and a tent. He joined our party, and, beginning at San Francisco, Carroll's tent was our home till we got more permanent quarters. Carroll was dead broke, as was also my companion from home, so I paid his fare to Sacramento, where he expected to meet friends.

The beautiful trip up the bay was soon accomplished. To one used to more settled neighborhoods, the lack of evidence of long established settlement and cultivation were impressive. The beautiful shores of the bay were almost bare of timber, and there were continually in sight great herds of wild cattle and horses.

Benicia impressed me with its beautiful location, and the navy yard and war vessels lying at anchor added much to the important appearance of the place. I recorded in my diary the important opinion of a stranger, who knew nothing of the rest of California, that it was "the best location in California for the capital city."

As we approached Sacramento City, evidences of the big water of the preceding winter and spring, which had submerged Sacramento, became apparent. All the low places in and out of the city were still filled with water, into which the heads and other parts of slaughtered cattle had been thrown, in apparent disregard of public health. Many houses were still surrounded by water.

Arrived in Sacramento City, Carroll soon met one of his friends, Moore, a son of that General Robert B. Moore who later on settled on Feather River, took up large tracts of land and became very prominent locally. Moore was about ready to start back to the mines with his big wagon and four oxen, so we wasted little time, and Carroll, having arranged with Moore

for my transportation, in payment of his debt to me, we were soon on the way. It was a beautiful afternoon, and with the snow capped peaks of the Sierra in sight, we started on the long, slow jaunt of 75 or 80 miles to Nevada City. We made what progress we could that day, crossed the American River on a toll bridge, and as night fell, pitched our tent, ate supper and went to sleep in the tent. The otherwise stillness of the night was enlivened by the howling and barking of coyotes all about us. The next morning I ate my first flap-jack, Moore being the artist. These, with beans and bacon, made a good breakfast, and we proceeded on our journey.

It took us three days and a half to make Nevada City, which we reached late in the afternoon of the fourth day. The first part of our journey had been across a beautiful prairie covered with magnificent oaks, which stood far enough apart to give it the appearance of a great private park. After that, the hills, with all their difficulties of up and down grade. We had crossed Bear River. As we approached the foothills, we were made aware of the fact that both miners and Indians were in a state of nervous excitement over the death of a miner who was supposed to have been killed by the Digger Indians. We had to pass an Indian camp, but were not molested, and the Indians exhibited only their customary curiosity. Although General Moore and others made every effort to ferret out the guilty parties, nothing ever came of it.

We found Nevada City made up of tents, shacks of all sorts, with here and there quite a substantial log or frame house, one of which was dignified by the name of "Hotel." Saloons and gambling houses were in evidence as in all mining towns. Most of the town was on one side of the ravine, where the working was going on. We pitched our tent on the other side. The washings at Nevada City had been fairly good, but were pretty well worked out, and many of the miners were leaving. The day before we arrived at Nevada City, I spent my last bit of money, a five franc piece—for a pie, which we divided between the four of us. It was the only money in the crowd, but it was not long before we were all at work. Havens hunted up Tom McCollum and Oakley Armsted, both Ohio men, who had come out in '49, and who had claims on Gold Run, where they had a log cabin. Gold Run ran into Deer Creek, a branch of the Yuba. They also had claims on Little Deer Creek about a mile back, but about the time we arrived, they had worked out their claims on Little Deer, and were going to Poor Man's Creek, a branch of the South Yuba. Not being very well, I staid in the cabin for a day or two, and then followed them to Poor Man's Creek, the way taking me through twenty miles of the most beautiful forest in the world. On the way, I also passed Washington and Jefferson camps on the South Yuba, where the workings had been abandoned. When I came up with my party, they had decided their claim was not particularly good, and were ready to abandon it.

From here we went to the Middle Yuba, but found the water so high we could do nothing. The volume of water was constantly replenished by melting snows in the mountains. We decided to wait till the flood abated, and I built a house of poles and branches, but the river kept swollen. Finally we heard that a little way above us a company of about twenty-eight men had diverted the stream by cutting a false channel and building a dam, but, finding nothing worth while, had abandoned it. This put a damper on us, and most of the miners left, so I went back to Nevada City.

While at the Middle Yuba, a report came that some prospector had discovered a lake way up in the mountains, the shores of which were so rich in gold that every panful was worth a dollar; that he had organized a company of twenty-five men, each of whom had paid him one thousand dollars, who were going to take posses-

sion of and exploit it. I agreed with one of my friends to follow after them in order to locate the wonderful lake, but after going as far as Downieville and finding no trace of them, I gave it up and returned. Although this was in June, the altitude was such that we soon found ourselves wading in snow. At one place I crossed a bank of snow at least forty feet deep, and in some places the tops of the trees were just visible above the snow.

Having heard nothing from home since early in the spring, I determined to go to Sacramento for letters, and with Armsted had a delightful tramp of one hundred miles by way of the Middle Yuba, where we found Ebeneezer Barcus, Josiah Lunn and Francis McCormick keeping a general store. When we arrived at the Post Office at Sacramento, I had to stand in a line two hundred feet long, but was rewarded by getting two letters from home. I took occasion while in Sacramento to visit Frank Mills, who was lying ill in the hospital into which Sutter's Fort had been converted. Later on we arranged for a regular delivery of letters by "Express" for which service we paid two dollars for each letter delivered to us. The walk back was devoid of any but the usual incidents excepting that one night, when we were asleep on the open prairie, the coyotes tried to steal our boots from under our heads where we had made pillows of them.

About this time a miner friend of mine told me if I had any money to deposit to take it to Barton Lee at Sacramento City, as he was paying ten per cent a month on deposits. Not long after, I met this same friend on his way to Sacramento City in a state of wild excitement. The rumor had come that Lee had failed, and my friend said: "If I've lost all that money that I worked so hard for (some $8,000), I shall kill him." He never got a chance to carry out his threat, as Lee had decamped. Years after, when we were back home, Barcus told me that the money which he lost by Lee's failure, with interest at the rate Lee agreed to pay, would wipe out the National Debt.

While at Nevada City I helped sink two shafts in the deep diggings, one of which turned out to be dry at bedrock, and the other so wet it could not be worked.

Right here a word about the life at Nevada City is pertinent. The Empire Saloon was characteristic of all such places at that time. The room was large enough to accommodate an ample bar at one end, at least half a dozen tables for gambling in front, with still plenty of room to move about in comfortably. The bar was made attractive with mirrors, glassware arranged effectively, and all the other paraphernalia of such resorts. games were rouge et noir, roulette, Monte, twenty-one, poker, chuck-o'-luck, faro, or anything else the banker choose to inaugurate, and any one with capital enough could open a bank. The coins in use were Spanish doubloons, French franc pieces of different denominations, Mexican dollars, the big $50 octagonal piece coined by the government, and many other coins from the four corners of the earth. Gold dust also played a most prominent part—now and then a great $500 slug would appear—and even personal property at agreed valuations was often used in lieu of actual cash. The crowds were for the most part orderly, and the individual units thereof ranged all the way from preachers, doctors, lawyers and other educated persons down to ordinary day laborers who had succeeded in getting money enough together to follow the gold craze into this new El Dorado. Life was as safe as at my Ohio home, and during all the time I was a citizen of Nevada City only one serious affray occurred in the shape of a fight in which one man was shot, but not fatally.

While the communities of miners were not governed by any positive law, there was little lawlessness. For the most part, they were the better class of people from the States, who really needed no governing law to hold

them in order. For convenience, however, whenever there were enough of them for any length of time at one place, they chose one of their number as Alcalde, and whenever any dispute arose, it was referred to him, and his decision was final. I was young and inexperienced, and had always lived in a quiet old Ohio community, and yet I had no fear at any time either of personal violence or of business dishonesty. There were bad men, of course, just as at home, but the good predominated to such an extent that their influence was paramount.

At that time most of the work was done by surface picking and shallow digging along streams and ravines. Later on, streams would be turned from their beds as in the case above noted. Still later, "dry diggings" came in. When the surface gold was exhausted, machinery was introduced, with the quartz mill and other effective agencies. But the pan, the cradle and the Long Tom in the hands of the miner were the most effective tools of my time.

McCollum and Armsted staid at Nevada City about two weeks. During this time I worked at stripping at Gold Run for $12 per day. On the same job was old George Karb, father of our present Mayor. Finally McCollum, Armsted and I started out to prospect, but were unsuccessful. We followed down Wolf Creek and stopped to rest about half way between Nevada City and Rough and Ready. On the way we passed a beautiful little valley with a shallow ravine overgrown with grass. As we passed by, I pointed to it and said to my companions: "That looks to me like a good place. Let's try it." They, however, rather hooted at the idea, saying that gold was never found in such places. They also pointed to a place that looked as though the ground had been disturbed, saying that it had been tried and abandoned. A few months later that same valley was filled with prosperous miners who, in course of time, took out millions in gold. The city of Grass Valley sprang up like a mushroom, and the place which the green country boy without experience had passed by because his companions were old, experienced miners became famous the world over as one of the richest finds in California, and its little city one of the most beautiful.

When we reached Rough and Ready, McCollum and Armsted decided to stop for the winter and engage in mercantile and other business. The previous winter had been very hard, and the miners in some instances had actually suffered for provisions. Flour went up to $100 per barrel, and other things correspondingly. It was thought therefore that by bringing up ample supplies for the winter, a great deal of money could be made. It was also thought that the inauguration of an "Express," with a regular delivery of letters at two dollars per letter, with other things in proportion, could be made very lucrative. We therefore built quite a good-sized building which we called the "Ohio House," and I went to Sacramento City and bought goods. Another little company built a "lean-to" against the side of our building and laid in a full stock of flour. But the winter turned out to be the exact opposite of the previous one. It was mild and dry, and the roads could be traveled with comfort the winter through, and our enterprise was a failure.

When this state of affairs became settled, I went over to Wolf Creek, where I spent the balance of the winter with six other men: Ransom Walling of Cuyahoga County, Ohio: Warren Clark of Summit County, Ohio; James M. Mills of Akron, Ohio; Dr. Elijah Wadsworth of Akron, Ohio; Amasa Oakley of Ohio, and Oakley Armsted. McCollum went back to Grass Valley. We worked the Long Tom all the balance of the winter, and did fairly well. It rained very little, and we made $6 and 7 per day.

The cholera epidemic which struck some of the settlements severely did not disturb us much. It was more by rumor than by any actual illness that we suffered.

Our cabin on Wolf Creek was within a short mile of the permanent village of King Wehmeh and his Indian tribe. His majesty used to call on us, resplendent in an old swallow-tail coat with brass buttons and an ancient stovepipe hat. On great occasions he wore the faded uniform of an army colonel, which he had succeeded in getting hold of in some way, and in this gorgeous array he received us on the occasion of the Festival of the Breaking up of the Winter. While our invitations were most formal, we nevertheless understood that His Royal Highness expected a present from each guest, and that his cordiality would wane at any disappointment. So we each handed him a five franc piece as he received us formally after we had performed the rather difficult feat of creeping through his front door, which was no more than a hole in the wall next to the ground. Arrived inside, we found rather a large lodge capable of holding possibly three hundred persons. The ceremonies consisted of a native dance about the fire in the center of the lodge, the smoke from which found exit at the top of the wigwam through a large hole which provided the only ventilation to be had. The music was furnished by a half-tanned hide stretched taut between poles on which the musicians pounded with their open hands, at the same time droning a mournful chant in regular time. Soon the dancers appeared, stark naked, and, having ranged themselves about the fire, began that regular stamping with their feet so characteristic of all Indian dances, chanting at the same time, and now and then emitting such an awful yell as might raise the roof. This dance, or walk around, was kept up till the sweat fairly rolled off their bodies. Among these Indians, the men did nothing, the squaws doing all the work. They made meal out of acorns, mixing this with dried grasshoppers and other insects, manzanita and other berries, forming a kind of gruel, into which they would throw red hot stones to cook the mixture.

Miners are much like other people and require a modicum of amusement, and this was often furnished in queer ways. As an example: we had at Nevada City a fight between a bull and a grizzly bear. An amphitheatre was constructed out of the rough outside slabs from saw-logs, which were sunk in the ground perpendicularly and fastened securely at the top. Above this, seats were constructed circus fashion, and admission by the ladder leading aloft cost one dollar. The bear was in a cage which was wheeled into the arena, and the bull was in a pen on the opposite side. The usual safety closets had been provided behind slabs for those who were responsible for the success of the performance. I was looking about the place, feeling reluctant to give up a good dollar for a poor show, when I came across Jerry Stone, who had whittled the edges off two slabs and made a very good peep-hole through which we saw all there was of a very tame performance, for the bull was afraid of the bear, and the huge grizzly, who had been in captivity for some time, was inclined to be friendly, and they neither cared to fight. On another occasion, when the bull was goaded to anger, he made a charge upon the bear, who seized him around the neck with his huge arms and nearly choked him to death, and on still another, when the bull was induced to charge, Mr. Bruin slapped him with his paw on the side of the head and actually sent him to grass. I heard that in one such fight the bear was killed by being goaded by the bull. Usually, however, they were very mild affairs. Once a man held a boxing match with a young female bear. This was also slow, as the bear had been trained to do certain things, and forgot her part.

I remained at Wolf Creek till late in the spring. Walling, Oakley, Armsted and myself went up to Poor Man's Creek and worked out the balance of the claim of McCollum and Armsted, and then came back to Wolf Creek. Here we separated. An old lead miner by the name of Farnsworth, from

Northern Illinois, and I, staid there and worked the balance of the time, and were joined by two boys, Joe Hastings and a fellow named Ed, who had come round the Horn. We four worked together and made $4 or $5 a day. Then I got homesick and started for home.

When I got back to San Francisco I found a great city with big hotels and business houses, good streets and docks extending far out into the bay, where the largest steamers could find accommodations. Sacramento City had also grown by leaps and bounds, having become the capital of the newly organized State, and prosperity was abounding on all hands. The stream of fortune hunters had abated somewhat, although still apparent, but the wild rush was over, and California was settling down to her regular pace.

I went back home by way of Nicaragua, as related in a former article, no better off in purse, but infinitely richer in experience and health, and carrying with me, as I shall carry to my grave, a fascinating vision of California the Glorious.

THE DRY WATER-COURSE

Once I sang in gladness
  Lilting songs of glee,
Plunging o'er the ledges
  As I sought the sea;
Foam upon my eddies,
  Trout within each pool,
Fern and blossom nodding
  O'er my waters cool.

Now the silent gully
  Speaks of music dead:
Barren rocks disclosing
  Where was once my bed.
Song and laughter vanish'd,
  Just the scars you see:
But I sang when able—
  Gave the best in me!

CLIFFORD TREMBLY.

VANISHED LEAVES

By Rose de Vaux-Royer

In the old sweet woods,
With its gentle moods,
  And the songs that never cease,
The light winds blow
A crimson row
  Of leaves in the roadway's crease.

They flutter away
At dying day
  In wavering shapes and shades—
With their duty done—
To oblivion;
  Or glow in the murmuring glades.

They have vied with spring
In its whispering
  Content, and ardent breath;
From the early dawn
Of a summer morn,
  To the twilight caverns—death.

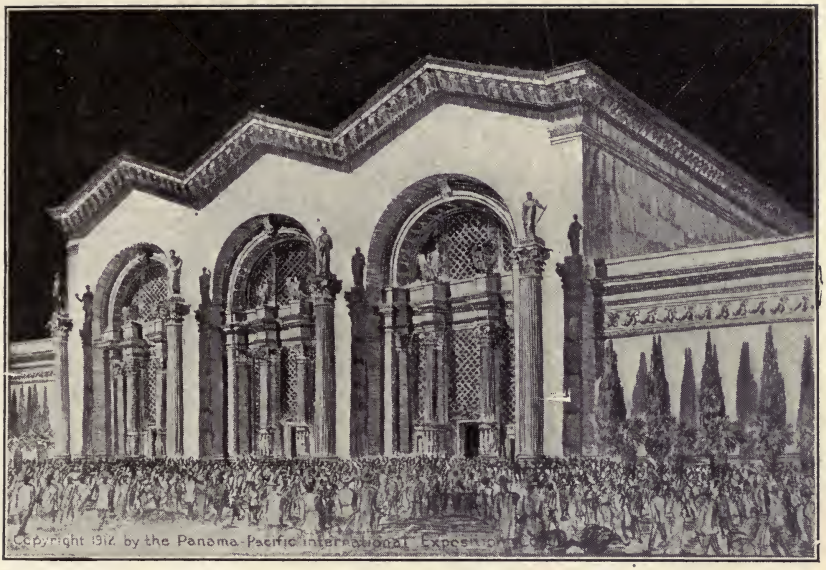
They have run the range
Of the gamut's change;
Vague fears of formless things
Now haunt their night
In the still starlight
  With a sound of the beating wings.

They are free once more
On the shadowy shore,
  In the realm of death or dream;
But turn in their track
To welcome back
  Each season in Nature's scheme.

As the dim tides flow
That bids them go
  On the waves of the wilderness
The veins that thrilled—
Once ruby-filled—
  Turn to Earth and its cold caress.

And the shadows fall
That cover all
  Their loveliness to me.
Still they haunt my heart
In their lonely part,
  Where they lie released and free.

But the burning fire
And the warm desire
  Of spring shall bring rebirth.
There is no death
For the living breath
  Or the vanished forms of Earth!



Palace of Machinery.

The World's Exposition

Ready for Opening—February 20th

By Hamilton M. Wright

THE CONSTRUCTION of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco is finished, and a review of its progress gives assurance that the celebration will be unrivaled in its magnitude, interest and splendor. This largest and most brilliant of world's expositions has more than met the exalted standards demanded of it as the greatest manifestation of national achievement in American history. Moreover, the exposition is a neutral ground whereon even the nations at war, upon a wonderful scale will portray their peaceful attainments in the arts, industries and sciences.

Visitors who thus early have beheld the city of palaces at the Golden Gate join in the praises of this greatest of world's expositions. The American Association of Traveling Passenger Agents, representing every railroad in the United States and Canada, recently officially declared of the Exposition: "That in the opinion of this association the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, in plan and execution, in grandeur and conception, and in beauty of detail in program and performance, will be commensurate with the great national event which it celebrates, creditable to the nations which celebrate, and an honor to California, the hostess State.

"And it is hereby Resolved: That the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, in educational value, artistic stimulus, in beauty and in interest, justifies the members of this Associa-

Tympanum of the doorway, Palace of Education.

tion in urging every one who wishes to be abreast with culture to come and stay long at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition."

Forty foreign nations and forty-four American States and territories will be officially represented. In addition, many thousands of individual exhibitors and associations of exhibitors will take part. The striking feature of the exhibits which distinguishes the Panama-Pacific International Exposition from all former universal expositions is that its displays will be of present-day origination; the exposition celebrates a contemporaneous achievement, the most important and most useful engineering work in all history, the building of the Panama Canal, and all exhibits that are entered for competitive award will be those that have been originated or produced since the great Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis ten years ago.

The exposition will be a vast working laboratory, a great world's university exemplifying the creative and beneficial efforts of mankind. Many of the displays will be of especial interest to the delegates to great national and international congresses and conventions of which more than three hundred, embracing almost every phase of human activity, have voted to meet in San Francisco next year.

Delegates to the congresses interested in social program and welfare work will, for example, see in the Palace of Mines an exhibit three-fourths of an acre in extent, illustrating the methods by which the largest steel corporation in the world is caring for and plans to still further advance the welfare of its employees; in the Palace of Education they will be interested in the great United States Government exhibit; persons interested in the agricultural development of the country will have the opportunity of learning how Argentina advances lands, stock and credits to deserving settlers.

The great war in no way has diminished the prospect of attendance at the exposition, and thousands of Americans will for the first time enjoy the educative trip across their native land. After the outbreak of the conflict, the number of conventions decided to meet in San Francisco proportionately increased. One of the most important of the assemblages will be the International Engineering Congress at which its distinguished

Half Dome of Philosophy, Palace of Education.

chairman, Colonel W. Goethals, will preside. In connection with the congress which will be opened to public discussion will be presented in standardized form the important principles employed in the building of the canal.

The foreign participation will be notable. The nations are not attempting to show everything that they produce, but will lay especial emphasis upon those products in which they excel. In the Danish display, for example, will be shown products of the Royal Danish porcelain factory at Copenhagen; Japan, in her exhaustive exhibit, will display priceless works of art loaned by direction of the Imperial household, and many of which could not be duplicated. From Italy will be shown wonderful paintings of the old masters, hitherto never exhibited in America in the originals. From China there have reached San Francisco selections of exhibits collected under the supervision of the governors of the Chinese provinces. Rare silks, satins, carvings, inlay work in the precious metals, exhibits of the transportation methods employed in Old China, and the modern methods used in the awakening republic, will be shown; as in the case of the American exhibits many industries will be shown in operation under skilled workmen. Siam will illustrate the life of its people and its progressive agricultural pursuits. White elephants and Siamese dancing girls will be features of the exhibit. New Zealand will make a marvelous exhibit of its rare woods, of its fleeces, of its superb scenic charms. A large number of New Zealand giant tree ferns will be displayed. There will be expounded the rare delights of hunting and fishing in New Zealand, where stags and wild boar abound and where the trout reach great size in the little frequented mountain streams. Hawaii will import the sea water in which will be shown live specimens of the wonderfully colored fish. Australia will exhibit her great mining activities, her agricultural and live stock interests, her charms for the tourist. The Argentine early set aside a larger sum than any ever appropriated by a foreign nation for representation in an American exposition. The modern cities of Argentina, the schools, churches, libraries, the great live stock and agricultural in-

Main entrance Tower, California Building.

terests, will be extensively portrayed and the mutual interests of South America and North America will be emphasized in almost every conceivable manner. Bolivia, where the Incas first found the wealth that fired the burning avarice of Cortez, will, in addition to exhibits of the products of the low, tropical valleys and the higher temperate valleys, present an unexampled exhibit of her gold and silver mines; several huge bars of pure gold will be shown. From South Africa will be shown diamond exhibits and methods of extraction. The magnificent Canadian displays will review not only the widely known agricultural wealth, but will illustrate the scenic charms of the great Dominion, of snow clad mountain peaks, of far-reaching forest, of inland lakes in chains of silver, and rushing mountain

streams. Save for space, there might easily be enumerated the accomplishments that each nation will portray in their conclave of the world's countries, and to do so would be of advantage, for all the displays will be distinctive and characteristic, and will summarize each nation's highest attainments.

Parades and pageants of the Oriental countries will be observed upon a scale of unexampled magnitude and grandeur. The extensive participation of China, Japan, Siam and Indo and Cochin China, when taken in connection with the plans already made and with the interesting Oriental population of San Francisco, assure such spectacles as have never before been seen in the Occident. Pageants of miles in length set off by wonderful floats and marvelous pyrotechnics, will wind through the streets of San Francisco during the fall of 1915.

In connection with the more serious deliberations of conventions and congresses, there will be held throughout the entire period of the Exposition a series of great events, including sports and athletic events of many kinds conducted upon a scale of great magnitude. The Vanderbilt Automobile Cup race and the Grand Prix, the two supreme events of the automobile year, will be held upon a four mile course, embracing a circuit of the Exposition palaces, a spectacular background far excelling in beauty and grandeur any which ancient Rome beheld during its historic chariot races. The Vanderbilt Cup race will take place on February 22d, and the Grand Prix on April 7, 1915. Great motor boats of the deep sea cruiser type will race for a $10,000 prize, from New York through the Panama Canal to the Golden Gate. A series of international yacht races in the 21 meter class will be held in San Francisco Bay. President Woodrow Wilson, Emperor William of Germany, and King George of England have each offered trophies in these events. Swimming, water polo, fly casting, canoeing, football, baseball and long distance

One of the figures surrounding colonnade of the Court of the Universe

foot racing are included in a series of more than 200 different kinds of contests.

Of national interest will be the greatest live stock show in the world's history. More than one-half million dollars will be awarded in prizes in a continuous live stock exhibit. Rare and valuable breeds of all kinds of stock from distant countries of the globe will be shown. Specimens of the Chillingham wild white cattle will be exhibited. With the exception of two specimens at the London Zoo, this breed has never been shown outside of Chillingham Park, England. These

cattle are pure white, with black noses, black tips to the ears and black horns. An international sheep shearing contest will be one of the most unique exhibitions ever seen by the layman.

For musical events there has been built by the Exposition the magnificent Festival palace upon the grounds. This is equipped with a wonderful pipe organ, upon which Mr. Edwin Lemare, world famous organist, among other celebrities will give a series of recitals. The International Eisteddfod will at San Francisco compete for $25,000 in cash prizes. More than 20,000 singers will participate in this event. The famous Salt Lake Mormon choir, the deep-toned plaintive singers of Hawaii, and even a chorus of fifty Mormon singers will take part in the choral events. At an expenditure of $1,250,000, the Exposition has constructed a great auditorium in the civic center of San Francisco, which will be used by the great conventions and song festivals. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crane will present their latest terpsichorean novelty, the "Exposition Tango." Mr. Harry Lauder will sing the Exposition ballad which he is adding to his repertoire, and from far away Siam twenty-two dancers of the royal household will present their fascinating steps to the accompaniment of the native chants.

The amusement section of the Exposition, the "Zone," corresponding to the famous "Midway" at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, will carry out the purpose of the Exposition to give every feature a high educational value.

Imagine, for the purpose of illustration, the interest, action and novelty of ten great circuses like Barnum & Bailey's combined into a single "greatest show on earth," and presented at ten times the cost of the single production, and an idea is gained of the originality of this section. A total of more than eleven millions of dollars has been expended in its establishment. The concessions, as these less serious features of the Exposition are known, include a great open air panoramic reproduction of the Yellowstone National Park and a similar representation of the Grand Canyon of Arizona, presented by two of the transcontinental railways. The Grand Canyon concession is built upon so prodigious a scale that visitors will view the canvases from a standard gauge railway coach running on a standard gauge track. A huge working model of the Panama Canal is so extensive that visitors seated in comfortable theatre chairs will be carried along the route of the canal upon a movable platform, and a dictaphone at the arm of each chair will describe each scene as it comes into view. A novelty amusement feature will be provided by working submarine boats of sixty-five tons' displacement, which will operate in an artificial lagoon; the "Aeroscope," a huge inverted pendulum, operating like a giant see-saw, with a great balancing weight on the short end and a car for passengers at the extremity of its longer arm, will raise sight-seers more than three hundred and twenty-five feet above San Francisco Bay, affording an unsurpassed view of the Exposition City and the Golden Gate.

Apart from the amusements, conventions and congresses, the vast pageants, the superb pavilions of the nations, and the magnificent State buildings, the Exposition itself is a sight well worth seeing. The giant exhibit palaces, the loftiest and most imposing exposition buildings ever constructed, are in their architecture representative of the finest work of a commission of famous American architects who worked in free collaboration with celebrated architects abroad. An unusual problem was presented in outlining the architecture of the Exposition. In former expositions, the grounds were low-lying plains with little or no rising land in the neighborhood. But at San Francisco the site presents impressive natural contrasts, towering hills, great expanses of water, a Mediterranean setting on the shore of the Pacific. The grounds lie

Exposition Auditorium, Civic Center. Presented to the municipality by the Panama-Pacific Exposition Company.

just inside the Golden Gate entrance to the San Francisco Bay, and face north on the water for almost three miles. On the south, east and west the site is enhanced by the towering hills of San Francisco. In the bay are great islands, and on the north shores the lofty hills on Marin County rise into the thousands of feet. With this stupendous setting to be met, it was decided to group the exhibit palaces to present a single architectural theme that would not be dwarfed by the impressive stage chosen for the celebration. The result has been achieved. The exhibit palaces, glorious with color and visible for many miles by water, are grouped to present from afar the effect of a vast walled city, a great city of the Orient, rich in color and sculpture, and set among great palms and cypress, and flowering trees, as in a Garden of Eden. Huge inner courts, like vast roofless rooms, divide the exhibit palaces from north to south.

Every one of the courts is designed by a separate architect or group of architects, and each expresses a distinct architectural theme, and yet does not clash with the architecture of the colossal group as a whole.

Hundreds of wonderful sculptures, exquisite mural paintings in colors, adorn the courts and the ceilings and walls of the colonnades in the main exhibit group. Millions of flowers and hundreds of rare trees, shrubs and plants, many of these from far corners of the world, are blossoming there, all uniting in an invitation to the world to see America in 1915, with San Francisco and the Exposition as an objective.

THE LIGHT OF THE WANING MOON

The pure, pale glow of a love lived o'er,
The vision and the gleam
Of heaven's light thro' a closing door,
A misty, vanishing dream.

The pulsing pain of a steadfast heart
That has outgrown all fears,
Knowing that sorrow must be its part.
A grief too deep for tears.

The cold, calm kiss of the living dead
At parting of the ways.
The sad last words that a dear voice said.
A breaking heart that prays.

BELLE WILLEY GUE.

State Prison at Florence, Ariz., built at a cost of $100,000.

Governor Hunt and the Honor System

By Fannie Harley

AMONG the humanitarians who have interested themselves in prison reform and the uplifting of the fallen and unfortunate, George W. P. Hunt, Governor of Arizona, appears in the vanguard. Experience and mingling with all sorts of people have given Governor Hunt an insight into human nature which those basing their conclusions upon theoretical premises are incapable of having. He knows men, judging them with a big heart and far reaching soul.

When Arizona emerged from its territorial chrysalis into a fully developed State, the task of training her to the light of the world devolved upon George W. P. Hunt, who was elected first governor, and a resume of that task attests to the strength of character of the man. First among the changes he sought to make was the betterment of conditions at the State Prison at Florence, since that had to do with life and hope. Selecting as superintendent of the prison a man of humanitarian principles, he began the much needed reforms and the establishment of the "Honor System." Believing that crime begets crime instead of eradicating it, the "snake-den," harking back to barbaric days, and all inhuman punishments, were at once abolished. The humiliating and spirit breaking "zebra uniforms" were replaced by clothes such as human beings wear. Better and more food was provided, which, paradoxical as it may seem, proved a great saving both in money and discipline, for the physical condition of the prisoners improved, rendering them more efficient in their work, at the same time raising

Geo. W. P. Hunt, born in Huntsville, Missouri, 1859. He started west in 1878 to make his way in life, and with his sterling qualities made rapid advancement. When Arizona became a State he was elected its first governor.

their spirits and making them more tractable.

The contemplation of the new regime was reformation and a desire to restore to society those who had gone astray, and not punishment. Notwithstanding, disciplinary, but not humiliating, rules are strongly adhered to. Speedily the men realized that the keepers were their friends, and readily responded to kind treatment, imbibing with avidity the light of hope shining through the cloud of despair hitherto hovering over them. New life seems to be coursing through their veins. Gone is the sullen, hang-dog look; with step elastic and heads erect, the men perform their varied tasks with alacrity. Plots to escape are fewer than ever in the history of the institution, and infraction of the rules are rare. Here, indeed, is a model of the "New Penology." Here in operation is a successful system for the conservation of human beings, where men and women are taught the "error of their way," and made into sound material for useful citizenship.

Returns from the establishment of the "Honor System" have proven most gratifying. Road-making and bridge construction have been successfully prosecuted, resulting, not only in a great saving to the State, but in absolute profit. With plenty of fresh air and good food, the health of the men has increased to such an extent that the results of their labors is as

The baseball field outside the prison where the teams play on non-working days

Watching a game of baseball, Arizona State Prison, Florence. The men are allowed to play baseball once a week, and they take intense interest in the game. Governor Hunt and his party are mingling with the inmates.

satisfactory as that of the very best class of free labor.

In the first camp established in the Pinal Mountains, for the construction of a highway between Globe and Ray, the "honor system" was entirely resorted to. An average of thirty "honor men," many of them "lifers" and "long termers," with no guards, supervised only by a foreman of construction, maintained this camp for six months, high up among the pine trees, miles away from any town, working faithfully under instructions, until ordered to march over the mountains and back to the prison, and there were only three attempts to escape. The faithful ones were rewarded by being given a credit of two days off of their sentences for each day they had worked.

The effect of this kind of work upon the physical and mental condition of the men in preparing them for future life is inestimable. As a general thing, a man kept indoors, unaccustomed to hard work, the prison pallor upon his face, confronts the world with all odds against him, and in the conflict of impulses grappling within him he is nearly always driven again into crime.

An "honor camp," consisting almost entirely of Mexicans, was maintained during the construction of the splendid highway between Florence and Mesa, and although without guards, the total number of escapes did not equal those from convict camps where the strictest watch is kept by armed guards. There have always been attempted escapes and escapes from prison camps, and there always will be —but it is an injustice to attribute this condition to the "honor system."

As far as possible, positions are secured for men upon leaving the prison when paroled or after their terms have expired, which has a tendency to reduce the number of recidivists.

Far reaching are the reforms which Governor Hunt seeks to effect. An

Governor Hunt and party reviewing work of the honor convicts on the Globe Ray road. The Governor is the third man on the right.

effort is being made to allow the inmates of the prison a small stipend in compensation for their services to the State—this sum to be turned over to their innocent and helpless families periodically, or kept in trust for those prisoners having no families, until their release. Greatly would this condition relieve the crime of the law. Many a family losing its head and main support, becomes destitute; the mother and older children are forced to leave the home to earn the living, leaving the younger ones unguided and unprotected. Thus the home is broken up and necessity opens the door to crime.

Governor Hunt is endeavoring to secure adequate lands for farming purposes, which would greatly facilitate the maintenance of the prison. Profitable and healthful employment would be furnished many of the prisoners and thousands of dollars could be saved the State by growing supplies which must now be purchased with money from private sources.

The indeterminate sentence has proven itself to be of great value in that it holds out hope to men otherwise on the brink of despair, offering some incentive for good behavior, obedience to rules, and application to duty.

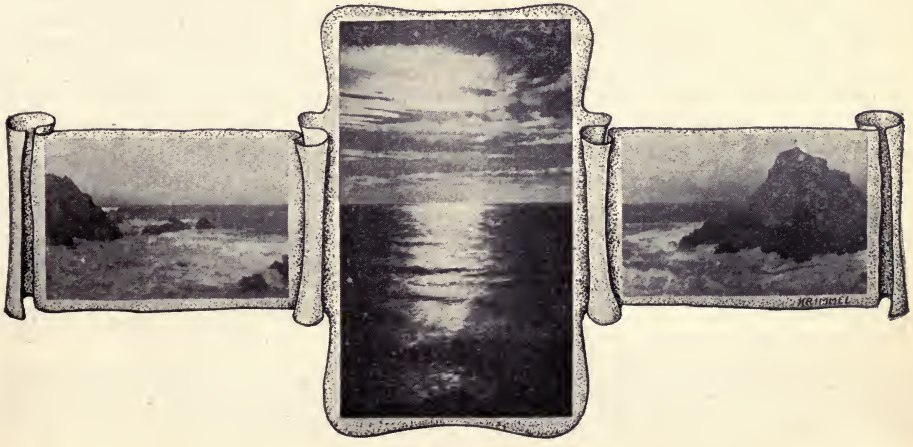
A library and study rooms have been established under Governor Hunt's direction, and here, after work is done, the men may enjoy themselves with books, magazines and papers, think and plan, keep watered the sprouts of intelligence and genius, and raise themselves from the monotony of prison routine.

An honest investigation of the results of the methods pursued by Governor Hunt proves the "honor system" so successful that it cannot but be the method that will be pursued in all progressive penal institutions. All that has been said against it can be attributed to political jealousies and the disappointment of office grabbers who see soft billets of graft going to waste.

MONTEREY

By Kate P. Sieghold

O Monterey! Fair Monterey!
Thy pine-clad hills! Thy turquoise bay!
With salt winds' tang and sea-birds' way!
Bright days of sunshine and of grey.
Brown fisher men with net and boat,
My dark-eyed, soft-voiced neighbor folk.
Thy voices charm and lure and float
Into my heart with siren note.



Famous California Pear Tree

By Howard C. Kegley

THE MOST valuable fruit tree in the world, so far as can be learned, is an avacado, or alligator pear, owned by H. A. Woodworth, who lives on a five acre orange ranch at Whittier, Cal. The tree is insured against damage by wind or fire, with Lloyd's of London, for $30,000. During the year 1912 the tree yielded its owner a profit of $3,206.

The tree is enclosed by a slat fence thirty feet high, which the insurance company requires Mr. Woodworth to maintain, else the enormous policy would be invalidated.

Seven years ago the tree sprang from the seed of an avacado that was growing wild in the highlands of Mexico. Burt Rideout, a Los Angeles County nurseryman, planted the tree on his ranch, and when it was three years old he sold the five-acre ranch to Mr. Woodworth, a retired Wall street broker.

Nobody suspected that the tree would make its owner wealthy. The average alligator pear tree, if it bears at all, does not come into bearing until it is eight or ten years old. Mr. Woodworth's alligator pear tree was in its fourth year, however. During the fifth year it produced $1,716 worth of fruit and bud-wood. In its sixth year it gave up $3,206 worth of fruit and bud-wood, $1,500 of which was derived from the sale of alligator pears at the rate of six dollars per dozen, and $1,702 came from the sale of buds at from ten to twenty-two cents apiece.

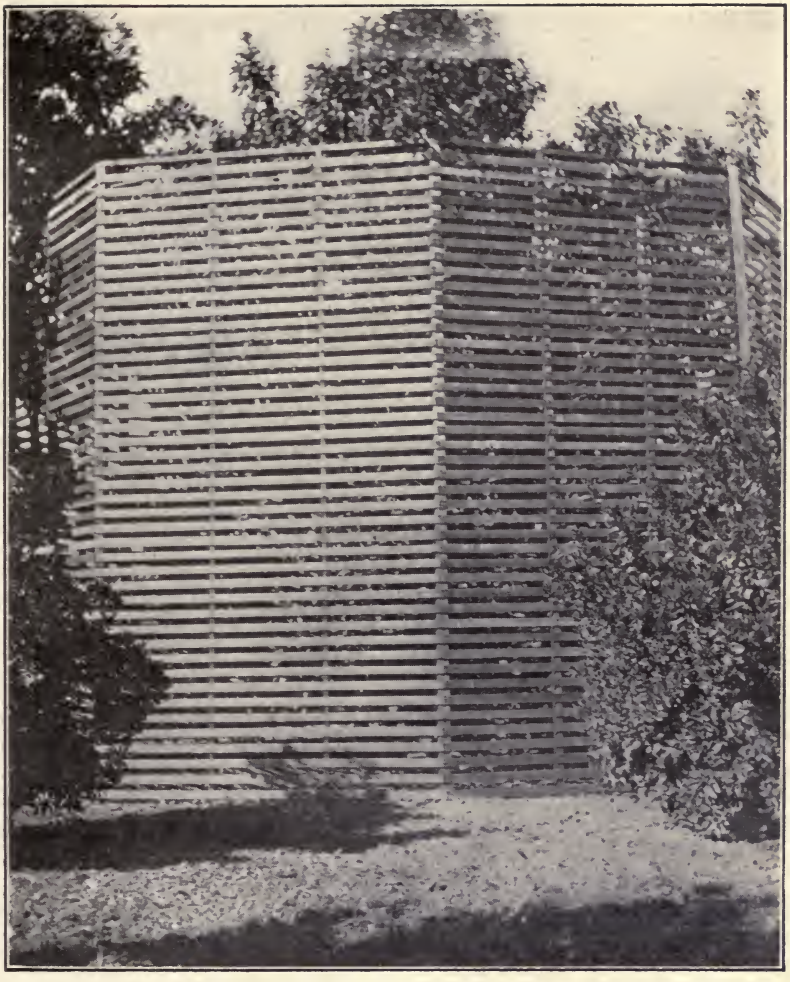
Owing to the scarcity of productive avacado trees, there is always a strong demand for bud-wood with which to bud young seedlings in the nurseries, and when it became known that the Woodworth alligator pear tree was bearing heavily, there was a general rush for bud-wood. Mr. Woodworth sold all the buds that he cared to take from the tree, and then deliberately raised the price of buds to twenty-two cents each, in order to stop the clamor, but that did not stop it.

"I was afraid, for a while, that we were going to injure the tree by cutting buds," says the owner of the world's greatest horticultural monstrosity, "but I guess we didn't hurt it in the least. At any rate it is loaded with pears again this year. We have taken more than 1,500 fruits from it prior to New Year's, and I should not be surprised if the total crop amounts to 3,000 fruits, for the branches are filled with green fruits, which are hardly distinguishable because they are nearly the same color as the foliage."

Mr. Woodworth is very proud of his valuable tree, and he unlocks the "bull-pen" and leads the way into the presence of the tree of the golden fruit, with halting step and slow.

"That the tree bears any fruit at all is indeed surprising," he remarks, "for it hasn't had half a chance since it made a reputation for itself. Every day throughout the year the crowds of tourists who visit Whittier to see the sights, come here to pay their respects to the tree, and they will never be satisfied until I take them within the enclosure so they can touch the tree, peel off a little scale of the bark, break off a twig or take off a leaf, just to see what it looks like.

"Curious persons keep the ground around the tree tramped down so hard that it would be useless for me to at-



The avacado tree enclosed in a thirty foot fence required by an insurance company.

—Photo by H. C. Kegley.

tempt to fertilize it. In that connection, I may add that fertilization, for avacados, is a waste of time and money. So is sub-irrigation. The avacado comes from the highlands of Mexico and Central America, where it gets little or no moisture from the surface soil. It has a tap-root that goes straight down to water. In some places it will go down great distances to moisture. With such roots as that, it is useless to try to introduce water and fertilizer from the surface. Another thing about the avacado is that it does not need spraying. It is more nearly free from pests and diseases than any other tree we grow in the West."

The prize tree blooms in March. The crop begins maturing in September, and continues to ripen until late in January. A curious thing about the alligator pear is that it is worthless if permitted to ripen upon the tree. The pears, which are light green in color, must be gathered when they

have reached the proper size, and laid away in a dark place, to mature, like bananas. When they become yellow, they are ready to serve.

Alligator pears are considered a great delicacy, and are seldom served save upon the dinner tables of the extremely wealthy. They are to be had, occasionally, at high-class hotels, where one may indulge in them to his heart's content, at the rate of one dollar for a portion or half-pear served upon a little plate.

The average avacado, when mellow, weighs from eight to ten ounces. It is neither acid nor sweet. It contains a high percentage of vegetable fat—more than that contained in any other known fruit. Persons who cannot digest other fruits, find the avacado easy to assimilate. It can be served as a sauce or dessert. Some use sugar on it, some use salt, vinegar, olive oil, pepper or spice, and some eat it raw. It is a fruit that may be served in innumerable ways, all of which are good.

The alligator pear is a tree which is just now claiming the attention of orchardists in many parts of the world. It hasn't been many years since its introduction into this country, and the first trees brought to the United States came from Hawaii and South America. Nearly all of them succumbed to pneumonia. The alligator pear from the Mexican highlands has proved to be the best, for the reason that it is accustomed to a high altitude in its native haunts, and it withstands the cool weather of the Southern States quite well.

Many avacados have been imported from Mexico and Guatemala, but only a small percentage of them have proved to be profit producers. Last year the progress of the avacado industry suffered a severe set-back owing to the establishment of a rigid government quarantine against the importation of avacado trees and buds and seed from foreign countries. The quarantine was made necessary in order to protect the industry from two varieties of scale which seriously afflict the trees of the tropics.

At the present time two year old avacado seedlings, budded with wood from a productive year are worth from ten to twenty-five dollars each, and they are not very plentiful at that. The fruits sell readily at six dollars per dozen. The high price is due to their scarcity. Mr. Woodworth says, however, that he expects to see the day when he can buy good avacados in most any market for fifty cents per dozen.

If a few reliable varieties of the avacado can be propagated, the fruit can be sold at fifty cents per dozen, and the growers will be able to compete with the orange growers, for the Mexican variety of avacado is more nearly impervious to frost than the orange tree is. The big avacado on the Woodworth place stood a temperature of fifteen degrees above zero, in 1913, and never curled a leaf.

The Woodworth alligator pear is the greatest curiosity in the southwest to-day. It is thirty-four feet high, and has a spread of thirty-five feet. Government and State horticultural experts make regular journeys to the tree in order to take measurements and compile data for bulletins on the subject of avacado culture.

A distant view of Mt. Tacoma, Washington

Through the Northwest in Pioneer Times

By Elbridge Colby

THE VICTORIOUS armies had marched home and into history . . . The victory is won; the country is saved; but at what inestimable cost! Four years ago Theodore Winthrop fell at Great Bethel, on a summer morning, and those that loved him learned that the war had begun. Three years ago, on a winter evening, Joseph Curtis sank dead from his horse at Fredericksburg, and Theodore Parkman perished at Princeton on an autumn day. Two years ago, on a soft, midsummer night, Robert Shaw fell upon the ramparts of Wagner, and was 'buried with his niggers.' Eight months ago, in the Shenandoah Valley, Charles Lowell died at Cedar Creek, in the very shock of victory. They were five only, all young, and they gave gladly for us all that makes life glad and beautiful."

The words just quoted were written in 1865 by George William Curtis in the well known "Easy Chair" column of Harper's Magazine. The five men mentioned were all connected with Curtis by most intimate ties. Yet, though chosen for mention only on the basis of the friendship of a single

New York magazine editor, they give no small indication of the price paid for conquest and peace. Young and enthusiastic, men of genius and of promise, they "gave their lives that this nation might live."

Of the five, the death of one, Theodore Winthrop was an irreparable loss to American letters. As Charles Nordhoff said: "Our American life lost by his death one who, had he lived, would have represented it, reported it to the world, soul and body together; for he comprehended its spirit, as well as saw its outer husk; he was in sympathy with all its manifestations. Born in 1828 and educated at Yale College, he spent the greater part of his life after graduation in 1848 traveling in search of his lost health. In 1852-3 he went south to Aspinwall, crossed the Isthmus to Panama, journeyed by boat to San Francisco, traveled for a time in the Northwest, and finally started from Port Townsend in August, 1853, for a ride across the continent. Two overland comrades who carried the mail were to meet Winthrop at the Dalles of the Columbia on the first of September, and he had to go by forced marches across one State and part of another, accompanied only by Indian guides, in order to make the rendezvous.

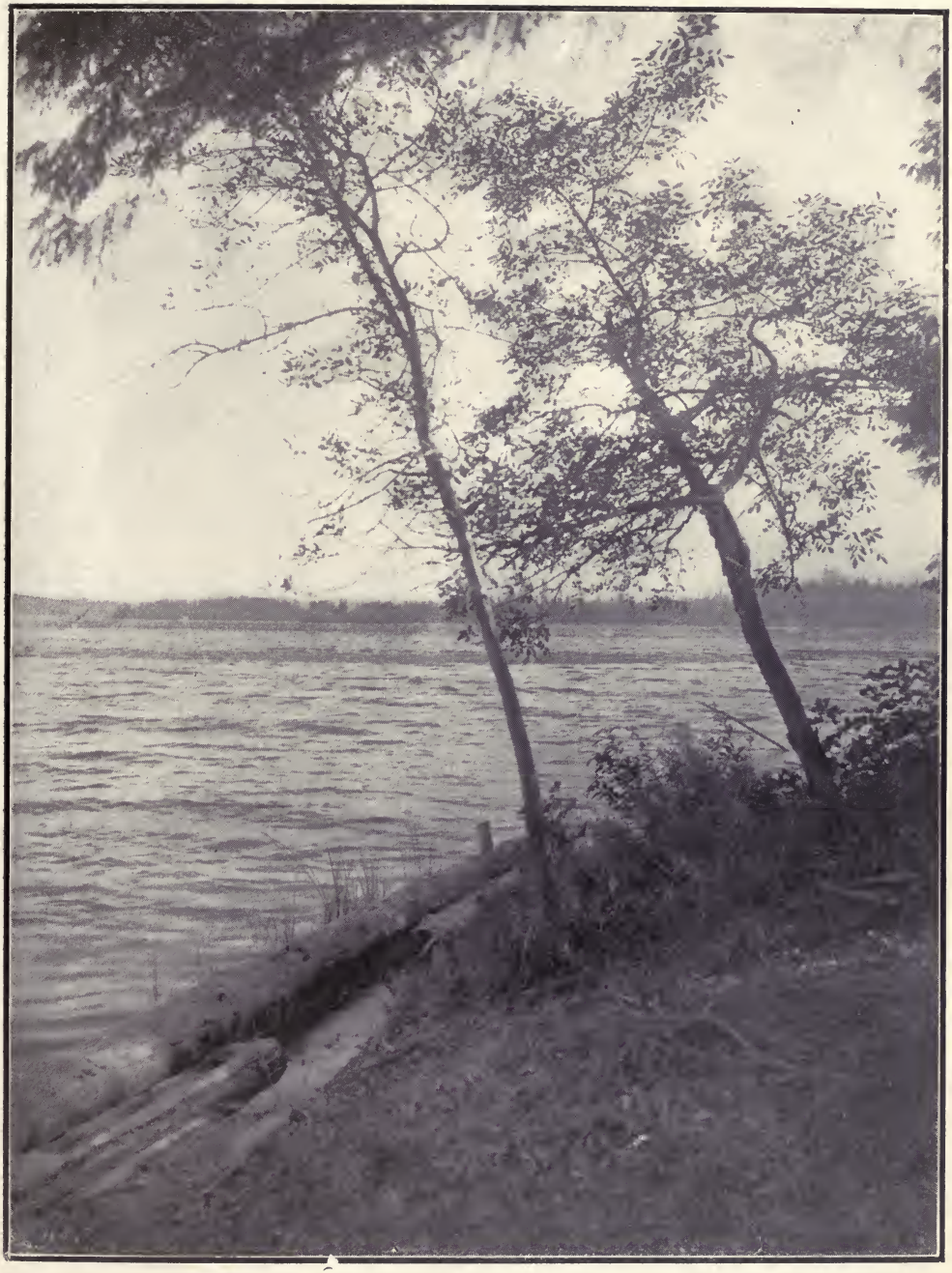
The story of the ride through Washington, the preliminary to the longer journey, is told in Winthrop's book, "The Canoe and the Saddle," published posthumously in November, 1862. Winthrop's other books were "Cecil Dreeme," 1861; "John Brent," 1862; "Edwin Brothertoft," 1862; and "Life in the Open Air," 1863. The "Life in the Open Air" volume contained a novelette, "Love and Skates," some accounts of outdoor life in Maine, and military sketches of the war, written on the march. The excitement of war preparations, the glint of light on polished bayonets, the novelty of military camp life—all these were set forth with vivid picturesqueness. The three novels achieved noteworthy reputation —even at a time when the minds of people were more prone to turn to enlistments, marchings and skirmishings than to the entertainment of light literature."

The death of the author in the first year of the war—"he fell nearer the enemy's works than any other man went during the fight"—was so spectacularly heroic as to secure a large and immediate sale for the novels. But real appreciation followed the superficial interest, and continued new editions, as late as 1899, testified to their solid worth and true appeal. Edmund Clarence Stedman ranked Winthrop as the forerunner of a new type of American fiction.

Browsing among book stalls, the other day, I came upon an old copy of "The Canoe and the Saddle," dirty, with covers torn and the back broken. The pages, however, were much dog-eared, and there were many underscorings of felicitous passages and many marginal comments. So I bought the volume and carried it home. I settled before my big library fire that evening, with a modest collection at my elbow, and read it from title-page to *finis*, all the while a blizzard whirled driving snow around the house corners and piled it deep across my doorsteps.

About one hundred pages are devoted to a trip across Panama in 1852-3. The rest, and the best part of the book, tells the tale of Winthrop's march across Washington and Oregon, all with a fine Americanism and a true pioneer spirit, with many apt figures and much humanity of sympathy. It is a frontier classic worthy of distinction.

The book opens with the overland adventurer at Port Townsend in a quandary for a canoe. Get to Nisqually he must. (Nisqually: a trading post on Puget Sound, near the present site of Tacoma.) To get there by boat was the easiest way, but the chief of the Klalams refused him any canoe from the Klalam squadron. At the exciting situation of opposing desire and refusal—a drunken Indian with a knife and a determined traveler—at this juncture, just as if so planned by a theatric artist, two



Looking over Lake Washington

canoes rounded the nearby point. The "leaky better of the two" was immediately requisitioned. Forty feet of pine tree had been burnt and whittled into a sharp, buoyant canoe. Along the red gunwale which topped the black body of the dugout, there had been arranged, as the Vikings hung their gleaming shields of old, a row of shells to be talismans against supernatural demons. A blanket was the due and just payment for handling a paddle, so many a brass-skinned native wished to impress himself into service. And thus, with six Indians, Winthrop ventured across the Sound to "Squally," —six filthy, half-drunk, dangerous and untrustworthy Indians.

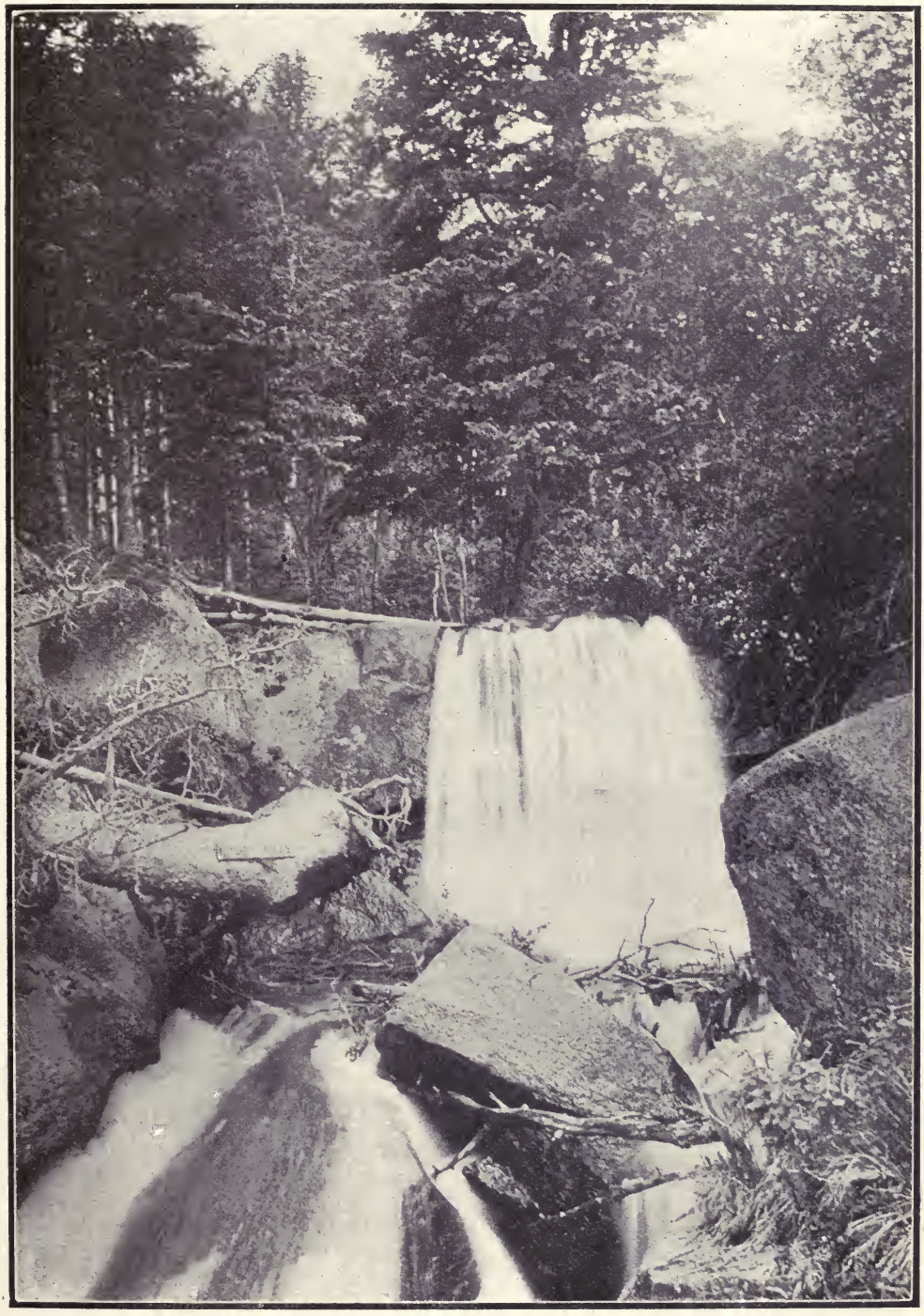
The leader of the uncivilized sextet bore references written in English. He could not read, so Yankee skippers, British naval officers and casual travelers had told the truth—that he was, in short, a "drunken rascal," a "shameless liar" and a "thief." Such certificates he possessed with pride, deeming himself endorsed by civilization, not branded. With such a guardian, then, Winthrop put off from the beach and headed over the waters of "Whulge" (Puget Sound.) Soon the one house on a bluff and the one sawmill in a ravine that went by the name of Port Townsend, were left far behind. Several interesting incidents rendered the boat trip exciting: a rebellion—due to a difference of opinion over the use of fire-water—was quelled only with the Cyclopean eye of an ever-ready Colt. Next the Indians all conveniently went to sleep and left the boat drift before the wind —happily in the right direction. Then, having slept off their ill-hmour, the Indians put their strength to the paddles in earnest; the old bark careered along to the wild and grotesque songs of the paddlers. And so the traveler journeyed on his way, passing lumberships bound for San Francisco, indicative of the new progress, seeing lonely fishermen trying their lures on powerful salmon. With the setting of the sun the songs died away, and the canoe slowed; the tide was turning, so Winthrop put in to the beach for supper and sleep.

Next morning, an hour before dawn, he raised his sleepy crew, and pushed off to complete the journey. We will let Winthrop tell his own story for a while:

"Thanks to a strong following wind and a blanket sail, we sped on, never flinching from the tide when it turned and battled us. We had rounded a point and opened Puyallop Bay, a breadth of sheltered calmness, when I was suddenly aware of a vast white shadow in the water. What cloud, piled massive on the horizon, could cast an image so sharp in outline, so full of vigorous detail of surface? No cloud, as my stare presently discovered . . It was a giant mountain dome of snow swelling and seeming to fill the aerial spheres as its image displaced the blue deeps of tranquil water. The smoky haze of an Oregon August hid all the length of its lesser ridges, and left this mighty summit based upon uplifting dimness. Only its splendid snows were visible, high in the unearthly regions of clear blue noon-day sky. The shore line drew a cincture of pines across the broad base, where it faded unreal into the mist. The same dark girth separated the peak from its reflection, over which my canoe was now pressing, and sending wavering swells to shatter the beautiful vision before it.

"Kingly and alone stood this majesty, without any visible comrade or consort. Mount Rainier*, Christians have dubbed it, in stupid nomenclature perpetuating the name of somebody or nobody. More melodiously the siwashes call it Tacoma." (*Winthrop's text reads "Regnier," an obvious error. The mountain was named after Admiral Peter Rainier, H. M. R. N.)

Stopping at Stailacoom to buy pork and hard-tack and a saddle, Winthrop pressed on. He landed at the bluff and walked with his retinue under the oaks and into the Hudson Bay Company's trading post of Nisqually. Mr. Edward Huggins, the factor of the place, welcomed him, helped him to supplies,



A picturesque mountain scene in the Northwest.

horses and a guide, and saw him safely on his way across the hills and forests.

Owhhigh, chief of the Klickatats, presented a great contrast to the insolent drunkenness and sloth of the Klalam "Duke of York," but the Klalams had been subject to governmental neglect and private oppression, bad influences of cities by land and profane tars by sea. The Klickatats, on the other hand, came sweeping across the open space by the fort in a picturesque though ragamuffin brigade. The shaggy nags, the fantastic costumes, the wild *camaraderie* of their galloping cavalcade, drew the attention at once. Owhhigh made a very fine impression on Winthrop, particularly by his vivid recital of the incidents of the journey to be taken. But in general, Winthrop had little liking for the Indians.

With three horses and one man, through the forests of the Cascades Winthrop made his way toward the Dalles. Through an open woodland clothed with lakes and little prairies the small train progressed to spend the first night in the same hut with the *squaw* of "a certain Montgomery"—Montgomery being absent. Winthrop was moving at earliest light, and with his guide headed into the woods again, through a veritable forest temple of columnar firs, following for hours down rows of rough-hewn pillars with ever a sombre vista ahead. Soon the woodland shade was broken by an opening, where the Puyallops River flowed, where he bought potatoes of Indians, and a brilliant silver salmon. Then, again, he pressed across the shallow stream, and on among the phalanxes of firs. He came to a little prairie where he got another superb glimpse of Tacoma, mounting its white peak above the green pines, all outlined against the clear blue of a Western summer sky.

In a clearing then they met with two ex-soldiers, "squatting" in the forest. Outposts of civilization they hoped to be; but three summers later the first of the Indian wars swept them away in ruthless massacre. Another human being appeared, in the shape of an old Indian medicine man, a friend of the guide, who insisted on his following after, and partaking of the evening potatoes and salmon. Another river was crossed. One of the horses foundered for a moment, and thereafter bore doughy pulp instead of hard tack in his bags, which Loolowcan, the Indian, gladly ate, even when it got foul with mould. The forest grew thicker and the trail narrower.

"I had heard indefinitely that a party of 'Boston' men—for so all Americans are called in the Chinook jargon—were out from the settlements of Whulge, viewing, or possibly opening, a way across the Cascades, that emigrants of this summer might find their way into Washington Territory direct, leaving the great overland caravan route near the junction of the two forks of the Columbia. Such an enterprise was an epoch in progress. It was the first effort of an infant community to assert its individuality and emancipated itself from the tutelage of Oregon. . . . Very soon the Boston ways became apparent. . . . This was a transition period. In the Cascades, Klickatat institutions were toppling; Boston notions were coming in. It was the fullness of time."

Winthrop had nothing but praise for the road builders and their work. He spoke highly of Captain McClellan and the soldiers as "educated pioneers and protectors of Western progress." He found an old acquaintance, Lieutenant Hodges, in charge of a detachment; they talked a bit; the army officer pointed out the ford across the S'Kamish; and so they parted, to meet next in the foyer of the opera, between acts of "La Traviata." But loneliness no longer lay heavy in the woods, thoughts of his friend kept him company.

With the falling shades of night hurrying toward the next crossing of the river, Winthrop and his guide lost the trail. Groping through the darkness, prying into silence for sight or sound, he finally heard the rumble of

In the wooded country

running water, and following the sound, suddenly caught the gleam of fire. Grouped around the blaze were many "blanketeers;" into the circle of the pioneers galloped the gentleman traveler on his way across the continent; them he hailed as fellow "Boston" folks; and they took him in. The stalwart fellows, friendly roughs, gave of their fatted pork and treated him to flap-jacks. These were men who looked for the elemental stuff in a companion and recked not with sham conventionalities.

In the morning Winthrop delayed just long enough to see the flashing axes bite into a great fir of fifty years' standing and send it crashing to earth. Then it was to the road again. Over the Uaches Pass, across the upland prairies—where the horses were well fed—down the opposite grade, through more forest land, emerging thence among dry and arid lands by the Nachez Canyon, and so, on and on. An episode with a bear delayed a bit, but the first of September was near, and there was no time to hesitate. Over the lift and sway of land surges, sleeping a night on the pebbles by the riverside, pressing forward in the morning, Winthrop held on his way along the Wenas, through bare and barren country. Treacherous desertion on the part of his guide, and Klickatat bestiality by an encamped Indian tribe, nearly cost him his life; but still the adventurer faced forward. Forward until he met with an army lieutenant, received direction to *Le Play House*, a Catholic mission on the Antinam, and headed alone across twenty miles of dusty country. Lost on the road, put right by two young Indians, provided with a new and trusty guide by the priest —so he continued. A forced march by night sent him into a terrific thunder shower, and lost him the trail. It was found in the morning, and after a final day of climbing difficult hills and galloping over broad plains, Winthrop arrived at the Dalles and met his friends.

In descriptive passages, of sunrise and sunset, of the terror of mountain storm, of a big pine trunk aflame in the forest at night, of the humble simplicity of worship at the lonely mission shrine—all of these were subjects for Winthrop's facile pictorial pen. The glory of white Tacoma against the solemn blue of the sky was the chiefest object of his admiration, and we give from memory another passage which runs very nearly, if not accurately, thus:

"At last I gained a height that overdropped the firs, and suddenly above the solemn surges of the forest appeared Tacoma. All around it, the dark evergreens rose like a ruff; above them the mountain splendors swelled statelier for the contrast. . . No foot of man had ever trampled those pure snows. It was a virginal mountain, distant from the possibility of human approach and inquisitiveness as a marble goddess from human loves. . . . Wherever the mountain turned its cheek toward the sun, many fair and smiling dimples appeared, and along soft curves of snow, lines of shadow drew tracery . . . Grace played over the surface of majesty, as a drift of rose-leaves wavers in the air before a summer shower, or as a wreath of rosy mist flits before the grandeur of a storm."

These days of dash and charge had shown Winthrop life at its keenest and its fleetest, shown nature in its most beautiful moods. In the West he had seen new modes of savage life, proved Indian treachery and Indian friendship, known the glory and the shame of Klalam and Klickatat. He had met frontiersmen face to face, and seen them to be true men and brave. It was the epoch of hope, Puget Sound was crowded with lumber vessels, the Pacific Railroad was creeping outward. Normally, poet comes long after pioneer; but there was Winthrop amid the new life, adapting himself to share the simple pleasures, the dreams and hopes of pioneers, as well as sharing their provisions. All the wonderful empire of the West was then building, and Winthrop, with a

fine and broad patriotism, wished to see his own world developed and appreciated.

Trail blazers then followed explorers, road-makers followed trail blazers, the locomotive came in its turn—and so the adventurous and brave of the nation have marched into the future to form a new and grand New England of the West in the midst of wilderness, a land where men grow big. Here was "a fuller growth of the American Idea," to create new systems of thought and new currents of life. The inspiration came to Winthrop from the land itself. And those who know the country which he loved will join with him to conclude:

"In all that period while I was so near to nature, the great lessons of the wilderness deepened into my heart day by day, the hedges of conventionalism withered away from my horizon, and all the pedantries of scholastic thought perished out of my mind forever."

A CLEAN PAGE

To ev'ry living creature there is giv'n
The chance to make a record of his own
Within the book of life: no other hand—
No other will—than his can make or mar
The beauty and the power of his soul.
Extraneous conditions cannot add
One debit or one credit to his page:
No matter what calamities befall,
No matter through what narrow, devious ways
The path may lead that is before his feet,
Or if, perchance, great peace shall come to him
And lift him up to see beyond the veil
That hides high heaven from the finite sense,
Still, only as all sorrow and all joy
May aid, or take away from, his own strength,
Can any of these things affect his hold
Upon eternal right or lasting wrong.
No love, however fair and fond and true,
No hate, however dark and treacherous,
Can wipe away, or place, a single blot
Upon his character: all accidents
Affect him only as they change the point
He views them from: in his own heart he sees
How his account is standing, day by day:
He knows how he has yielded to, or fought,
The evil things that have assailed his mind:
He knows how near to closing his account
Have been his outward acts or secret sins.
And, when within the eyes that face the night
That soon will fall o'er ev'ry living thing,
There is a calm like to the deep, blue sea
When storms have passed, we know a page is clean.

BELLE WILLEY GUE.

YOSEMITE REVISITED

By William S. Morgan

WHEN Yosemite was unvisited the idealist felt as Wordsworth did about Yarrow unvisited:

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow.
For when we're there, although 'tis fair
'Twill be another Yarrow!"

Another Yosemite! That was what he feared. The guidebooks, railroad time tables and Californians had vied with each other in describing the wonders of the Cleft Gorge and park until the truth, as it seemed, had donned the garb of exaggeration. He was sure there must be a generous discounting. He had been compelled to admit that the greatest things in the world are in California; he had jotted down in a note book fifty-seven varieties of them, and underlined those which needed modest qualification. "That is it," he reflected, "Yosemite must be underlined." But when the actual Yosemite appeared he saw that fiction lagged after truth. The Yosemite unvisited of his imagination administered no chastisement to the Yosemite visited. Once more his thoughts recurred to Wordsworth's "Yarrow Visited":

"But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Doth rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation."

The first visit was in 1911. The first day was full of tingling, wonderful experiences—a day among the sublimities. Are not such days necessary to normal, human life? No life is worth the candle without a touch of sublimity. A human being can only be really, sanely and fully human as he participates in and associates with things sublime. Each has his characteristic way of getting into touch with it, but get in touch with it he must. Long, long ago, if we may believe the faery stories, mermaids occasionally fell in love with men and married them. But inevitably there came a night, a bright moonlight night, when they found their way back to the mighty deed. They demanded the life more abundant which was theirs by right of being mermaids. What delights they experienced by plunging from depth to depth of unfathomable reaches! What freedom! What fulness of life! What a sense of the sublime Human beings have a similar birthright. Sublimity is their native element. They long for it. They get homesick for it. They seek it in the drama, literature, art, politics, social service and religion. They must have topmost thrills and participate in experiences suggestive of the unexplored and unfathomable. Yosemite is a great opportunity for the sense of the sublime, both mathematical and dynamical. The maddening dash of the waterfalls—Yosemite, Vernal, Nevada, Bridal Veil and Illilouette, the over-awing majesty of Mounts Watkins, Starr King, Hoffman, Dana and Lyell, the inspiring stability of North, Basket and Half Domes and El Capitan, and the sheer walls of Glacier Point, are soul satisfying. We recognize these as old friends; they seem to be our kith and kin. They are

Yosemite Falls. From a photograph taken in December.

sharers with us in a life sublime. They are expressions of the life and heart of the universe just as we are. They speak a language understood of all who live and move and have their being in an all embracing life. Poets and prophets can live happily among them.

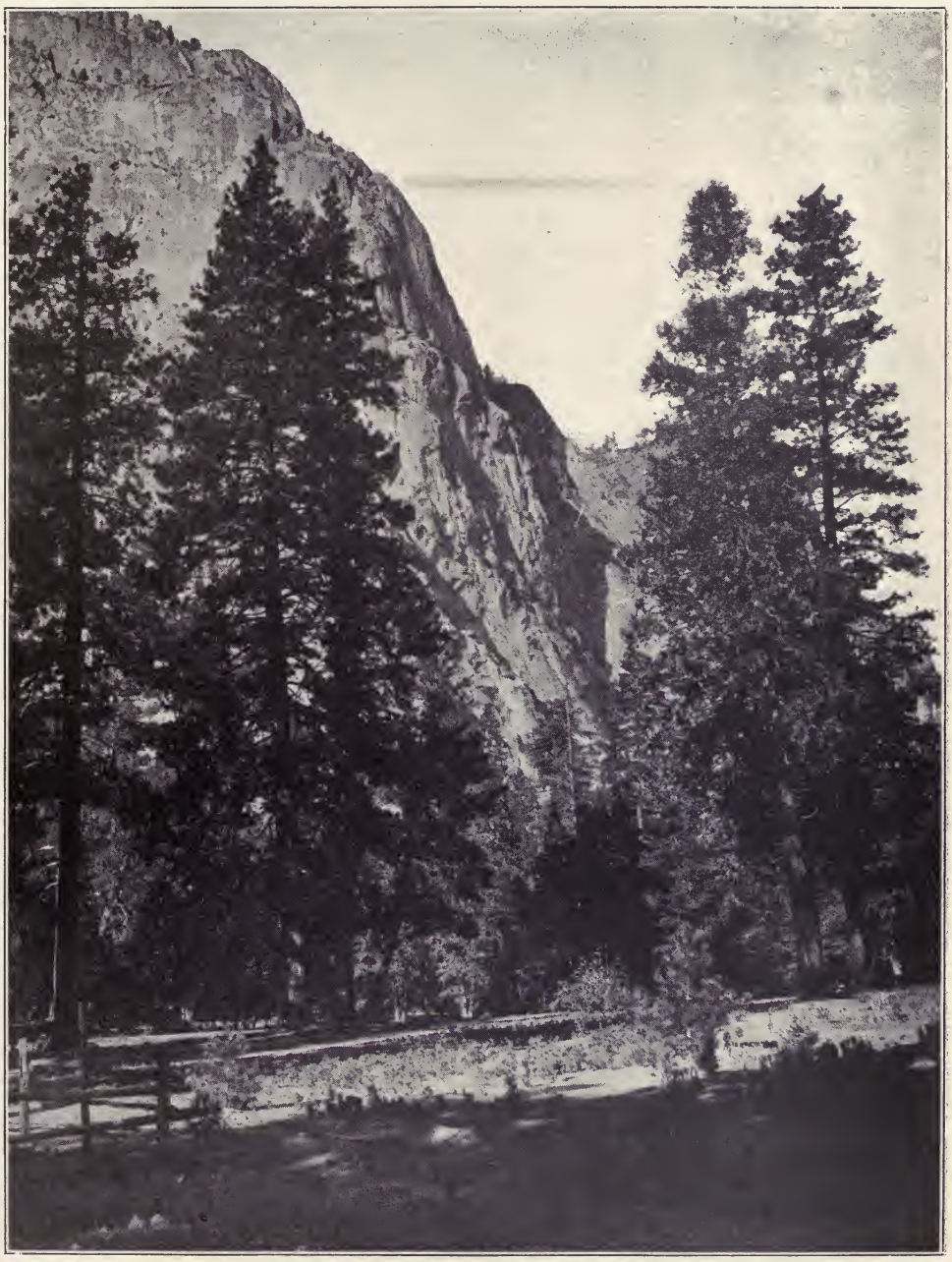
The idealist refuses to regard these sublimities of the Yosemite as merely garments of the infinite; he is constrained rather to think of them as pulses of divine thought and life caught in the meshes of space and time. They are the excursions of the infinite into the visible, a part of the program of the education of living souls. A garment is a superficial thing at best. It is a mere accident. Nature is no accident. It is an expression, an essential expression of infinite life. "Yosemite," said a friend, "is a temple of the ideal." "Very true," replied the idealist, "provided that you make not the mistake of thinking of the ideal life of nature dwelling in the temple or around it. It is a temple of the ideal, if you regard the canyons and all spaces filled with the presence of imminent life; if you regard the rocks and mountains as essential expressions of it; if you regard the atoms, molecules and electrons, out of which they are formed as the energies of the ideal life of the universe; and if finally you regard youreslf, the self-conscious life that you are as a splendid expression of it. Then, of course, Yosemite and every spot of earth is a temple of the infinite. You may enter this temple wherever you are. But I grant you that in Yosemite, all exteriors lead us to a proper mood of enjoying the infinite more easily than factories and stock exchanges. In this sense, Yosemite is one of the most wonderful temples of the ideal."

The second visit occurred during the summer of 1914. Yosemite Falls were sublimer than in 1911; there was an ampler supply of water borne down from the eternal snow-capped hills. A fellow traveler suggested that they should be rechristened "Jupiter Tonans." One may enjoy the aesthetic appreciations from the foot of the lower falls, or from the road east of the river, or better still from the short trail to Glacier Point. Yosemite is in full view from this trail most of the way up. But to gain a full and satisfying experience of the dynamically sublime as presented here, one must take the Yosemite trail to the top of the falls.

The impression of power here is overwhelming and fascinating. Those who long for a touch of the genuine mysticism must visit the falls by moonlight.

Glacier Point never ceases to appeal to him who follows the quest of the ideal. Glacier Point revisited filled the soul of the idealist to the brim. Lifted up over three thousand feet above the valley and seven thousand feet above sea level, one may revel in the sublimity of depth and extent. In front is the snow covered Hoffman; to the right are the wonderfully carved Tenaya Valley, Half Dome, majestic among things sublime, and noble Starr King; below is the Cleft Gorge, a dizzy depth, and beyond to the north and east are the Sierra Nevada or the High Sierra. The coigns of vantage at Inspiration and Artists' Points are the only ones that can complete with Glavier Point, for the enjoyment of the valley itself.

Experiences of the ideal present a different phase at the Mariposa grove of Big Trees. These *venerable columns* are profoundly impressive. Grizzly Giant is magnificent, commanding. How puny one feels in its presence. The botanists may split hairs about the exact number of centuries Grizzly has occupied this spot; the lowest computation places them at a high figure. Six thousand years are even put to the credit of this tree by some of the extremists. Be this as it may, here is a fellow creature that lifted its branches with pride and scorn while the generations, institutions and empires of men were forming, maturing and decaying. The grove is filled with these giants among growing things of such a ven-



Grand Sentinel, Yosemite Valley.

erable age that makes our human life seem insignificant.

"These dim vaults,
These winding isles of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here —thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground are all instinct with thee."

The idealist took his hat off to Grizzly Giant in 1911 and repeated the performance in 1914.

The human aspect of Mariposa Grove deserves notice. Human beings protruded themselves here in the form of nomenclature. Is it not rather absurd to apply the names George, John, Abraham and Andrew to the sublime objects of nature? Would it not be better to apply an impersonal description? Would it not be better philosophy and common sense to expugn all human traces from canyon and gorge, waterfall and cascade, rock and mountain! The world over there seems to be a fashion uncontradicted that insists upon smearing the sublime object of nature with the signs and characteristics of human beings. In Yosemite, it is true, that Cloud's Rest, Nevada and Vernal Falls uphold the impersonal characterization; but Bridal Veil Falls, Mounts Dana, Gibbs, Lyell, Starr King and Muir Gorge are representative of the majority of names, and they are significantly personal. In fact, the crests, gorges, canyons, valleys and mountains in Yosemite National Park bear the names of human beings. There is suggestion enough in this custom to enable any one who cares to construct a humanistic philosophy. Such a philosopher might consider the habit precise and proper. Have not human beings always instinctively felt that there was a conscious heart pulsating in nature? Does not nature envelop a soul, very like our own? Has it not been the habit of idealists in all ages to study the laws of the psychic process within and to discover the workings of these identical laws and forces in the nature around us, and by a magnificent metaphysical leap to conclude that similar laws and operations indicate similarity in the being working through these laws and operations? These human names were borne by people of soul. Are they, therefore, not given with propriety to objects of nature, the visible manifestation of the soul of the universe? This may be correct logic. In spite of it, however, the idealist is compelled to assert because he feels it that to cover these noble trees with the names of States, presidents, generals, municipalities and men of accomplishment cheapens the impression left by the big trees. When it comes to municipalities, universities and men who have left their mark, one is liable to challenge the selection. Why these? Why introduce our petty jealousies and preferences when everything is on a scale of such grandeur? The answer, of course, is ready. The petition was made and the plate provided by some honorable body worthy of consideration, and in consequence the names were given. Expediency prevailed: what else could be done? If naming the trees were left to the botanists, a grove dictionary would be necessary for the comfort of the average traveler. As to leaving it to the philosophers and poets, that would be impossible. After all, it is possible that the names which the trees bear are the best one could think of, but it seems pitiable that the impression of cheapness could not have been avoided.

There was nothing in which the idealist reveled more than in the great silences of Yosemite Park. Half a

day on Alder Creek trail, with nothing to break the silence but the occasional scampering of deer; a night under the brilliant stars on the Buck Camp trail disturbed for a minute only by the hooting of an owl in the distance; a day in Little Yosemite, with no companionship except that of birds, the Merced River and the sheer cliffs; a night spent at the top of Nevada Falls and a day each on Starr King and Snow Peak gave the idealist new appreciations and valuations of silence. He was forced to believe that there were experiences more comprehensive than the soundings of intellectual plummets, the out-reachings of volitional strivings, and the surgings of great emotions. They may be an amalgam of these and something more. This something more is a denial of the isolation of a human being. He is a part of a larger scheme. His life is ensconced in a larger life. He is a segment of that circle whose center is everywhere, whose circumference is nowhere. The idealist found silence to be a key which unlocks these profounder experiences. He enjoyed to the full measure of his being that divinity of which both the sublimities of Yosemite and himself are expressions:

"Silence is the heart of all things;
sound the fluttering of its pulse,
Which the fever and the spasm of the
universe convulse.
Every sound that breaks the silence
only makes it more profound,
Like a crash of deafening thunder in
the sweet, blue stillness drown.
Let thy soul walk softly in thee, as a
saint in heaven unshod,
For to be alone with silence is to be
alone with God."

IS THIS GLORY?

The kings and rulers of Europe
Are seeking political gain;
The existence of countless militia
Has brought on a mighty campaign.
They boast of the growth of their navies,
The training of armies of men,
Which represent nothing but warfare,
And where does the glory come in?

The meadows are seared by the cannon,
And drenched by the blood of the brave;
The homes are deserted and pillaged,
Not a thing that is sacred is saved.
The bridges are torn from abutments,
There's ceaseless and horrible din,
The destruction of life is appalling!
And where does the glory come in?

Think long of the heartbreak of women,
Of pitiful things they can tell.
Oh, wrongs are not righted by cannon,
By angry explosion of shell.
If nations would prosper and flourish,
With weapons of Peace they must win,
For Peace brings advancement and justice,
And *that* is where glory comes in.

ELLA FLATT KELLER.

INDIAN DANCES

By W. McD. Tait

WHEN Columbus landed in the New World in 1492, he was greeted with a dance. It was a war dance executed by the red men. The Indian has never broken away from this early custom, and to-day we find great occasions celebrated in a manner similar to that first demonstration to the white man.

In the minds of many people, all the dances of the North American Indians are war dances. As a matter of fact, there are numerous dances, extremely interesting, and most of them very old. Women as well as men participate in them, and they have nothing to do with warfare. Strange to say, in none of these Indian dances is there contact between the sexes. The bucks dance in one circle and the squaws in another. Few dances are wholly social, although some of them have that element. Practically all of them have a religious origin, and to-day retain their religious significance.

Indians are very musical, and have many songs in their own language. The drum seems to be the principal instrument among them; but when they have opportunity they learn the white man's music, and the use of his instruments, very quickly, rendering the most difficult music with great sweetness. On the Blood Reserve of the Blackfeet tribe in Alberta there is a brass band of twenty-one pieces led by the issuer of rations, that gives concerts in the towns surrounding the reserve. Another band of fifes and drums on the same reserve has given whole entertainments that were very pleasing.

The red men have war songs which they used to sing before a battle; others, intensely sad, which they sing after the battle. Their love songs are not considered of a very high order. Each family has its own songs; each individual has his, usually composed by himself. Some of their songs are sacred.

Some teachers, in their mistaken zeal, have crossed or smothered everything distinctly aboriginal in the young Indians. Franklin K. Lane, the Canadian-born Secretary of the United States Department of the Interior, in a letter directing the appointment of Geoffrey O'Hara as instructor of native Indian music, said:

"I think that it is the part of wisdom to develop in the young Indian an increased respect for all those things of beauty which their forefathers produced. Our efforts should be to make this generation proud of their ancestors and keep alive in them the memory of their wholesome legends and their aboriginal arts."

Music for dances is supplied by a trained band of singers. The only accompaniment is a drum made by putting a skin over a circle of wood and allowing it to dry tightly.

The Sun-dance is, perhaps, the most barbarous of all the orgies of the Indians, and has been observed in every known tribe of red men on the American continent. The time was when all sorts of cruelties were the main feature of this gathering, which was held in the spring time as soon as the snow cleared and the earth began to warm from the sun's rays.

The dance was the ceremony through which the Indian lad stepped from boyhood to the status of a warrior. It is too horrible for words. Ugly gashes are cut in the chest, skewers are thrust through these, and rawhide lar-

iats attached to the ends and fastened to the sun lodge pole. The youth must tear himself loose by dancing around the pole and tugging until the strips of flesh to which the thongs are fastened give way. If the aspirant passed through the ordeal without exhibiting signs of pain or fear, he was declared a full-fledged brave and eligible to sit in the councils of his nation.

Another method was to cut the flesh on the back and tie leather thongs through these flesh-loops, and then fasten buffalo skulls to the thongs so that they would dangle clear of the ground. The candidate was to dance about till he had succeeded in tearing the loops and allowing the skulls to fall to the ground. This method was not as popular as the other because the brave could not afterward see the marks of the ordeal. It was always a great pleasure to the brave to bare his breast and exhibit the scars made by the tearing process.

Indian mothers were as anxious that their sons should go through the ordeal as they were themselves. An incident is told by a Western writer which shows how the Indian mother looked upon it. An Indian lad was being put through the buffalo skull method, but his strength was not enough to tear out all the flesh-loops. He was about to faint away when his mother rode into the circle on a pony, and seizing the skull that still clung to the back of her son, she dashed away on the horse, dragging the boy with her. Soon the flesh broke and the young Indian boy was saved from the humility of failure.

Before the ordeal comes, many back out. Sometimes after the thongs or skewers are put in, the victim loses courage. The wood or buffalo hide must then be removed by cutting the flesh loop, since it is against all law to draw it out endwise after it has been inserted in the flesh.

The United States Government has long since forbidden the Sun-dance, but it was continued on Canadian reserves till the coming of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police about 1890. As a consequence, the annual gathering of the Indians in the spring time results in nothing more than dancing the old-time dances, chanting the brave acts of by-gone days, and propitiating the Sun by the bestowal of gifts which are fastened to the top of the central pole of the Sun-dance lodge.

The Give-away dance is ranked by the Government authorities with the Sun-dance as very demoralizing, and has been stopped on most reserves. The Round dance of the Crees in Western Canada is a pleasure dance. Women are allowed to take part in it, but before their first dance they must give a substantial present to the leader of the dance. This present seems to make the person a sort of life member of the Round dance. Squaws and bucks dance separately without any contact.

In nearly all the tribes of the North American continent there are many dances representing animals. The buffalo dance is a most interesting affair. In it the hunters illustrate what they have gone through in the chase. Instead of bragging with their tongues, as does the white man, they use pantomime. Stealthily they describe the sneaking process of stalking game and dragging it home.

In another dance a man represents a dog. He is made to look as much like one as possible, and is led forth by an Indian maiden who has tied her sash about his body, and leads him as a lady does her poodle, except that they are both keeping time to the steps of the dance. He constantly struggles to break away, and she makes rhythmic efforts to hold him. Sometimes he succeeds and rushes into houses for meat, bites persons on the leg, and otherwise carries out the idea of a dog on the rampage.

The eagle dance is especially dramatic. The Indian who takes the part of the eagle is wonderfully made up. Over his head is drawn a sort of black cloth that covers the hair, and is pulled forward to form a beak. A red line makes the mouth of the eagle. On the

body there is no clothing except a short apron and patches of eagle or hawk down attached by gum to the flesh. The arms are made into wings by means of a cord strung with long, hanging feathers stretched from hand to hand across the back, and a bunch of feathers at the back make a tail. His hands are painted yellow to look like claws. He is lured forth by the dropping of grain, and as he follows the trail he uses his arms as an eagle does his wings, and with his entire body he swoops and moves like the bird he is picturing, but always in time to the music. There is a dance to the bear and moose and many others, always with the combined dramatic idea and dancing movements.

Among the Indians of the far north, during the winter months of each year, a big ceremonial dance is given in the "Hoo-go" or public meeting hall. This is to please and propitiate the animal spirits. It is a real dance with feasting from early winter till almost spring. There are the most peculiar customs attached to this dance period. During the first day visitors have the privilege of asking for whatever they may desire in the line of food. The particular delicacy is "ice cream," which is simply a mixture of frozen blue berries and tallow. After the first day visitors must eat the food their hosts set before them. Each tribe tries to outdo the other in contortions, endurance and dancing costumes. Each animal is impersonated by a dancer, who is trained months ahead for his work. These men are dressed in skins and fully represent the seal, bear and walrus. They dance slowly in a circle made by the spectators, and imitate the movements and cries of the beasts each impersonates. They sing a sort of chant, in which the onlookers join.

The Snake-dance, given every second year in the Hopi pueblos of the far south is a dramatized prayer for rain at an appointed season. It is a grim and startling ceremony, real live rattlesnakes being used as messengers to carry to the gods of the underworld, who are supposed to have power over the rain cloud, the petitions of the Hopis. To the onlooker it seems impossible that venomous snakes can be handled so audaciously without inflicting deadly wounds, yet it is positively known that they are in no wise deprived of their power to do so. There are those who claim that they have seen the dancers bitten by their rattlesnake partners, but that the priests possess a secret antidote to which they resort in case of snakebite. To secure the snakes, the priests go out in pairs with digging sticks and canvas bags, following their trails in the dust, and dig them out of their holes.

The Indians of the Mississippi Valley hold a Corn-dance, which is a feature of the growing season where blanket Indians reside. Just when these dances will be held the white man never knows. Just how the festivities are conducted his eye is never supposed to see. Secretly the word is sent out and as secretly as possible the redskins gather. But the monotonous thrumming of tom-toms, the intermittent yell of squaws, the shrill squeals of the juveniles and the more dignified chantings of the braves carry the tidings unmistakably when once the dance is on.

These ceremonies are peculiar to the Mississippi Valley. Members of the tattered remnants of what were once powerful tribes, who are familiar figures on the streets of nearly every Mississippi River city, periodically become imbued with the desire to hold a tribal dance. Dirty, dusty and travel stained, and often as not ravenously hungry, descendents and associates of the families of Winnishiek, Rain Cloud, Hawke Eye, Big Moon, Winnebigoshish, Waheta, Little Crow, Rain Maker and many other greater or less chieftains respond to the call and are promptly on hand to take part in the big feed which is usually an important adjunct of the dance festival. The Corn-dance is something akin to the Snake-dance in that it is to propitiate the rain god.

While not in the strict sense of the term a dance, yet the potlatch of the

coast Indians has dancing connected with it. Recent efforts to suppress a celebration of the curious ceremony on Vancouver Island were bitterly resented by the Indians through their chiefs. They contend that the custom is one that concerns the Indians alone, and that it should not be interfered with. The potlatch is a sort of carnival of unselfishness, in which the chief who gives away the greatest amount of goods and trinkets receives the most honor. Naturally, the tribesmen delight in being showered with gifts by the chiefs, and the latter wish to maintain the right to give away as much as they like to whom they please. At the close of the giving of presents, a big dance and feast is held.

The strangest of all Indian dances, perhaps, are those given underground. These are common among the Tewos in the Southern United States. No whiteman, it is said, has ever been permitted to see one. During the preparations for and progress of the dance, a careful guard is kept so that there may be no possibility of a white man stealing in. Large dugouts are made with long underground passages —and these, too, are carefully guarded to see that none but a Tewo is allowed to pass.

The Indian will always dance. The desire to shake his feet is inborn, and no amount of civilization seems to uproot it. The character of Indian dances has necessarily changed considerably. Social dances are becoming more common, and on some of the reserves large buildings are being erected in which the more modern Indian dances are taught to the young Indians. None of the treaty Indians of either the United States or Canada have been known to adopt any of the white man's dances. The tango and the bunny-hug are foreign to them. They have not yet learned the way of dancing in each others' arms.

Receiving the Guests of the World

By T. Harrison Parke

FROM a panoramic viewpoint of landscape and waterscape, San Francisco is the most wonderful city in the world. Through its Golden Gate pass travelers of all nations. It follows that to provide for these, the city must furnish unusually attractive hotel accommodations, and this it does in the Palace, with its famous palm court, and the Fairmont, occupying a site commanding the most magnificent marine view to be had from the many hills of the city. The bay of San Francisco is justly renowned as one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. Its sixty miles of shore is lined with a half-dozen cities sloping back to the bordering hillsides which rise in places to high peaks, as in Mt. Diablo and Mt. Tamalpais. When these cities are illuminated at night and the moon rises over the shimmering blue waters of the bay with the dancing lights of the plying ferry boats and the big ocean-going vessels moored in the fairway, guests at the Fairmont may look out over San Francisco's broad stretch of lights, lying like a sparkling carpet extending below them to the confines of the bay, and view the most beautiful moving panorama of its kind in the world. Care has been taken to give this noble picture, one of Nature's masterpieces, an attractive foreground, and the eastern side of the hotel is fronted with terraces of broad green lawns sloping down to borders of beautiful seasonal blooms.

Charles A. Cooke, Manager of the Fairmont and Palace Hotels.

The Fairmont, with its five hundred spacious and commodious rooms, every one with a bath, was constructed specially to command in a comprehensive way all the finest details of this unsurpassable marine view. The hotel is also equipped for entertainment on extraordinary scale —there are ninety-seven parlors, twelve private dining rooms on the ground floor, several halls for banqueting, the Norman Hall, with its antique background, being the most prominent, all constructed on a plan of connecting doors, so that several thousand guests of any special gathering may be accommodated with the ease, celerity, comfort and satisfaction of a party of less than a score.

The fame of the old Palace Hotel, world renowned among the tourists of the world for its cuisine, prestige and

The Fairmont Hotel

individuality, has descended on its successor, the present handsome structure having been built on the old site in the heart of the business district, after the big fire of 1906. Accordingly, it is equipped with every convenience desired by the most fastidious guest. The structure is a giant of its kind, the lower floor covering seventy-eight thousand square feet of space; there being seven hundred rooms, with baths. Rising among the spacious surroundings of the epicurean cuisine, attractive grills, banquet, ball and reception rooms is the hotel's greatest attraction in the eyes of thousands of its staunchest patrons from all quarters of the globe—the famous palm court. There is nothing to compare with it in the hotel world. The old court, before the big fire of 1906, reached past the many balconies on high to the great skylight on the roof. Motors and carriages were driven right in from the street to a circular driveway, and deposited their passengers in the very heart of the hotel, an intimacy that seemed to knit the hospitable spirit of the hotel with all the outside traveling world. The easy freedom of such entrance transmitted a feeling of bigness and generous hospitality that gripped the traveler in a way he never forgot. It smacked of the free and open-hearted California welcoming the guests of the world.

The same idea prevails in the attractive court of the new hotel, but with the added note of luxurious surroundings, necessitated by the greatly increased desire for individual creature comforts with the rapid increase of wealth in the past three decades. The present court is the development of a scene from fairyland. It occupies the same ground space as the former court, and is bordered with lofty pillars of the finest Italian marble. High above them is a great leaded glass dome which diffuses a soft golden light over the palm trees and the luxurious furnishings below. Night and day the inviting place is thronged with guests representing many nations, thus contributing to the city its well known cosmopolitan tone. In the early afternoons many patrons lunch there among the palms, while an orchestra in the balcony above plays soft music. The old Astor House, New York, was fam-

The famous court of the Palace Hotel

ous for the many celebrities who had been banqueted there, but the record of that old-time hostelry was easily eclipsed by that of the old Palace Hotel, and now the new Palace is adding to that remarkable record with the months. The advent of many notables of the world here during the Exposition year will add an extraordinary increase to that list.

To operate hotels of this distinguished class and magnitude necessitates of course a small army of the best trained employees in their respective lines. From the time the old Palace Hotel opened its doors in 1876, the management has specialized in this particular, until it now has a corps unsurpassed in efficiency.

The captain-general of this army, who recently succeeded the late Col. John C. Kirkpatrick, is Charles Alden Cooke, who for five years had acted as assistant to Colonel Kirkpatrick in the management of the Fairmont. Unknown to Mr. Cooke, destiny seems to have taken him in hand early and started him on a course of training to equip him at all points for his present very responsible position. Years ago he began business life with the Eastern Railroad Company of Massachusetts, and so began his introduction of the methods by which travelers are handled in the aggregate. Later he entered a wider field with the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, and then engaged with the Wagner Company, where he came into more intimate touch with the great traveling public hailing from all quarters of the world. He left them to cast his fortune with the Raymond & Whitcomb Tourists' Agency of Boston, and thereby plunged into the very heart of touristdom, a point from which he could study all its intricate ramifications.

For years he acted as the Pacific Coast agent of that company, and, came to know tourists and travelers from all angles and points. He had also specially developed a very extensive choice traveling trade with the high-class Japanese and Chinese, together with other special lines of select Oriental travel. With his characteristic good humor, geniality and hospitality, Mr. Cooke, perhaps unknown to himself, was in an extraordinary strong position to entertain these streams of

the world's travelers as guests—hotel guests.

Colonel Kirkpatrick, always on the lookout for the best hotel talent to be had, was the first to appreciate this fact. He was greatly impressed with the enterprise, resourcefulness, initiative and all-round success displayed by Mr. Cooke. At the time, Colonel Kirkpatrick was carrying the heavy burden of the management of the Fairmont and Palace Hotels, together with the management of the very extensive Sharon Estate Company, and in 1909 he invited Mr. Cooke to become his assistant manager of the Fairmont Hotel. Mr. Cooke's prompt success in that management won him promotion, and on the demise of Colonel Kirkpatrick, the board of directors of the Palace Hotel Company unanimously elected him general manager of that company, which carries the management of both the big hotels.

Financial, Ecclesiastical and Social Shakings

By C. T. Russell

Pastor New York, Washington and Cleveland Temples and the Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

TEXT: "Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven, and this word, Yet once, signifieth the removing of those things that may be shaken . . . that those things which cannot be shaken may remain.—Hebrews 12:26, 27.

This text is applicable to our day. The removal of all things shakable is now in progress. Only those things which are harmonious with Divine standards, which cannot be shaken, will remain. The shaking of the heavens refers to the destruction of the present religious control—Churchianity—and the shaking of the earth refers to the destruction of present social, financial and political affairs.

Passing by the latter part of my text at this time, I will discuss only the forepart.

Stocks and Bonds to be Shaken.

Everything false, bogus, inequitable, will be shaken. In financial parlance this is equivalent to saying that the "water" will be squeezed out of all the stocks and bonds. By methods once sanctioned, but now everywhere reprehended, stocks and bonds have been issued for sums far beyond the actual value of the properties. These stocks and bonds have cost their present owners varying sums, from nothing up to par; but their actual value is what the properties would cost, plus a reasonable percentage of allowance for right of way and business "good will." In ordinary times these had a market value built upon hope of their future prosperity. Now, however, the general public has become aware of the real situation and is fearful to touch at any price these shares and bonds of over-capitalized companies, and the most sound and solvent of them share the public distrust. Now, in the opening of the New Dispensation, when everything is being "shaken," we are to expect that all such stocks and bonds will be shaken in value until everything like dishon-

esty and inequity shall have been shaken out.

Forty years ago the world's great bankers and financiers concluded that it would be to their interest to demonetize silver and have only a gold standard. This finally accomplished what they foresaw and intended: It curtailed the world's monetary supply and enabled the bankers the better to control the entire situation throughout the world. By an elaborate banking system (valuable in some respects), it made each gold dollar chase itself and do the work of five dollars or ten dollars, assisted by bank checks and drafts. Thus the profits of the larger banks increased amazingly by reason of higher discount and interest charges —making them rich at the public expense.

The public, of course, acquiesced in the law demonetizing silver and making gold the single standard. But they did it under misapprehension, because they believed the bankers' tale —that this was really the best thing for the people, and not merely a measure in the interest of the banker and at the expense of the people. It is perhaps but fair to say that less than one-half of the bankers understood the philosophy of the matter; the others were guided by the wealthier and more astute, who did fully understand.

The result has been great profits to the bankers, and great power; for without them, railroad stocks and bonds could not be handled successfully. The bankers took over large issues of railroad stocks and bonds, by what is known as the underwriting process. They were capable sales agents for the bonds at a good round percentage of profit, advancing money on the bonds and holding them for sale to the public.

The Day of Reckoning.

Now we see fulfilled the Scripture declaration: "He taketh the wise in their own craftiness." (Job 5:13.) How so, do you ask? I reply that the great banks have their vaults well filled with these bonds and stocks, on which they had hoped to make large profits; but which, on the contrary, they are now unable to sell at any price. These stocks and bonds reckoned in as part of the banks' assets, show them to be wealthy, with immense surpluses; but now the "water" is to be taken out of these stocks and bonds. It will show an immense shrinkage in the resources of these banks. They will become suddenly poor, without actually losing a cent, by reason of the market value of their securities falling.

This fact is realized by all banks. They realize that if the Day of Reckoning has come, and their holdings—their securities—are to be reckoned at their actual value, it will mean that instead of large resources and surpluses, some of the richest banks will become insolvent and be called upon by the government either to close their doors or to make good their shortage. And right there will be their difficulty; for the rich men of the world have their capital invested similarly, and the reaction will be bound to unfavorably affect all the great commercial enterprises of the world. As all went well, amazingly well for the bankers and the wealthy by reason of the demonetization of silver, so when the Day of Reckoning shall have fully dawned, things will go especially hard with these same people. And, although the stoppage and the reconstruction will involve the whole world, many respects the rich will feel the pressure most.

The liquidating process had already begun before the present European war started. The Hartford and New Haven Railroad, The Chicago and Rock Island, and others, have been called to account. With these, the "water squeezing" processes of the law have been threatening, and will undoubtedly accomplish their thorough "shaking." But meantime, the war, waiting not for the more gradual processes of the law and the ordinary business, has brought the financial world to a crisis. The nations of Europe are being shaken. The casual-

ties of the war already amount to a million and a half of human beings, and hundreds of millions of dollars. And it is only begun. Financial values there are greatly impaired, as are also national credits. The thing wanted is gold, and as in every war, this precious metal has practically disappeared in the nations at war. Their home securities will not be salable for cash, and a general attempt will be made to sell American securities—American stocks, bonds, etc. But who will buy these? America will be practically the only market for them, and, as we have already seen, American banks and bankers are loaded down heavily.

When we learn the immense amount of these American shares and bonds held in European hands, we need not wonder that American bankers pale at the thought of their being dumped upon the American market. Reliable financial authorities declare that Europe has about five thousand millions of dollars invested in American securities. If but one-fifth of these be sacrificed to realize gold, it will mean an avalanche—a financial deluge. American banks, already overloaded with these "securities," cannot purchase all; hence prices will tumble and wrecks follow.

Effect of Silver Demonetization.

In view of these matters, is it any wonder that American bankers fear to see the stock exchanges open for business? Had the exchanges not closed promptly when they did, we would have had the most terrible panic ever known. By the closing of the exchanges that awful panic was temporarily averted. By their closing, the owners of the stocks and bonds have been hindered from realizing upon them; thus the face value of these stocks and bonds has been preserved, and thereby the banks and bankers have been permitted to continue to count these shares and bonds at fictitious prices which nobody would pay for them to-day.

Had silver not been demonetized, bankers would not have had as easy a time as they have been enjoying in cornering the financial market, and getting large rates of interest and premiums; but neither would they be in the same distress at the present time, for the world would have had twice as much money with which to do its business. When we consider that the gold coin of the world is not sufficient for even the paying of the interest of the debts, we perceive how the banking institutions have had the people, figuratively, by the throat, and now are being choked themselves by their own device.

The interest upon the debts cannot be paid in gold because there is not enough of it to pay the interest. Hence the only thing remaining to be done is to issue more bonds, payable in gold also, and the interest payable in gold. Now that nobody will buy the bonds, what is to be done? Interest on foreign holdings of American "securities," estimated at only four per cent per annum, means a drainage of two hundred millions of dollars every year in gold, needed to pay that interest. Now we seem to be coming to a dead stop through this war; and the wheels of finance which worked so favorably for the bankers in the past, are turning in the opposite direction and lacerating them financially.

Apparently our financial "house of cards" is trembling, and about to fall. Various expediences are being tried by the governments and the ablest financiers of the world. We might hope that their skill would accomplish the end they desire, and save the present institutions—financial—from being "shaken" to pieces. But, if we are right in our understanding of the Scriptures—if the great Day of Settlement has come, in which all the shakable things are to be shaken and nothing remain except that which cannot be shaken, then we may be sure that all human effort will fail, and that the greatest of all crashes of a financial kind that have ever happened will take place.

It will be noticed that I am saying

nothing new—that what I have just said has been said in part, at least, by many, and published in the newspapers I am merely bringing together these things, and showing their relationship to the testimony of the Bible, that we are now in the great day of "shaking." To some this will be considered a fanatical pessimism, because the vast majority of people have absolutely no confidence in the Bible. Nevertheless, when these things shall come to pass in the very near future, some may be helped to an understanding of the true situation—to a recognition of the fact that the "shaking" upon the nations—financial, social, political and religious—is of the Lord, and not accidental.

Under normal conditions, American business should be prospering as never before, because her commercial competitors are at war and unable to properly attend to their commercial interests. Likewise, American securities should be in demand, because all securities of foreign countries have depreciated by the war. But with the gold standard and an insufficiency of gold, the business of the entire world is stagnated. The world's needs and wants are as great as ever, but it has not the gold wherewith to purchase. The demonetization of silver seems to be referred to by the Prophet Ezekiel (7:19) saying: "They shall cast their silver into the street"—treat it as a commodity and not as money. The Prophet then tells how gold will become scarce and eventually be completely withdrawn by the people hiding it as though it were an unclean thing, as the Hebrew text implies—"Their gold shall be removed." Thus neither silver nor gold will be available.

Railroad magnates, and the bankers who hold their securities, perceive that if it is difficult to raise money for the meeting of the interest on the bonds, it will be more difficult to issue new bonds to replace maturing ones, no matter how sound and well managed the railway may be. Is it any wonder that the trepidation of the financial and political princes of the earth is great, as they look into the future! Their well-grounded fears were prophesied by our Savior as one of the signs of the present time: "Men's hearts failing them for fear and for looking after those things coming upon the earth"—the social order—and because of the shaking of the heavens, the ecclesiastical systems.—Luke 21:26.

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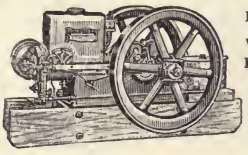

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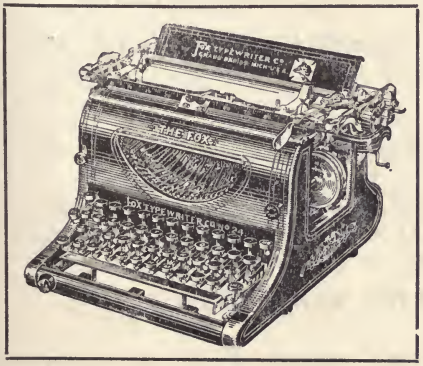

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OVERLAND MONTHLY	$1.50	
Pictorial Review	1.00	
OVERLAND MONTHLY	$1.50	
Everybody's	1.50	
Delineator	1.50	3.45
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OVERLAND MONTHLY	$1.50	
McClure's	1.50	2.35
OVERLAND MONTHLY	$1.50	
Everybody's Magazine	1.50	2.25
OVERLAND MONTHLY	$1.50	
Lippincott's	3.00	3.00
OVERLAND MONTHLY	$1.50	
National Sportsman	1.00	2.15
OVERLAND MONTHLY	$1.50	
House & Garden	3.00	3.65
OVERLAND MONTHLY	$1.50	
Cosmopolitan	1.50	2.45
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Realizing that the impression made upon visitors to San Francisco will largely depend on their comfort and enjoyment, the charge of the Travelers Service Bureau has been made nominal—only THREE DOLLARS by mail (price through agents, $3.50), including one year's subscription to the OVERLAND MONTHLY Magazine. Every one can avail himself of the service and realize he is paying no more than the cost of clerical and other help involved. The saving of time and bother, and the assurance that you are paying lowest prices for everything, will be worth many times the cost.

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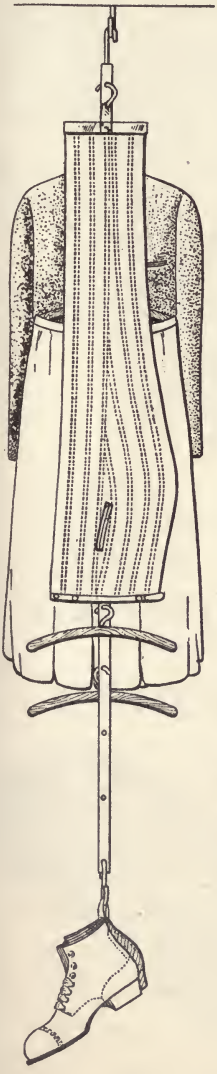
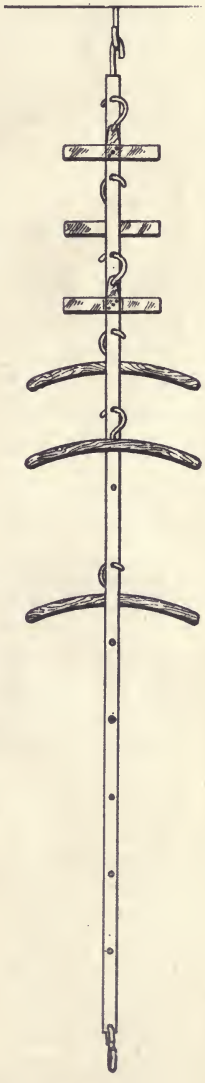
Needed in every home, by every man and woman, young or old, rich or poor. Something the bachelor, the housewife or the traveler has been longing for and it is so good that you will wonder how you ever lived without it.



The De Luxe Garment Strap



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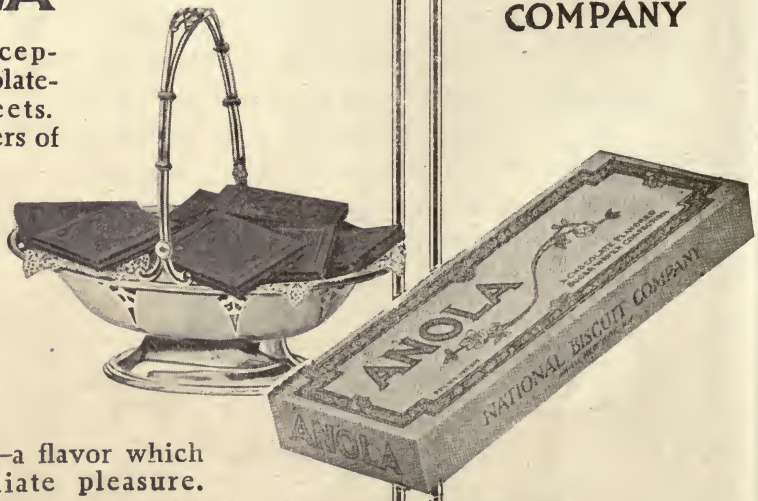

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SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK ON RUPTURE

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RUPTURE Is a **handicap.** If you don't realize it now you **will** sooner or later. It **never** gets well of itself, but gets worse from **time** to **time.** It will eventually **unfit** you for work and life's battles. It positively grows **dangerous**—think of the hundreds of people that yearly sacrifice their lives to strangulation.

The past has proven that the old-fashioned antiquated truss and appliance won't help you—it can't; its construction is all wrong. A new star of hope has arisen for the ruptured—a natural outcome from the deficiencies of the past. There is hope, joy and comfort awaiting you.

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Sent on 30 Days Trial

In wearing my Rupture Lock you have absolute protection at all times. You may do any kind of work and get in any position under any condition. We will prove this, by a 30 DAY TRIAL. That's the length of time you should have. A few days trial can never bring out the merits of any article. Thirty days is the only fair way. That's why we insist, to give it the full, real test so you may appreciate what a perfect Rupture holding Lock it really is. If it does not prove all we claim after the required test, it will not cost you a cent.

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To successfully co-operate with Nature in the work of healing, the supporting device must be so constructed that the rupture retaining part overlaps and draws together the breached opening instead of pressing directly into it.

The trusses of today are sadly lacking in this quality. They nearly all give that direct pressure into the opening, which can not help but enlarge it, making it that much harder to retain the bowel later on, resulting in uncontrollable rupture with serious complications.

The **Schuiling Rupture Lock** was invented to overcome just such faults. It is made to comply with Nature's laws and reach the objective point by the safest and shortest possible route. That it has succeeded is best told by the thousands who are now singing its praises in every corner of our land. This is the **Rupture Lock** that you get on a **30 Day Trial.**

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It tells you all about getting rid of your rupture. It teems with interesting experiences of former rupture sufferers. It tells why physicians are recommending this **Rupture Lock** instead of advising dangerous operations. It tells you why the U. S. War Department orders this Rupture Lock for the gallant boys of '61. It gives you much advice and many facts about rupture that you never heard or read about, also tells you how to order the **30 Days Trial.**

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Best in America

Southern Pacific

The Exposition Line — 1915 — First In Safety

UPON THE HEIGHTS AT DUSK

So near is God and men so very far,
  I wonder not that here, one, when alone,
  Might list sweet voices from dim spaces blown,
Beyond the verge of earth and night's last star;
Here in this hush God might remove the bar
  Of earthy speech, and in a spirit tone
  Soul speak to soul, until the truths are known,
Which seem but darkly seen where mortals are.
Yet here is all the utter loneliness
  Of seer and prophet on thought's upper heights
    In still communion with immortal things;
More kind earth's humble ways of lowliness,
  Where friendship is and trust and homeland lights,
    Where love abides, and only dreams have wings!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

Chinese artillery in action.

OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded 1868

BRET HARTE

VOL. LXV San Francisco, February, 1915 No. 2

Modern Chinese cavalry

THE SIEGE OF NANKING

By Roger Sprague

Illustrated From Photographs

IT WAS the summer of 1913. A modern river steamer, triple-decked, twin-funneled, its upper works a dazzle of polished brass and varnished teak and white woodwork, was descending the Yangtze. At the after end of the promenade, a group of travelers stood where the British flag flapped lazily from the jack-staff above them.

They leaned on the rail, watching the picturesque landscape, the yellow of mustard fields contrasting with the green of growing rice, the farm-houses with their low tiled roofs and their hedges of bamboo, the chocolate colored current of the river in the foreground. In the distance, the walls of Nanking were coming into view.

An old globe-trotter blew a cloud of smoke from his cigar and then said:

"Of all the monuments of that city, the most remarkable is the wall which

The headsman

surrounds it. But I wonder how those old fortifications would stand an attack by modern artillery?"

A few weeks later, had he returned, he would have had an opportunity to answer his own question, for the siege of Nanking had begun; it was there, on the fourteenth of July, that the standard of insurgency was raised.

We use the word "insurgency" advisedly, for the insurrection of 1913 was not a popular uprising—like the revolution—directed against the form of government. On the contrary, it was a rebellion promoted by a few politicians and military officers, and was directed solely against the president of the republic—Yuan.

Chief among these promoters of revolt was one whom I may call General Yellow, an easier name to pronounce than Huang Hsing. After all, is Yellow any more unreasonable as a surname than Brown, Green, Black or White?

It was on Monday, the fourteenth of July, that the General left Shanghai for Nanking by one of the ordinary trains, traveling in great secrecy in contrast to the usual display with which he had loved to surround his movements. That evening, he took command at Nanking and forthwith raised the standard of revolt—a flag of a new design showing three white stripes on a red ground. The soldiers were despatched promptly to the north to hurl Yuan from power, and a proclamation was issued, explaining to the country at large the aims and objects of the "Punish Yuan Expedition."

"I hereby swear with my army to form a punitive expedition for the North to kill this divine rascal. My sole object is to work the downfall of Yuan. As soon as this traitor to the people is vanquished, I shall divest myself of my uniform and return to private life, making way for more worthy men to manage the affairs of the government. If I aim at power or wealth, let the gods visit their wrath upon me."

The troops were ferried across the Yangtze, on the south bank of which Nanking stands. On the opposite shore is the southern end of the line leading to Peking, for Northeastern and Central China are fairly well supplied with railways, in contra-distinction to the South, where there are few, and the west, where there are none.

Helping themselves to all the rolling stock in sight, the soldiers set out to "work the downfall of Yuan." General Yellow discreetly remained at Nanking awaiting news from the front.

It soon transpired that the insurrection did not express the will of the people—it received little popular support. Half way to Peking, the punitive expedition was met by the Northern troops, led by the redoubtable

A corner of Nanking, showing a servant and policeman.

Chang Shun. Whenever and wherever the forces came into conflict, Chang was uniformly successful.

The collapse was swift. The punitive expedition driven back to the Yangtze in the short space of two weeks, General Yellow a fugitive, a price of $100,000 set on his head by Yuan—and on July 29th the rebel flags at Nanking were hauled down. But, after that date, there commenced an extraordinary succession of events which culminated in the siege, capture and sack of the city.

Political changes succeeded each other with a dizzy rapidity. For a

Field infantry in battle, using French Creusot guns.

while the city had returned to its allegiance. Then, on August 8th, came what was known locally as the "political somersault"—two changes of government in one day. At noon, a little party of insurgent leaders came out of hiding, got possession of the Governor's yamen during his absence, raised the red and white flag, and started to proclaim the General of the eighth division as governor. This same general surrounded the yamen with troops at 6:30 p. m., threw the insurgent leaders into jail, and proclaimed the city as loyal.

On August 9th, the telegrams report "everything quiet in Nanking."

August 10th, "Uncertainty in Nanking."

August 11th, "Nanking again insurgent."

August 13th, "All quiet in Nanking last night."

August 14th, "Fighting begins." The Northern troops, led by Chang Shun, were at the gates.

A Shanghai newspaper complained: "It is difficult to follow these rapid political changes. The week before last, Nanking was independent, last week loyal, last Friday independent, then loyal for two days, and now independent again." The explanation of the sequence of changes is that the merchants wanted peace, but the soldiers of the punitive expedition, when they drifted back, wanted war and determined to fight it out behind the walls. Meantime, the blows of Chang Shun were heard hammering on the gates and walls—blows delivered by means of modern artillery.

These walls merit a word of description, for they are very different from the low and feeble rampart surrounding the old native city of Shanghai. Twenty-three miles in circuit and fifty feet high, they consist of a massive earthen bank, perhaps one hundred feet in thickness, faced without by substantial stone and brick.

It was an English editor who wrote: "To many residents of Shanghai, the walls of Nanking are as familiar as the streets of their own city. Those majestic ramparts have formed the background of many a day's sport among the marshy lagoons that lie in their neighborhood; and in recalling the quiet beauty of those late autum-

Fine example of ceremonial archway.

nal afternoons, the smoke rising in the still air from the tiny clusters of cottages that nestle about the lower slopes of Purple Mountain, the tired peasant trudging home from work, it is difficult to fit in with such a scene of tranquility the thought of the desperate struggle that raged there during the past summer.

"The walls of Nanking speak eloquently of the past; their stoutness against recent assault no less eloquently of the fervor of the builders. Even to call them walls, on the top of which three carriages might be driven abreast, is something of a misnomer. Here and there, the whole side of a hill has been cut away and faced with masonry. Everywhere, except at the gates, the veneering of brickwork is backed up by an impermeable bank of earth, and the gates themselves are little tunnels of masonry, further protected by right-angled court yards and high stone walls. Against such ramparts even modern siege guns may batter in vain."

And batter in vain they did for two weeks or more.

Chang's previous knowledge of the city enabled him to handle the problem of its attack with promptness and certainty.

The area which the walls of Nanking enclose is roughly triangular in outline, the vertex of the triangle lying within a quarter of a mile of the river. Within plain sight of the steamer landing there stands one of the monumental city gates.

One of the walls—the western—runs almost due south from the vertex. The other straggles away in a general southeasterly direction—first south, then east, then south and east again. The city proper only occupies a fraction of the inclosed space. It lies to the south and is reached by the intramural railway.

At its mid-point, the eastern wall is pierced by the Great Peace Gate, opposite which, within easy artillery range, rises Purple Mountain—"the key to the city." Whoever occupies the crest of that group of hills commands the city and its defenses. Consequently, the siege resolved itself into two stages—first, a contest for Purple Mountain; second, for the Great Peace Gate.

For the first week there was fierce fighting on the slopes of the hills. Those won, the attack turned against the gates and walls. Chang's tactics were—instead of sacrificing his men in reckless frontal attacks on impregnable positions—to keep hammering away with gun-fire at a distance, meanwhile overlooking no opportunity to rush a gate.

And now, if I only possessed the pen of the yellow journalist, what an opportunity! My paragraphs would explode in some such fashion as:

Boom! Boom! Boom! The siege of Nanking is on—riflemen firing from the walls, shells exploding on the battlements, great fragments of masonry crashing to the ground, cavalry charging to the gates, there to be blown up by dynamite—din, dust, clamor, the yells of the wounded, the thunder of artillery, etc., etc.

However, it is quite possible to give a fairly adequate picture, and to do so in a style which is less explosive.

In the newspaper accounts of the siege from day to day, as published in China, we find a hundred entertaining incidents—a succession of shifting scenes, some comic, some tragic.

For example—insurgent batteries posted on Lion and Tiger hills, south of the river, are firing across the water at troops arriving by rail. On the river, passenger steamers Loongwo and Poyang; shells fall in the water within less than twenty yards of each of these vessels. Insurgents "so sorry"—all quite accidental—due to lack of training on the part of gunners. Passengers have their doubts.

Another scene—7 p. m., August 19, two trainloads of Chang's troops standing in the railway yards opposite Tiger hill. Suddenly a shell from the hill bursts over the General's train. The thousand or more troops quartered on the cars are thrown into the wildest confusion. At the points of their

Chinese infantry scaling a mud bank.

loaded rifles they compel the drivers of the three engines in the station to start at once. Those unfortunates must obey or be killed. The result—in one minute, two trains consisting of two engines and twenty-seven cars, and a third unattached engine come into violent collision at the switch points on to the single main line for which all three had raced.

When it is realized that all the rolling stock is fast jammed, and can neither be moved forward nor backward, things begin to look decidedly ugly. The railway staff decide to withdraw from the station, and so inform General Chang. The howling mob of soldiers who have taken charge don't look good to them. The general manager of the railway informs Chang that no more cars will be run over that portion of the line "until more settled order is restored." Order is finally re-established next day, and trains recommence running—on the proviso that the soldiers are to keep "hands off" from the employees.

Another scene—noon, August 26; at the great Peace Gate. Chang's troops are trying to rush the gate in force. The great swinging doors that bar the passage have been blown off their hinges by shell fire. A party of cavalry gallop up to the gate, but here disaster overtakes them. The spot has been mined. They are caught in the explosion and leave twenty dead on the field. This is the signal for the insurgent riflemen, who have been reserving their fire behind the battlements above, to turn loose on the column of infantry coming up behind the cavalry. The attack is totally repulsed.

Meanwhile, before the assault had fairly started, word has been sent to Chang that the gate has been won. Attired in a long blue gown, and attended by his faithful body-guard, known as "Chang's pig-tails," the General hurries forward to make his triumphal entry. It may be noted here that Chang and his body-guard have never discarded the queue. As he meets the parties bearing news of the reverse, clouds of anger overshadow his countenance, usually severe enough. His expression bodes no good to those in charge at the front.

So the siege runs its course. It is on August 27th that a correspondent ascends Purple Mountain and writes:

"While the siege continues day by day, it is a happy family which is to

be found on the crest of Purple Mountain. This afternoon only two mountain guns were being used against the Great Peace Gate, and the proceedings partook more of the nature of a meeting at a rifle range in Shanghai than actual warfare. It required only a very few men to work the guns, while the others looked on with as much interest as that with which a Shanghai volunteer would watch the practice shots of his company.

"Practically all the shells burst over and inside the walls. A good one—ripping the roof from a house or knocking off a portion of the battlements from the wall—brought out a certain amount of applause which, freely translated, might mean, 'That's a good 'un, boys.' While this was going on, the men taking the keenest interest in what their comrades did, the insurgents were returning the fire.

"This worried the soldiers not in the least. One shell struck the mountain about twenty feet below where they stood and others whistled overhead, bursting on the upper slopes where no soldiers were, and the result was that the men were able to enjoy an afternoon's sport in comparative safety."

Such were Chang's tactics—a constant rain of shells upon the position until it became untenable and was abandoned without warning on the morning of September 1st.

It was a dramatic moment. Suddenly, from the front there came the call of bugles sounding the signal to cease firing, followed by the shouts of the soldiers as they realized that the defenders of the gate had fallen back. Instantly columns of the attacking troops were seen rushing from all directions, all anxious to be in at the death. For the moment, it seemed as if these would meet in a mad scramble for the gate, comparable only to the troop trains racing for the same track. But the officers maintained order, and one by one the various detachments went along.

As a British correspondent from Shanghai was in the forefront of the rush, a most excellent account of the entry is available.

"Of the gate itself—the swinging doors—nothing remained. Shells and mines had enlarged the aperture, and the venerable masonry was scarred and torn in all directions. The brickwork—grand tribute to a former generation—had withstood the shell fire nobly, but at the same time huge fragments had been hurled to the ground below. Never despairing, until the last moment, the defenders had constructed a magnificent barricade of the debris, which was standing over twelve feet high.

"Over this we had to climb, wedged between soldiers and army coolies, sometimes under a pony's nose, at others in dangerous proximity to his heels. Then down on the other side to meet a field gun ready to greet an enemy should the first line of defense be carried. Immediately behind the gun was a second stout barricade of bricks and bags of earth. Then at the inside end of this glorious gateway a third barricade would have met an advancing foe.

"This was the finest of them all, rising many feet above the others, and the conclusion was forced upon the mind that a determined body of men could have held the position forever against infantry charges."

Chang's tactics had been justified.

Once within the gates, a mad charge through the streets followed to clear the city of insurgents. In this wild rush through the city a few civilians were wounded, but it was by accident. One poor fellow, wounded in the shoulder, was left lying in the road, and not a soldier offered to help him. He was not an offender, but an innocent, even an ignorant man. When he saw a foreigner, in the person of the British correspondent, he clung to him for protection in mortal fear of the soldiers, who offered him no further harm. The Englishman considerately helped him on until the Red Cross hospital was reached.

In fact, throughout the siege, it was a hundred times safer to be a European or American than a Chinaman.

Mounted infantry scouting.

We come now to the last act in this drama of war—the sack of the rebellious city. For this, opprobrium without stint has been heaped upon Chang. But the insurgents were at least equally concerned. Read the telegrams sent from Nanking during the siege:

"August 14—Much looting of pawn shops and of business houses has taken place."

"August 19—Considerable looting goes on each night in the city, but there is no general looting. Foreign property has not been damaged."

"August 27—The only authority in the city is represented by the soldiers of the eighth division. The merchants and gentry are using every effort to induce a surrender of the city. Looting and murder are becoming more prevalent."

"August 29—Extortion rife."

We now come to Chang's share. When the city was taken on September 1st, he delayed his personal entry for three days. During that time the city was given up to plunder. At first, Chang's troops took nothing, but when they saw all the bad characters and disbanded insurgents everywhere helping themselves to everything in sight, they naturally joined in the work.

But Chang's was not the only army present, although it was the one which did the fighting. Another body of troops, led by General Feng, was on the ground, and these were the men who led the pack in the looting. A correspondent thus describes their departure for the north:

"After indescribable scenes, a huge detachment of Feng's army is leaving Nanking and crossing the river with their loot. And never was loot more unblushingly displayed. Every soldier either carries a huge pack of it on his back, or drives ahead of him a luckless rickshaw coolie with his ancient vehicle groaning under a jammed and miscellaneous burden. Here could be seen a man carrying off a set of chairs; others had looking-glasses, bric-a-brac carelessly tied up in a sack, rolls of cloth, quilts and mats. Some I saw with bracelets and women's beads dangling from their wrists or wound round their coat sleeves. Bales and boxes and cases and wagon loads of unmistakable loot jammed the street so tightly that it

Memorial archway.

took a pedestrian ten minutes to worm his way a hundred yards."

It is true that, on the complaint of Dr. Macklin of the Red Cross, Chang sent a hundred men on the second day to restore order. But all that these men could do was in the vicinity of the hospital and mission. Elsewhere, Nanking was looted clean.

The General deserves a more extended notice than we have been able to give him so far, for Chang Shun is a man of puissant power. Once a General in the Manchu army, although himself a native of Central China—he was the man who, in the fall of 1911, held Nanking against the revolutionaries, only giving up the city when he saw that the revolution was a success and that the majority of his own men were not with him.

At that time, a newspaper correspondent wrote, "I think sympathy with the revolutionaries has caused people to ignore to a great extent the evident qualities of Chang as a leader. More will probably be heard of this man."

Chang never surrendered, for he crossed the river with four thousand loyal troops, and retreated to the north. To effect this retreat, he requested a special train from the railway authorities. This was promptly refused, whereupon Chang not only helped himself, but also—in order to retard pursuit—took with him all the engines and rolling stock in sight.

On to the north they proceeded, two hundred miles. During the retreat, Chang kept most excellent order among his men, who paid for everything they took. His destination was a city in the province called "East of the Mountains," where he arrived with his army in flat cars, the men half frozen and having had nothing to eat for three days.

The section was teeming with thieves, well armed and becoming bolder every hour. The bad characters in the city were reaping a rich and easy harvest. The anarchy which characterized the revolution was at its worst.

"In this crisis," to quote the words of an English missionary, "a crisis vitally affecting the lives and property of perhaps a million people, there rose up a man. The despised, abused Chang Shun was the one."

His first task was to get his soldiers fed, his second was to get them properly quartered in public buildings, his third to restore law and order.

Looting was the one evil to be stopped. Immediate execution was the fate of every looter caught. A short trial—caught red-handed—nothing more needed—and then decapitation. No torture, just swift, terrible justice. And best of all, when innocent men were caught, they were released when not proven guilty.

Having cleaned up the city, he directed his attention to the country, where appalling conditions prevailed. For the first time in months, com-

merce began to flow once more in its accustomed channels.

After the change of government, Chang fortified himself with a chosen body of soldiers, and made such terms as he pleased with the new government, by whom he was employed in suppressing brigandage. This brings his history down to the summer of 1913, when President Yuan sent him south as commander of the men marching to meet the "Punish Yuan Expedition."

And through it all Chang remained an "unreconstructed" represenative of the old Manchu regime—fighting beneath the same flag he used when he was a Manchu general in 1911, a broad red banner on which the General's name is inscribed in white characters. His officers are still designated by the Manchu official titles.

Needless to say he is intensely hated by the ultra-radical element. Abusive epithets are showered upon him by the press in opposition—Butcher Chang—inhuman monster—a crime-stained villain as savage and bloodthirsty as he is uncouth and illiterate—his army a savage horde of undisciplined rabble soldiery. Thus they love to describe him.

His vicissitudes of fortune may be outlined as follows:

December 2, 1911—Chang left Nanking, with a price of $60,000 on his head.

September 1, 1913—Chang took Nanking, from which the former revolutionary leader, General Yellow, had fled, a price of $100,000 on his head.

A few days later an edict from Peking proclaimed Chang governor of the province of which Nanking is capital and Shanghai the seaport.

The siege of Nanking was over, and Chang had come into his own again.

A DEFENSE

Tell me, Love, didst ever see
That troubadour, the bonny bee,
Conscious, shun the garden where
Languorous in the sultry air
The lily dips,
Just because still on his lips
Clung the perfume of the rose?
God directs the amorous bee,
So it seems—at least to me—
Man should love where'er he goes.
Love is sweet and lives are few,
So I feel in loving you
I am like the honey bee,
Working out divinity.

RALPH BACON.

Cloister at San Juan Mission.

Corona Del Mar to San Juan El Capistrano

By Odell Shepard

THE morning air was still brisk and cool when our ferry-boat began to dance across the little crisp waves of the channel from Balboa-landing toward Corona. It was not so early, however, but that there was a continual coming and going of yachts and motor boats near and far, making a lively picture of graceful motion, color and glancing light. As we cut through the chopping waves we recalled our maiden experience in a canoe, when the swift currents and eddies of the out-going tide had caught and twirled our little craft like a feather and almost borne it under. There were memories also of mornings spent in hunting for limpets and scallops among the rocks and tide pools of the bay. As we recalled vividly the picture of a great flock of white geese seen one morning before dawn, rising in immense spirals to a vast height until they suddenly burst into the sunlight a mile above us and then shot, like a snow-white arrow flying through the blue sky, toward the sea.

But our boat had landed at the little jetty and we climbed the cliffs of Corona and looked westward up the long spit of sand, past Balboa and Newport, toward Huntington Beach. The sand was a thin dazzle of gold in the sunlight, stretching for ten miles or more between the green of the bay and the deep, opalescent blue of the ocean. So frail and diaphanous it was, with the faint blue haze of the

powdery surf floating above it that it seemed every moment to withstand the invasion of the sea only as by a miracle. For here the sea and the sky were all. The land upon which men had built seemed as impossibly fragile and fair as a dream.

Turning eastward, along the cliff road, we saw the hills come marching down in rank after rank to the shore. The hill crests were dim in the distance, although their misty, undulating rims were seldom more than two miles inland and not often more than a thousand feet in height. Their long, gradual seaward slopes were covered with great fields of barley standing tall and white to the harvest, waving in the wind.

Our road struck off away from the cliffs and toward the hills so as to avoid the deeper water cuts made by the winter rains. Up and down it went, over the shoulders of the hills and into deep, cool gullies shady with giant sycamores and odorous with mountain lilac. Too rough and uneven for automobile travel, it was just the simple, quiet, wayfaring sort of road that we most enjoyed, affording great variety of view. For this, indeed, was the distinguishing feature of the landscape—a merging of mountain and meadow and beach were growing side by side.

After leaving Corona, the character of the seashore changes abruptly. For two hundred miles to the northward the beach is almost continuously flat and sandy, bordered by high clay bluffs. For miles together, in many places, there is scarcely a pebble to be found along the sand. But at Corona begin the innumerable rocky skerries that vary the shore line to the east and south as far as La Jolla and beyond—dark masses of rock of varying sizes and often of the most fantastic shapes, frequently covered with trailing seaweed that rocks and sweeps with the waves. They stand out black and gaunt from the sea, a hundred feet or more from the land, and over them the water creams suddenly out of the blue, a dazzling white. The cliffs also are for the most part of rock, and so approach the water more boldly and precipitously than do those to the north. The "mile-long breaker" fumbles slowly along the wall of the dark cliff and dashes high into the sunlight, breaking into bells of iridescent foam.

It is called six miles from Corona to Laguna, though by the hill road it is somewhat more. Most of those

A rock headland between Laguna and San Juan.

who know Laguna reach it by automobile from Santa Ana. It is a dreamy little village that progress has thus far forgotten and passed by. It owes much of its undeniable charm to its peace and seclusion. Parts of its picturesquely straggling hotel have been standing for sixty years. The winding streets are shaded by aged trees that grow quite down to the sand of the beach. The town is situated on a delightful bay where moonstones are found in plenty and the water swarms with sea life when the tide is low. Between the hills and the rustling surf it dozes away the years until the railroad—long prophesied but not yet realized—awakens it. When that day comes, it will lose, doubtless, much of the charm which it has for those who now go there, but will take its place at once as not the least popular of our seaside resorts.

The automobile road from Santa Ana to Laguna has made the cliffs to the south and east of the latter town much more easily available for residences than those between Corona and Laguna. There are many charming villas looking out over the sea between Laguna and Dana's Point, and at Arch Beach are to be seen some of the most pleasing country homes in Southern California, always embowered in trees and so constructed as to take advantage of the natural features of the landscape.

Beyond Laguna the hills are more and more bold in contour, and the prospect at almost every step more grand and imposing. The vast, deep-bosomed hills sweep up from the sea to the ever-rounded sky line in immensely long curving lines, and over the upland meadows there is a constant play of sun and shade. Buzzards float and sail above at an immense height, dark specks against the sky. The roadway, much traveled by automobiles, is lined along half its course by tall pine trees through which the sea wind sweeps with a continual murmur that mingles with the distant sound of the surf.

San Juan el Capistrano (St. John the Beheaded) lies two miles up a narrow, winding river valley from the ocean. The rich lands of the valley are utilized for the most part for walnut orchards. Many of these are of great age, and there are hundreds of acres in which, although the trees are planted one hundred feet apart, scarcely a spot of sunshine ever touches the purple plowed land between the trees. Descending from the thirsty, sun-baked hills into this green orchard country seemed to us, after our long tramp, like entering the promised land. The desert has a beauty of its own, but we had been born in a land of trees.

Sanctuary of ruined stone church, San Juan mission

After a two-mile tramp beneath the rustling walnut branches, we came to the little town of San Juan, the bourne of all our pilgrimage. Built about three sides of the ancient patio and containing many primitive adobe

houses of great age, it presented an aspect unmistakably Spanish. The mission buildings on one side of the immense quadrangle dominated the view of the town as completely as they do also the thoughts of townsfolk and visitors alike. For San Juan is one of the too few towns in America the importance and significance of which is due to what they have been rather than to what they are or may become. It lives, in both the literal and the figurative sense, primarily upon its memories. They are memories of a past already remote, a past heroic and picturesque, but quite out of harmony with the spirit of to-day. In this little Spanish town, less than two hours' ride from the intensely modern and American city of Los Angeles, one comes into contact with a temperament and point of view entirely distinct from his own.

To explain this, it is perhaps enough to say that the town is Spanish in spirit to-day, as it was Spanish in its origins. One gains a new respect for the concentrated energy and the personal power and devotion of the padres when he sees how their influence prevails after all the years over the alien populations that they gave their lives to serve. The sign manual of that power is to be seen not only in the massive buildings which they erected, but it is even more certainly indicated by the stamp and impress which they left of Spanish manner, language, thought and custom.

After one has viewed the ruins of the mission buildings, massive and imposing as they are, he is glad to be able to feel that the most enduring monument of the padres is to be found in human lives rather than in brick and adobe. The spirit of man leaves its evanescent records here and there upon external nature, but the great forces, hating his intrusion, are already at their task of destruction even before his work is complete. It seems that only upon the mind itself can mind make a lasting record. The great stone church of the mission had been in use less than ten years when it was demolished by earthquake in 1812. Lacking the energy and will of the first padres, the parish has never restored it. Only the arch of the sanctuary and a portion of the tile flooring remains to evince the gigantic industry which these masters of men could compel or induce in their naturally indolent subjects. Great stones and heavy beams for its construction were transported by hand from mountain canyons twenty miles distant. No small engineering skill, as well as knowledge and taste in architecture, was required to set them in place. Some of the crude though lovingly-done mural decoration is still visible upon the wall of the sanctuary after being exposed to the winds and rains of more than a century.

The greater portion of the mission buildings were given over to warehouses and workshops, for the missions were emphatically not monasteries in any sense of the word. Not more than two padres resided regularly at San Juan. Their purpose was the conversion and education of the natives, and this education they set about with admirable good sense along industrial lines.

The fathers had a separate kitchen, which is one of the most interesting of the rooms shown. It had not stove. The fire was kindled in the middle of the room under a great tripod on which the food was cooked. Smoke found vent through a hole in the conical roof. Ample provision was made in this kitchen for the storing of the padre's wine.

The saddest thing about the mission is not its ruinous condition. Efforts at reconstruction are too frequently misguided. But there is everywhere evidence of the most careless neglect. One-half of the cloisters surrounding the inner patio, having been left roofless and exposed to the rains, have fallen to the ground. In the patio itself the weeds are growing waist-high about the trunks of unsightly, half-dead trees. Spiders and flies hold high carnival in the oldest room of the mission, for more than a century used

as a chapel. Scarcely any effort has been made to clear the weeds and debris from the graves of the fathers who gave their lives and died in a foreign land in a spirit of pure altruism. Myriads of swallows, "the temple haunting marlets," of Macbeth, have glued their "procreant cradles" to the very front of the high altar in the ruined church. We were glad to know that there is now a movement on foot which will make it possible to give greater care to California's sole existing monuments of the remoter past.

But in the softening twilight, as we sat and watched the shadows lengthen along the noble cloisters, all the rents and wounds of time were healed and all the injustice of the years was done away. In imagination we seemed to hear the hum of industry among the raisin dryers, the harness makers and the carpenters out in the sunny patio, and seemed to see the black-robed fathers going up and down among their child-like parishioners instructing and correcting, encouraging and reproving. Idealists the fathers were, certainly, but they were not on that account any the less practical. They were necessarily men of wide knowledge in practical affairs as well as men of great faith and vast patience. In their method of social amelioration they were two centuries ahead of their times. They saved men by helping them to save themselves and they taught Christianity by training their converts to useful lives of honest industry.

The three great bells of the mission —once its most cherished possession and so valuable that they were buried whenever danger threatened—were ringing for evening prayers. So they had rung for a century and a half, and we were glad to answer the call with all those thousands who had gone before. And as we sat in the tiny, candle-lighted chapel that served once as the padres' living room, listening to the intoning of the Latin prayers that are over a thousand years of age, and to the swift, eager responses in Spanish, the spirit of the old days did not seem to us either remote or strange. In the simple, unquestioning devotion of these worshipers the fathers seemed to be living still. Neglect and the passage of many years had pitiably altered the work of their hands. A new order of mind, religion and civilization had paseds them by forever. But all that was best in their lives and noblest in their faith we felt had been absorbed by the new and stored for to-day and to-morrow. Such service and devotion as theirs cannot die. It looks toward Eternity.

Elk in Yellowstone Park floundering in the snow.

Protecting National Parks Against Poachers

By Felix J. Koch

COLD? It's so cold that if you're a tenderfoot and happen to "stick your face out," as the soldiers in the Yellowstone put it, you'll find it frozen blue, and you'll suffer with it until springtime. But, cold or not, once you've been acclimated, you'll have to go out on your patrol, or circuit, watching that poachers do not come into your particular part of the great National Park of Wyoming and carry off the fur-bearing animals, or the precious teeth of the elk, so abundant in that region. Those, though, are but a few of the hardships of Uncle Sam's poacher-catchers in the Park.

Ten to one it never occurred to you that the Yellowstone National Park, which closes, officially, in the early autumn, is the scene of as exciting a series of pursuits after fugitives from the President's justice, in the winter, as was the very wildest West in the old border days, but such is often the case.

Winter and summer, your Uncle Sam maintains a garrison of some four hundred men in the Park. For the winter poacher-catching these are divided among fourteen stations, and the headquarters at Mammoth Hot Springs, each station then averaging about five men apiece.

Usually a station is a small plastered house, with everything necessary to winter life kept convenient. There is nine months' rations, including plain and fancy food; there is plenty of wood, this latter being cut

A friendly bear looking for food on his rounds of the hotels.

by the five men sent here in the autumn. Those men, then, also proceed to make things shipshape for that long sojourn here, which will last until the tenth of June at least.

Each station, moreover, has its cow, with calf, to provide milk; some have even pigs and fowl, and, notably when the corporal or sergeant in charge is an agreeable chap, life out on station is not bad.

The men, as a rule, rise at eight in the morning. One of the company then proceeds to milk the cow; another looks after the mule drawing the station dump-cart, and another is detailed as cook; the others do the remaining chores, each man alternating —so that each will have a month's trial at the work.

Breakfast follows, then the men go out in pairs, since two are less apt to get lost than one would be, and if either be stricken with snow blind, or break a skii and be unable to proceed, the other can come in and get help.

These men, then, proceed to patrol the park on their skiis. The soldiers will go distances varying from thirty to forty miles, and on these beats their lives, then, often rest in their skiis. Of these shoes each has his own pair —eight and a half to nine feet long and three to three and a quarter wide at the tip. They are furnished by the Government, and the man is about as careful about keeping them waxed up and otherwise in condition as a girl would be of having her Sunday dress "just so." The patrols, of course, have to break their own trails in making the route with the skiis.

Almost daily, until January 1st, the men get caught in the snow storms. After this date, the cold weather then sets in.

The coldest morning our own informant remembered was the fifteenth of January, 1913. Alcohol freezes at 42 deg. below, mercury at 62 deg. below, but that time the thermometer didn't show up from the morning of the 14th to that of the 15th, and when

The troupe of guards on skiis, Yellowstone Park.

it finally did register it was 62 deg. below zero!

That morning a company of four of the poacher-catchers set out on their beats. One of the men had not gone twenty yards from the station when his entire face was frozen and he had to return. Private William Smith of California managed, however, to cover his twenty-five mile beat, and this in only four hours or so—for when it is so terribly cold it's poor skii-ing in the Park, a frost lying on the top of the crust, and the shoes not slipping as well as they might. One cannot go far, at such times, without attending his footwear, and so there are so-called snow-shoe cabins, little stations with blankets and flat irons for waxing the snow shoes, scattered about. Duty alone often spurs the men to the work, for were five men of a station to conspire to laze, the officers at headquarters would have absolutely no means of knowing whether patrols went out or not.

Daily, as they take the weather report at a station, they also put down the names of the men on patrol, but even at this, if it storms too hard no patrol is supposed to go out.

It is against poachers, primarily, that Uncle Sam maintains this winter police, and when such are caught by the men on guard they are supposed to bring them in to the stations for forwarding to headquarters. Should these resist, or attempt to escape, the orders are to shoot. Of course, the poachers come for the almost priceless fur-bearing animals of the Park—otter, beaver, mink, martin, even silver-fox—for there are still a few of the last-named left, and our informant saw two such just last winter.

These trapping poachers are hard to get at indeed—for they know their way through the deepest snows to their traps as the soldiers, of course, don't; and so can often affect a speedy escape while the latter stumble in concealed drifts in pursuit. Latterly no notable poachers have been brought in; those that are taken have their horses and rifles appropriated by the Government, and then, after a sound warning, are usually turned loose.

Other poachers beside the trappers come in search of elk's teeth—the best of these those of the bull elk, which bring a good price from the makers of watch fobs and so on. When the

In hiding from the poachers.

huge elk die in the great snows the bodies are supposed to stay where they lie, and as these teeth would go to waste anyhow, one's sympathies are rather with these poachers.

While, as stated, the patrols are maintained primarily against poachers, should the soldiers come on any animals in trouble, they are supposed to render these whatever assistance they can. Occasionally in the fall, for example, flocks of ducks will get into the hills and be tied up by the snows—and these must be fed to prevent their starving. Again, out in the forest, the patrol will see coyotes and wolves, and, occasionally, especially in the early fall, a mountain lion. The Park animals do not perish so much from cold as they do from starvation.

Then, again, the soldiers observe the condition of bridges, telephones and roadways, and report on these.

Back in the station house, the men left behind on guard find things snug and cozy. While the snow pours down and the wind howls a gale, the men behind play at cards or read, and as, now and then, one of the men of a post leaves on an errand to some other post he takes with him all the newspapers and books his own group has finished to exchange for such at the next. Over the winter here some of the men study telegraphy; others study this, that and the other, fitting them for better positions, 'come the springtime.

These men get to be like so many brothers before the winter is over. In some of the stations there is a phonograph; in others, some men play the violin. Certain stations are located near the hotels and the care-taker here will have the soldiers in now and then to make merry. Up at the station at the Lake the elk and bear grow very tame over the winter, especially if

A convalescent watching his friends.

caught by the snow on one of the formations, and forced to stay there, and these afford all the fun of a wild-animal show by their curious and laughable antics.

In event of sickness, each station has its medicine chest, bearing full directions as to what to give, how to compound this, for well nigh every known ailment. Frost bites, getting frozen, in fact, is the great cause of trouble "on station," and usually when a man finds a part of his body frozen he rolls that part in the snow.

Funny as it seems to mention, frozen toes are one of the commonest ailments and one of the hardest to cure. Just now there is a man in the fort hospital still suffering frost bite, from his winter experience when one of a company that was lost in crossing Lake Yellowstone, from Thumb to Lake, a matter of 19 miles across the water. The man, it seems, started out, of a fine moonlight night, with the weather at 48 deg., not at all too cold. They had traveled perhaps five miles in all when the temperature went to 45 deg. below. It was a case of "run for your lives," and no one really knows how this poor fellow, caught in the snow and his huge rubber packs dragging terribly, managed finally to work his way to the nearest station, where relief awaited. There he was kept two days to recover; then fourteen men, our informant among them, pulled him on a toboggan sixty-two miles across the snow to the hospital at the Mammoth!

That, though, is just the one side of a poacher-catcher's life in the Park. There is another, of course, though but intermittently. The glory of the wilderness, bathed with sunlight and covered with deep blankets of snow—the trees heavy with icicles—the bear trotting on the white carpet of the forest, the curious forms taken by the geysers and hot springs, and the thrill of excitement attendant on getting a poacher's trail, are all of this!

Taken red-handed, the man is escorted to headquarters, to greet Colonel Britts' tender justice—perhaps to be set to work on Government roads or to be condemned to prison for so and so long—but, more often, to be released with warning. But that doesn't concern the poacher-catcher; he knows that with the taking of the man his duty ends, and his record for vigilance is established.

And, after all, there's a charm to the life, so much so that, come the spring, the little band grows almost sad at the thought of having to leave the station until the next winter.

From Mesa to Miami

By Dorothy E. C. Bailie

WE LEFT Santan Camp a little nearer nine than half-past eight o'clock on the morning of August the eighth.

Mr. Patton, the Indian general merchant of Santan, was going into Mesa for a supply of merchandise; so he took our camp outfit into Mesa for us.

An Indian boy was in charge of the team, and, true to the red man's characteristic, it was quite impossible to extract more than a grunt, a "yes," a "no," and "I don't know" out of him.

It is twenty-five miles from the Santan to Mesa; we arrived there at two o'clock in the afternoon, hungry, but not so very tired. Mesa is a pretty little place, but quiet.

On the following morning after our arrival my husband took the seven o'clock train going into Phoenix, thinking there might be an opening there, as he felt that he couldn't very well afford to lose a chance of employment. Failing in his object, he returned to Mesa in the evening, and we talked of Globe and Miami, especially Miami, as it was the newer of the two places.

For several years we had talked of taking a walking trip, only I can't walk worth a cent. So I suggested a walking-riding trip; I to ride the pony and he to walk. I could see that my idea did not appeal to him, for a walk of seventy or eighty miles is no small task. But more especially is it arduous in Arizona during July and August—the latter being the month we made the trip in, and the State being the one we abide in.

My husband had not been feeling well for some time, and thought the trip would improve his health. He urged that the arduous ride of seventy or eighty miles in the present heat would be too strenuous for me, and that I might play out on the desert. But while he was talking, I sensed that the idea really pleased him, and finally he agreed.

We sent our heavy luggage ahead to Roosevelt by a motor truck, and the same evening we saddled Billy, the pony, and roped on the parcels that I had made to be taken on the journey. Then to the restaurant we hiked for a good supper, for in the excitement we had forgotten to eat.

It was then ten o'clock and very dark when we left Mesa for a seventy mile tramp over the sun baked desert, dotted only with an occasional glimpse of prairie horses, Gila monsters, coyotes, rattlesnakes and lizards.

My husband took the lead; I followed on the pony. The air was cool and refreshing, and the moon soon came out, making our start inviting.

Very quickly we found ourselves out of sight of houses, although the sound of dogs reached us until one o'clock in the morning. To me the experience was romantic and thrilling: I made it so, for it was all so new to me, and I intended to squeeze it of all the fascination there was in it. As fast as I tired of one set of sensations I took on another.

The roaring of the stillness of the desert night surprised me, and it took some time for the drums of my ears to become accustomed to it; yet withal, the embrace of the desert was intensely gratifying, and the best of me, or the worst of me, or some part of me reached out and returned the embrace.

My husband was sleeping long before I could lure drowsiness; then, too, I had qualms about snakes, coyotes and things—things in particular.

Finally I lost consciousness and sank lower and lower into sleepland, but still clinging to the desert's silent roar and the pony munching his hay, until the angel of rest severed the last thread of remembrance—and I slept.

We rose just as the daylight was dimming the far east, and setting our faces toward old Flat-Top, a mountain in the distance, moved on at a lively clip until we reached the Buchanan Wells, where there was a small house, a few outbuildings and a vile smell as of the decaying flesh of cattle and horses, I presume, for a short distance away was an old horse breathing its last.

Our pony drank heartily, and we tried to persuade him to drink more, for the next watering place was twenty-five miles distant, with an excruciatingly hot day in store. The water at the wells was very good, so we emptied our canteen and refilled it with fresh water. We bought biscuits and sardines, for we had not yet eaten that morning, and the thought of having breakfast there was forbidden by the malodors of the place.

There was a woman milking a cow not far from where we talked with the man, but she didn't speak to us. I thought it was strange in that God-forsaken place, for I am sure that, did I live there, I would run with outstretched arms to welcome another woman. Some cowboys were making ready to ride out on a roundup. I noticed one in particular: he looked as though he had arrived in the early morning from an historical Irish wake; they rode away while we were yet there.

At nine o'clock the sun was very hot; so we hurried on with all speed, making good time despite the heat. There was plenty of vegetation to break the monotony, but despite the vegetation, the desert was a sizzling gridiron. At the noon-hour we halted and crawled under a good-sized catsclaw tree and got Billy under as best we could. The heat was terrible.

We ate some of the biscuits, but the sardines proved unpalatable.

Poor Billy was famished for water, but we would be unable to get him any before seven o'clock—if we reached Coates that early.

We remained under the tree until four o'clock, then resumed our journey, though the heat was very great, but owing to our ignorance of the exact location of the watering place and the pony's great thirst, we thought it better to move.

But at seven o'clock we met a train of covered wagons and one equestriene, and were told that the water was five miles farther on.

So instead of water, supper and relaxation, we were told that we must move on another five miles. I took my medicine fairly gracefully. We had been traveling practically on a dead level all day, but toward evening there was a slight rise. The road became rough with stones and rocks, and frequently my husband staggered with fatigue. I wanted him to ride and let me walk for at least a short distance, but he wouldn't listen. The vegetation on the tableland behind us consisted of mesquite, ironwood and catsclaw. Now almost immediately we passed a different growth. Cactus, thousands of them, and all the different kinds and shapes: the nigger-head that the cactus candy is manufactured from; the slender, whip-like cactus that grows twelve and fifteen feet high; the saguaro or giant cactus that bears much fruit that is good to the taste and is claimed to possess considerable nutriment. I could go on indefinitely, but what is the use? A cactus locality is weird at any time, but more especially in the coming twilight.

A mile and a half from water I dismounted, and we rested a half hour. My husband was nearly "all in," and I again begged him to ride; he again refused. I rode a little ahead. When I gained the summit of the hill where the road ran down, I waited, and together we looked at the first house that had met our sight since morning. We had a presentiment that the house was occupied, and joy of joys, we were

close to water. It was a great hole about ten by twelve feet that had been dug out with a scraper, the same as is used for road excavation.

The water was still muddy from the recent scooping, and piles of moist earth lay up around it. I rode Billy down into the center of it. I wonder that he didn't flop down with me, saddle, parcels and everything, for when he is warm and tired he likes to wallow in water like a pig.

When I thought he had drunk enough, I reminded him that it was time to move on; but there was "nothing doing." Right there he intended to stay, and only by the strongest efforts was I able to get him out of the water.

A few feet farther on was a can sunk into the ground which supplied clean drinking water and an improvised cup to drink from. There my husband stretched his tired body alongside with cup in hand, and I had to urge even him to find a place to sleep, as darkness was impending.

This spring of water was on a cattle ranch, and there were so many cattle that I was afraid they would trample on me; there were big and little, red and spotted, and all ages, cows, not cows, and calfs.

On going to the house, we found there a white man and a Mexican. They told us to put our pony in the corral with their horses, and they brought out a generous helping of oats for Billy. They said there was an unused room at the house and that I would be welcome to use it. I declined with thanks, saying I much preferred sleeping out of doors. The boss also invited us to supper, but my husband felt rather too ill to eat, and I was much too tired; so we spread the blanket on the ground under a wagon, and there laid down to sleep. The wagon under which we made our bed was within arms' reach of the corral, and I thought for a few minutes that I wouldn't be able to sleep, for the horses kept nickering and the cows came sniffing round and sometimes mooing. Then, too, the odor from the corral was somewhat disagreeable.

Every atom of my body throbbed and ached and cried out for relaxation. So, after feeling my husband's rather feverish face, I fell asleep. Fastidiousness buckled on its butterfly wings and fluttered up, up; and my tired body sank down, down, and I forgot; awakening only in the early morning light, thankful of my night's rest.

My husband felt much better in the morning. We rose at six o'clock, but did not dress, for we were already dressed. But we gathered up our belongings and took the pony to the water and let him drink all his skin would hold. The poor little fellow's legs were stiff and sore, and his unshod feet were tender.

The men at the ranch slept in front of the house; one on a quilt spread upon the ground; the other on a set of bed springs placed upon some boxes. Both men were buckling on their work-a-day armor. They greeted us and strapped a nose-bag on Billy with avena grande, and invited us to the house to breakfast. We were in fine condition for a morning meal, and it required no urging to get us to accept.

The front of the house was used for a store room, bales of hay, oats, etc., being stored there. The kitchen was clean, and for a wonder smelled clean. A packing box had been transmogrified into a table; there was a small box to sit upon and a backless chair; a cook stove, four tin plates, four granite cups, iron knives and forks, spoons, and two skillets rested on the table: one with hash and the other with friend potatoes and bacon. The bacon and potatoes were fried to a turn. They were great.

There were two freshly baked biscuits or scones; they rested one edge on the table and the other against the wall. They were a light golden-brown. I broke from one a generous piece and sunk my teeth into it; right there I took off my hat to that Mexican, for it was he who turned the trick. The like of those scones I had never before eaten—nor since. They

were like grande snow flakes lightly held together. The coffee was delicious.

They told us to be seated and help ourselves. Woman-like I took the only chair. My husband leaned against the wall with plate in hand; the white man sat on a bale of hay inside the storage-room door, while the Mexican sat on the door step with feet dangling out.

There was very little conversation. It is characteristic of ranchmen to talk little; so after we had satisfied the inner cravings, we asked them what the charge was. "Nothing," they said. We thanked them with our lips, but with our hearts we blessed them, and hastened to get the pony ready for the road, for the sun was already some distance in the heavens and getting uncomfortably hot.

We had covered about forty miles in two days. It was nothing to boast of, but at the same time it was very good, considering the great heat, and that my husband walked every step of the way.

Our next stopping place would be Old Town, five miles distant. After leaving the ranch, we passed through a Mexican settlement, two miles away. There were chickens, gardens and some stock. The irrigation system was interesting; it was operated by a burro tramping round and round an engine, something like a thrashing machine. A half-grown Mexican boy was in charge of the watering plant, while round his feet three old clucky hens with enormous broods scratched vigorously, and looked mighty important. It was a peaceful domestic scene, and I fain would have loitered. The good looking young madres, with their muchachos y muchachas playing about them in their tidy dooryards, casting on us a look of indifference, when all the time they wanted to look mucho. They were a source of delight to me.

Some distance farther on we passed a train of mules, about forty, I believe, bound for Superior with a cargo of coal.

We reached Old Town at eleven o'clock, and rested until twelve.

Naturally, we expected to find Old Town inhabited. Long before it came in sight I pictured swarthy-faced Mexicans swaggering about town, and pequeno ninos peeking round door-jambs. There was nothing of the kind, nothing but old adobe walls and a well in the center of the road, the ruins of an old Mexican town. A great many mesquite trees were flourishing, and at the same time decorating the old Mexican relic.

What did look good to me was a big tin can hanging on the windlass and another standing alongside. My skin itched for a bath, for nary a drop of water had moistened our parched skins since leaving Mesa. Very quickly I found a substantial adobe wall and began disrobing. We dashed and splashed like two ducks, and then I wasn't satisfied, but rammed our sweat-reeking garments down into the water and fished from my toilet bag a piece of borax soap.

I soon had our clothes hanging on the mesquite branches, looking cleaner and smelling much sweeter than they had a few minutes before. Meanwhile I donned a blue nighty that I had carried with me, thinking that if anybody did happen to pass they would naturally think it was a wrapper; but my husband took the wind out of my sails —after looking at me rather dubiously remarked that it would hardly be mistaken for a street gown.

We longed to rest, but that was out of the question; our destination lay far beyond. Presently we heard wagons approaching, and made a wild scurry for our clothes, and an adobe wall farther back. Our clothes smelt sweet, and although they weren't quite dry, we didn't mind in the least. When I donned my freshly washed clothes I actually felt stylishly dressed —and I'm sure my chin went up an inch or two.

The three miles to Superior seemed more like ten; the heat was terrific. I was tired and getting road weary; but the longest road has an ending, and finally we shambled down the last hill

through the heavy dust and quivering, maddening heat into the little town where the music of a phonograph comingling with the sun's rays, and a tiny stream of water running down hill but seeming to run up, and swarthy faces and red faces and fair faces, and likable faces; dance halls, gambling halls and a conglomeration of creeds, kinds and denominations. But it looked good, for it meant rest and something to eat.

Leaving Billy at the corral to be fed hay and oats, we proceeded to the Hotel Magma, and was soon seated in a clean, homely dining room with a most inviting dinner before us. We were served our dinner by the landlady, a young, pleasant faced, stout lady. And after satisfying us to the very last straw, she showed us to a cool sleeping room, where we could rest until the time set for our departure—four o'clock.

At that hour we took a trail out of Superior, leading over the mountains. It is high and steep and rough, but it is much shorter than the automobile road.

Five o'clock found us heading toward the Pinal ranch, ten miles distant, where we hoped to be accommodated with supper and a night's lodging.

From the very beginning the trail practiced no deception, for it started in at an angle almost perpendicular, covered with great bowlders, small bowlders, and bowlders between.

How we ever got Billy over them was beyond my comprehension, but he wriggled himself around or over them some way. We passed a discarded mining plant; it was the first I had ever seen, and I felt like Alice in Wonderland.

A little farther on was a pretty cluster of trees, and a swing hung idly in the breeze, coming out part way to meet me, then swinging back, and then repeating it, so that I called its bluff: and while I swung back and forward, propelling the speed with my feet; I espied a midget tent house among the trees.

It recalled to my memory the fable of "Silver Locks" and the three bears, "Great Bruin, Mammy Muff and Little Tiny." Only on looking in, I didn't see the three chairs—the great one, the not so great, and the tiny one. Nor yet did I see a stair leading up to three similar beds.

Had I smelt a well seasoned soup I surely believe I would have sampled it, for there wasn't a soul in sight but our three selves. That was the last habitation to meet our eyes until eleven o'clock that night, when footsore, body-sore, nerves tingling, and hungry, we reached the confines of the big Pinal ranch, only to be refused a dry place to sleep. We dropped by the roadside on a bundle of hay to at least partially recuperate for the home stretch run into Miami on the following day.

As I write this down, my flesh shrinks at the thought of going over the same ground again under the same conditions. At the same time, I value the experience greatly, for it was what I wanted—a roughing trip—and I got it.

The Superior Mountain trail is three miles long by holding the tape tautly; but heaven only knows how many miles long it is by letting the tape rest upon terra firma in the gulches as well as on the peaks. There was not twenty feet of level walking; it was a continual climb, up, up, until it seemed as though my very bones would turn to jelly; my flesh throbbed and ached until I could have cried out in pain. I hadn't the heart to make the pony carry me, and really it wasn't safe.

My husband went ahead, leading the pony. I followed, carrying a stout stick as a weapon of defense against rattlesnakes, and secondly a preventative from striking the jagged rocks when my feet slipped.

It was extremely discouraging. No sooner did we reach a high elevation than the ground would fairly fall from under our feet, and down a decline we would go again. We crossed and recrossed a ravine many times. Many times we were forced to pick our way

across streams that were cool and good to the taste, and revived our spirits for the next treacherous climb up the mountain side. Although I weighed little more than a hundred pounds, the seeming weight my limbs were compelled to carry was more like four hundred.

We met several Mexicans with pack burros, bound for Superior, and had to hang on to the mountain side fairly by our teeth while they were passing. Ugh! it gives me the shivers.

The creepy stillness that follows close in the tracks of the setting sun in those great mountain gorges makes itself deeply felt. You don't necessarily have to be a dreamer or a romancer to be filled with their grandeur, mystery and impressiveness, not so much for the thing seen as the thing invisible.

At the last flicker of daylight we reached the end of the trail and came out on a level country surrounded by mountains. Exhausted, we dropped down on a patch of green grass and there rested for a half hour, while Billy helped himself to a green luncheon already laid out for him.

We expected to reach the Pinal Ranch by eight o'clock. We were much longer covering the mountain trail than we had expected. We were led to believe by a man at Superior that the trail, after leaving this mountain, was a very good one, level and easy to travel, so we expected to cover the ground in a short time.

Imagine our chagrin to find the trail almost invisible and ourselves wandering from it; but owing to my husband's highly developed sense of direction, we were soon back on the trail and moving along at a smart clip.

The coyotes were howling around us in the darkness. The trail was so uncertain that I was about to suggest building a fire just as we were, drawing our belts up tightly so as to forget our hunger, and encamp until daybreak.

As I said, I was about to make the suggestion when there was a whirr of an enormous rattlesnake scurrying from under the pony's feet. My brain whirled like a top, and on the impulse I struck the pony and jumped.

The next moment my husband shot by me in the darkness to kill the snake. I expect my scream made the coyotes think some new, strange animal was at hand. His snakeship settled the question about camping there for the night. Shrubbery grew thickly over the country, but of what nature it consisted of was of little moment to us in our anxiety to ferret out from the rock piles and vegetation the faint running zigzag trail, snake fashion. We peered about in the darkness for the ranch house. I expected every minute to land in the door yard. And as I rode along, I dreamed longingly of the possible supper we would have there before turning in for the night.

A party of Indians were camping low down on the small table-stretch near the running water; rolled in blankets they lay like the spokes of a wheel, feet in, heads out. Great dogs jumped out and barked as we passed by, while shaggy heads popped up here and there with a succession of grunts and gruffs. Then all was quiet. They were Apaches.

When we had about made up our mind that the Pinal Ranch possibly was located on some cloud bank and that it was pure folly to look farther, we ran head-on into a high fence. Upon examination we found a gate, but it was padlocked. My husband looked the gate over without finding a way to open it. If perchance he reads this article I fully expect he will growl and gruff-gruff like any other bear with a sore head.

We couldn't get over the fence, so a way round the fence my husband said he would find. Up and down, hither and thither, high and low, he flitted like a tormented spirit, until at last a pin scratch he descried away upon the side of the mountain that looked more like a trail than anything else he had found, so he decided to try it.

After reaching the pin-scratch, over

impossible bowlders I demurred about mounting, for in places we hung on barely by our toenails. Again my husband pooh-poohed, so I mounted.

All disagreeable things have an ending. Out of sight somewhere the cattle lowed, and vaguely I felt the sweet green grass breath of the milch cows. But peer as I might in the shadows of the thickly growing young trees I could not descry them. Presently, in another direction, a bull bellowed. I was scared, and was for climbing a tree, but I had not one to help me. While my brain was whirled we came to another gate, and there was Mr. Bull. We passed through the gate, and to my surprise he didn't even make a feint of approaching.

We met a man sitting on a burro, and on asking him how far it was to the ranch house he told us that it was one and a half miles; he volunteered further that it was of no use asking for a night's accommodations, for the man in charge was a surly old cuss, and wouldn't accommodate us for love or money.

However we had hopes, and plodded on until we found the long looked for house. We passed barns and sheds where there was a conglomeration of noises; horses nickering; cows lowing; pigs snoring, and mother pigs grunting. After looking and peering through the darkness and splashing through rain puddles, we stumbled against a little old gate. As was to be expected, the man of the house was in bed. We rained raps on the door, and presently it was opened a short space by the man's wife.

Finally, after much running back and forward from the outer door to the bed room, the dear woman reported that there were no accommodations for us. But my husband hung on to the door-knob with bulldog tenacity, and finally we were told we might go help ourselves to the reclamation's baled hay that had been stored in one of the barns for the company's future use; and there was an old log house that we might sleep in if we so desired—which we certainly did. That ended the colloquy. Where was the fine supper I had conjured up? Bah! The irony of it. I thought all manner of unkind things about the old grouch, but was too tired to voice them.

After being mired many times in the rain soaked barn yard, and getting knocked by clumsy swinging gates, we found the hay, loaded it on the pony and went in search of the log house. It was small, weak and old, and leaned against a pump house for support. I pushed open the door and stepped in; I felt something large wriggle under my feet. It was a man, and a dog barked savagely at me from a dark corner. The man may have been a midnight prowler or one of the hired help, or maybe like ourselves passing through the country and sought the old house for shelter from the outer dampness. My husband said we were in a bad fix, and I agreed with him.

However, after going up the road for some distance, we tied the pony to a fence, and after giving him a generous helping of hay, spread the remainder on the ground, and there laid us down to sleep and rest our weary, aching bodies, We were cold and damp and hungry, and grunting pigs kept sleep hovering over us.

Just as the new day was breaking, we arose, packed up, and passed through the last gate of the Pinal ranch. We passed another camp of Apaches. They were preparing their morning meal. I wished right there that I might be an Apache for at least ten minutes so that I might enjoy some of their breakfast.

After leaving the Pinal ranch, almost immediately the incline made walking wearisome, and riding a task, especially on an empty stomach and no night's rest; but we made speedy headway, and after many windings and turnings, we came in sight of a mining structure and a few small houses.

We soon reached the foremost house, and were told to come in and make ourselves at home; that break-

fast would be ready in a short time. It was a fine breakfast: fried chicken, fried eggs, potatoes, hot cakes, and oh, I don't know what we didn't have. We paid a dollar for the same. It was worth five. We reached Miami about ten o'clock in the morning, got a room at the Garryown, and again became civilized beings. So ended our hiking trip from Mesa to Miami.

BILL'S NEW JOB

Bill isn't on the range no more
With broncos, raisin' hob,
The way he uster do before
He landed this new job.
He ain't a-eatin' tin-can truck,
On roundups he don't go;
Bill's got a cinch now since he struck
That movin'-picter show.

Bill's left the range for good, I hear,
He's quit night-herdin' now;
He doesn't rope the bawlin' steer,
Nor brand the half-wild cow.
Bill's sleepin' in a bed at night,
Just as he used to once;
He says his present job's all right
At movin' picter stunts.

Bill wears white collars and a tie,
He smokes ten-cent cigars;
He gits a whack at cake and pie,
And rides on trolley cars.
He don't go ridin' fence at dawn,
But jest now he is seen
A fightin' phony Injuns on
The movin' picture screen.

Yes, Bill has quit the range fer good,
He took his chaps and gun,
He's gone to town; it's understood
His herdin' days are done.
He only rides the buckin' steeds
About a hour a day,
For Bill's the actor-guy what leads
A movin' picter play!

—E. A. Brininstool

Fortunes Made on Actors' Salaries

By Robert Grau

THE SUIT of M. Marinelli, which has just been settled out of court, an international booking agent, for three million dollars, which he claimed from the United Booking Offices after referred to as "The Vaudeville Trust," has attracted so much attention here and abroad that the writer is tempted to deal with the subject, if for no other reason than to reveal the vast scope of an industry of which little is known to the general public, and as the writer was for more than twenty years a considerable factor in the booking field, and is now wholly removed from all personal interest in the existing turmoil, such deductions as are here presented may be accepted as without prejudice to any of the principals who in this propitious era serve as the intermediary between the artist and the manager.

When one considers that the modern booking agent of the Marinelli calibre transact business of amazing proportions as compared with commission men in other fields, and when it is truthfully stated that the profits resulting from what is deducted from the performer's salary are greater than from vaudeville giving itself, the booking agent becomes a material factor in any effort to eliminate his influence and in the instance of Marinelli—once a performer himself—it is a moot question whether he does not represent as important and as vast an institution as that which he is now contending with.

Here we have a man who, as a result of the tremendous development of modern vaudeville and an ability to make his impress with stage celebrities of the first magnitude, has become by all manner of means the most successful and influential figure in the booking field, and moreover there is nothing to indicate that the class of artists with whom he is affiliated are likely to desert their representative, at least not in the initial stage of the strained relations.

But let us for the sake of an illustration turn to one of these artists. Sarah Bernhardt, for instance—Marinelli was the intermediary to contract for the great French woman—not oniy abroad, but also in this country. Sarah's weekly honorarium is authoritatively stated to have been between $7,000 and $8,000 in this country, while in London she found $5,000 in her pay envelope each six days.

The amount dedicated from her salary, on a basis of ten per cent, in America was about $750 a week, a sum that a few years ago would have sufficed to pay for a program of vaudeville acts for an entire week in theatres of the first grade. While the engagement of the Divine Sarah was perhaps unprecedented, still this same Marinelli placed Gaby Deslys at $5,000 a week and a score of stars whose weekly compensation exceeded $2,000. Hence one may assume that such an influence as he has exerted would not be relished or permanently encouraged by the potential figures who preside over the destiny of American vaudeville on the seventh floor of the Putnam Building.

The controversy has had its birth perhaps from a desire on the part of such men as E. F. Albee and Martin Beck and their colleagues, to become all-powerful in their domain, and to resent the spectacle of "the man who buys the goods" practically at the

mercy of individuals whose greatest asset is their ability to manipulate the "market" for the benefit of the artist —that is to say that the booking agent's greatest weapon and protection has surely been the artists' belief that he will command a higher rate of compensation.

There are agents and there are agents. Undoubtedly among the group of favorite agents of the U. B. O. there are some who, while pretending to represent the artists' interests, operate on the idea that by saving the manager $100, they lose only 2½ per cent of the amount.

The fact that the artist loses 90 per cent does not count with this class, and it is absolutely certain that the extraordinary prosperity of a score of these favorite agents is due to an appreciation on the part of such men as Albee and Beck that these agents fully realize that while the artists' interests should be conserved, it is their duty to preserve at first hand the good will of the managerial faction.

But this class of booking agents represents but a small portion of the whole. The great majority labor on wholly different lines, and so offensive is their system to the powers in control of the U. B. O. that only the existence of that bugbear called "opposition" has prevented a wholesale exodus, and it is known that one of the main objects sought in amalgamating the "big time" and the "small time" interests, at least as far as the booking of talent is concerned, is to force the artists to deal directly with the men who pay their salaries.

In no other industry or business of the dimensions now attained by that of vaudeville does there exist so unwholesome and undignified a mode of business procedure as that characterizing the booking system of the entire amusement calling—and this state of affairs is greatly due to an incentive and precedent provided at the outset by the managers themselves.

It is recalled that in the year 1900 the few vaudeville managers in this country did not even know each other. The booking agents were even fewer in number, but such as they were, operated on a legitimate basis, and the five per cent that was deducted from the artist's salary was invariably paid to the actual representative of the artist. The principal vaudeville booking agent to establish himself before the days of the U. B. O. was George Liman, and in his office, beginning as office boys, were the William Morris, Edward S. Kellar and Louis Pincus of to-day, all wealthy and influential.

E. F. Albee began to notice in 1900 that system and business rectitude were wholly lacking in the engagement of talent. Some one told Albee that a manager in Detroit and in Rochester was paying less for acts than Mr. Keith was, despite that four shows a day were demanded in the cities named. Albee also heard that in Chicago a group of managers had established a booking system that was beneficial and amazingly profitable, so Albee decided on a sort of convention of the vaudeville managers in Boston to talk over the situation and establish discipline.

From this convention was born the so-called "Vaudeville Trust" or Combine, and automatically was also born the association known as "The White Rats of America," starting with eight standard performers, and in a few months grew to a total membership of three thousand. The two organizations quickly became involved in a bitter strife resulting in the famous "strike," necessitating the closing of many theatres for a period, and forcing others to resort to the motion picture and amateur talent to keep their houses open.

This strike at the outset was indeed a victory for the actors' organization, but in due course it was found that stage talent is not a commodity, and it was also realized that the managers would ultimately prevail, though it is not to be doubted that the managers regarded their "triumph" as costly. In fact, the main purpose of the strike on the part of the performers was gained in that the managers temporarily

waived their "Rake Off," and for a time the actual agent alone was granted the five per cent.

In 1901, however, the vaudeville managers once more established themselves—now with but one object: to control the vaudeville business through its booking system. The Eastern and Western interests combined, and in due course came the advent of the "ten per center." Vaudeville grew to a colossal state. The theatres multiplied. The agents were numbered in the hundreds, and their combined activity became so offensive and complaints were so numerous that an effort was made through an old employment agency law to regulate and control their operations.

While this law has been beneficial in curbing the activity of the lowest type of the calling, the better class of the agents were enabled to divorce themselves entirely from its influence, and as the U. B. O. itself was at the outset amenable to the law, its legal department soon established its invalidity as applying to its own institution, and while many willingly paid the annual license of $25, such evils as existed before the law was resorted to are still in evidence and to a far greater extent.

Of the ten per cent deducted from the artist's salary by the U. B. O., one-half goes with the treasury of that institution. The other half is supposed to go to the actual representative of the artist, but those agents in favor with the U. B. O. are required to pay back to it half of their five per cent, and that they surely will do this a collecting company was formed which receives the commissions and pays out to the agents 2½ per cent, but it is fair to state here that the Orpheum Circuit does not exact or accept any part of the five per cent due to the real booking agent. In fact, in this vast chain of theatres, only five per cent is deducted—and the artists remit direct to the agent the other five per cent.

It does not seem as though this 2½ per cent would greatly profit so many, but the average going to each booking agent is not more than 1½ per cent, for the reason that an endless chain of "splits" prevails. I know of one agent who was forced to place his attractions with the U. B. O. through an underground system, and by the time the acts were finally placed, the services of three "bookers" were needed, and the reward of the actual agent was exactly one-half of one per cent.

As a fact, the entire vaudeville industry is sustained by the commission system. All of the great fortunes accumulated in the last fifteen years came from the rebates. It is estimated that the income of the U. B. O. is in excess of a million a year. Where all of this goes is another story not for recital here, but some idea of the travels of the "rake-off" may be formed when it is stated that incomes of $50,000 a year are by no means unusual for the men who are approved by the U. B. O.

I do not know of any one in the business side of vaudeville who is not a booking agent. They may own theatres in the remotest districts, yet they have all their little share of the never-failing "commish." The spectacle of agents owning their own palatial homes, yachts and automobiles is so common now as to attract no comment whatever. Nor is the gold-laden field confined to the sterner sex. Erstwhile stenographers, chorus girls and not a few women of repute in the stage calling have changed their environment. One lady who a few years ago was the stenographer in a well known booker's office now earns $20,000 a year, owns a hotel, a county seal, and goes abroad in style, while her former employer, unable to provide himself with offices, is forced to operate in the same offices for a share of the percentages he is personally credited for. Another lady is the ostensible head of an important circuit. Others operate the theatres, but it is the business acumen of the feminine broker that has placed this circuit as a factor on the vaudeville map.

One would suppose that with the

artist turning back 10 per cent of his earnings that he would resent it as an imposition, whereas even the highest grade of stage talent is fully reconciled to the system. At least no outward protest is in evidence. On the other hand, the number of performers who pay more than ten per cent and who submit to an actual species of graft is legion. In fact, this last gross injustice has been so prevalent that the U. B. O. has employed detectives to discover the guilty ones. So many agents and near agents were brought to bay as a result that the still favored group affiliated with the U. B. O. is smaller to-day than it has been in years—but the embargo has not eliminated the guilty ones. "Once an agent always one" is a truth evidenced at every hand.

Vaudeville of both grades is now so vast an institution and the open field, even for the agents in bad odor, so prolific that the total depending on some share of the rake-off is constantly increasing. The part that graft is playing in the industry is likely to be revealed to the general public before another year has passed. The District Attorney of New York City has been appealed to more than once, and it is stated that this public officer is now gathering evidence.

One vastly circulated daily newspaper in the metropolis has endeavored to expose various phases of the evil—but though the revelations gave but a faint idea of existing conditions, much interest was aroused and the subject widely discussed. A prominent magazine recently published the experiences of a player who sought to gain an opening for a novelty act—the article was captioned "The Vaudeville Agent," and ought to have shamed and humbled those to whom it applied.

Surely the day cannot be far distant when some great mind and a personality accustomed to dominate will rise from this unwholesome condition and prove once more that after all the laws of modern progress demand that an institution so vast and playing so vital a part in the life of the nation must separate its mode of business procedure from a system absolutely without parallel in its manifest injustice, and so undignified that one would imagine that an E. F. Albee, whose fame rests on the dignity he brought to the vaudeville stage, and who is now financially in a position to eliminate such an evil, even at a great sacrifice to himself, will come forth and glorify his name for all time by the simple process of establishing a precedent.

It would seem a pity if it be true that our managers cannot profit from the operation of their playhouses without recourse to these rebates. Nevertheless, the greater evil exists from this evident reliance on a source of income which could be conserved to them by inaugurating a policy which would also establish their business on a plane with others, and permit of privacy as to their transactions with their employees.

Will the season of 1914-15 witness a cleansing of the booking system by the man who purified the vaudeville stage's productivity?

Who shall say?

HELAS!

Ashes are dead in the grate,
And the voice of the singer is stilled:
Who is this waits at the gate—
Is it Love, is it Death, is it Fate?
Ashes are dead in the grate,
And the voice of the singer is stilled.

REX HUNTER.

The Birth of Aphrodite

By Louise E. Taber

MARIE looked after the huge landlady walking with a heavy, relentless step down the narrow hall, then her tired eyes turned back to the empty pocketbook, lying limp and dejected on the table. Slowly she began to throw her belongings into the suitcase. Before going out, she cast a last helpless glance around the shabby little room that had sheltered her these long weeks—a stranger in a strange, bustling city. She was dazed, hungry, wan. She did not know where to turn for food and shelter. Clutching her suitcase, she went back to the busy streets, where, until this stormy day, she had been hunting in vain for work.

The rain was sweeping down the streets, and before long she was drenched. With frightened, despairing eyes, she watched the crowds of office employees hurrying from the large buildings, and after exchanging a bantering or surprised word with their companions over the downpour in early spring, they ran to catch a car that would take them home. Marie alone was afraid of the coming night. Desperation was stirring her chilled blood a little, but hunger, the running crowd, the clanging bells of the street cars, confused her, and dizzy, she tottered, afraid of falling.

Suddenly she realized that an elegant motor car had stopped, and through the window a man was gazing at her with an intense but kindly interest that her fainting spirit could but vaguely grasp. She knew only that he, of all the hundreds hurrying by, looked at her with the desire to speak. She thrust out an imploring hand. The door quickly opened.

"Come!" he said, and sprang out. He assisted her into the machine. She heard him order the chauffeur to start, then she sank back in the pillows, unconscious.

* * * *

When Marie, lying on a couch, roused from an oppressive sleep, she heard, as in a dream, a soft Oriental melody. She opened her eyes and caught a quick breath, sensing the beauty of the dimly-lighted room; then her flitting glance fell on the man who sat at the grand piano, playing, the man who had taken her into his motor car. The light from the piano lamp fell on his clear-cut profile and his wealth of brown hair. For a long while her gaze did not turn from him, and contentment stole over her. She knew nothing of him, and yet it seemed as though she had known him always, for he was the type of man that had been the hero of her romantic dreams.

Her gaze slowly turned from him to a wondering admiration of the room. On the opposite side was a large open fireplace; beyond the piano was a platform with a throne-like chair, and near it was an easel holding the half-finished portrait of a woman. Beside it on a tabouret was the palette and the jar with brushes. She looked again at the man and realized what her first glance should have told her, that he was an artist.

As she raised on her elbow, she saw with surprise that she was wearing a satin robe of the harmonizing shades of autumn leaves, the colors in which the room was furnished.

The artist turned. Admiration flashed from his eyes.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, you are awake

. . . and well?" He went to her.

"I don't know if I am awake. I'm completely mystified!" She glanced round the room as she rose. "It seems as though I'm far from San Francisco."

"No," he assured her. "My windows overlook the bay."

She looked searchingly into his eyes. "Why did you take me into your motor car?"

He hesitated. "It is not a pleasant confession that I must make. You may think a noble impulse inspired me, seeing your distress, but that is not so. I wish to enter a painting at the Paris salon next spring. When I saw you. . . You never again will betray such despair, such helplessness. It was all that you were feeling in that moment that I want to put on my canvas, and I am unable to find a model with the ability to feel that role. It was a selfish motive that made me ask you to enter my machine, but Madeleine, my servant, took charge of you not any too soon. Your clothes were drenched. My name is Julien d'Arblay. I have been in San Francisco five years."

"I came here only two months ago," she said. "My name is Marie Haldeman." She wanted to tell him of her struggles.

She did not understand that the premature lines in his face were the result of a fast life, a form that his artistic nature had endeavored to keep above vulgarity. His cultured voice and manner expressed that winning devotion typical of the man whose principal occupation is playing the cavalier to lovely woman. She believed him to be the embodiment of that ideal man of her longings, and seeing him now, she wondered why she had not known that he lived.

"This is a dream," she said, with sudden despair, "and when I find myself . . . somewhere, the memory of this will make it harder."

"It is not a dream; I want you to stay. There is no place for you to go, or you would not have been standing in that storm. This will be your home so long as you are content. Madeleine will show you your room, and it will be her pleasure to serve you."

"How good you are! But I cannot accept. I have nothing with which to repay you."

"Now you are grieving me, Mademoiselle!" he interrupted. "I am desperately in need of a model, and my art has suffered from this need. If you will stay, the inspiration, the help you can give me! What inspiration can I get painting rich, idle woman? I must keep their likenesses, yet make them beautiful; if not beautiful, chic, spirituelle or intelligent. And the subjects sometimes. . ." His arms shot up despairingly. "They pay me, not to be an artist, but a magician. Ah, I am tired of it! Fate must have sent me up that street when you stood in the rain."

"Perhaps it was Fate," she slowly said. "I am very grateful!"

She was too busy with her own thoughts to notice the flash of conquest in his eyes. He turned abruptly and rang for Madeleine.

"I am sure Mademoiselle will be comfortable here," the maid said, as she and Marie entered the bedroom, exquisitely furnished in white, blue and gold. "Monsieur wishes you to feel at home. Everything is for your use." She swept the room with a wave of her hand.

Marie glanced around with joyous surprise. "Monsieur d'Arblay is very good. Thank you, Madeleine."

Left alone, Marie began to acquaint herself with the apartment. Had she furnished it, it would not have been different. The bureau, with its ivory adornments, attracted her. She opened a carved box and found powder and a puff. She tipped a few drops of Oriental perfume from a sparkling bottle, rubbing them on her hands, her lips, her brows. Such luxuries were fascinating novelties. She did not realize how long she had been absorbed when she was startled by sudden passionate music from the piano in the next room. Neither beauty nor luxuries had the power to

hold her when he played, for in the music she heard his call. She opened the door and hastened to him, abruptly halting behind the piano bench. He did not turn, but presently said:

"This is from the opera 'Louise.' Does not the composer, Charpentier, send out in his music a message—a call to happiness? Listen!" He played on with more abandon. "Louise has a lover, Julien. Their love is too sublime for the ignorant parents to understand. The young people run away, needing no other blessing than the voice of Paris. Louise is Julien's Muse. Does not this raise her and their love above all that is mortal? Ah, Louise! She has known what it is to love!"

The girl, stirred by the emotion in his voice, that unconsciously followed the cadence of the music, laid her hand on his shoulder.

"My name is Louise—Marie Louise!"

He caught her hand. "Why did I not guess it! Louise and Julien! Was it not Fate?"

She turned abruptly from the eagerness he did not try to hide.

"I want to tell you something about my life," she said, brokenly, yet a little frightened.

She sat before the blaze and he drew a chair near.

"Do you know Forestville?" she nervously asked, not looking at him.

"No." His eyes caressed her, and in that moment he did not care what her life had been.

"It's just a place where the train stops in the dusty road. Sometimes a few passengers are left, but usually they are returning Forestville people. The mail bags are exchanged, and that ends the excitement until another train is due. I can't remember my mother; she died when I was very young. When I was seven, my father was killed in a railroad accident. All the love went out of my life with him. My grandparents—— They are so prim that I wonder how they ever married. So long as I can remember, I've hungered for life, life! The thought of growing old in Forestville, as they have, and never seeing the world. . . Oh, you don't know!" Her eager, seeking hands were stretched out to the fire, and she opened and closed them with a sort of vital nervousness that emphasized her words.

D'Arblay watched her with increasing interest. Life! He smiled. Could he not teach it to her?

"I used to watch the trains, hoping that some one would come to break the monotony. But two months ago there was a change. I went to meet the train, and instead of the accustomed arrivals, I saw a crowd of motion picture players flocking out. They looked so happy, so carefree! Forestville was new to them, and they laughed over the dullness of it. The leading woman was very attractive. Life seemed to effervesce all around her. She saw my admiration and smiled to me. In a few minutes we were friends. I went to the hotel with her, and I made her let me carry her bag. The feel of it! It had come from—I didn't know where. It was like a breeze from the living world. I was with her all the afternoon. Oh, that wonderful afternoon! She told me about her wandering life, the places she had been, the curious, amusing, tragic experiences she had had. The scolding they gave me when I told them where I'd been. They called her a vulgar stage woman, a creature of no character! All the years of unrest, the longing to break away, began to form into actual plans."

D'Arblay was leaning forward, looking at her with curious interest, but her intent eyes did not turn from the fire.

"I saw her only once more, that was at the station. She told me that the company would pass through San Francisco in a few days, and that she would send me something so that I would remember her. As if I could forget! The present came—a curious thing—a simple dress of the brightest red silk. A note was with it, and she called the dress 'a bit of light from

that other world.' It fell like a bomb in my home. After a terrible scene I was allowed to keep it, but told never to put it on. The next day was Sunday. I wouldn't go to church. After they left, I slipped into the dress. The change it made in me gave me new courage and a desire to shock Forestville. I went down the road, aflame in the sunlight, pretending that I did not see the few people who passed. I knew they exclaimed, and I went on, thrilled. In the road I passed a girl who said spitefully to her friend: 'The only way her grandparents can marry her off is by togging her out in that regalia!' I didn't care for what she said; it was the sudden realization of what marriage with a Forestville man would mean—the tying down, the end of my dream! When my grandparents returned, I told them that I was going to San Francisco to earn my living. The storm that followed! Oh, I don't want to think of it! When I left, they told me the home was closed to me forever."

She dropped back in the chair, a little exhausted.

"Fate was driving you here," he gently said, and taking the hand she held out. When her fingers involuntarily gripped his, he drew closer and rested his elbow on the arm of her chair.

They were silently alive to the thrill of each other's nearness. She was different from any one he ever had known. He was familiar only with the women of the world, but now he was dimly conscious of something new —and it was stirring in the depths of his unawakening soul.

"I know the rest," he said. "I read it all in your face the moment I saw you—the unsuccessful search for work, your money swallowed up by the expenses of city life, the despair of being without a friend, the uncertainty of finding food and shelter for the night. But that is of the past. Now you will know the joy, the music of life, as I have known it since my earliest remembrance of Paris, where I was born."

He caught her hand and held it with ardor; then, springing up, went to the piano and plunged into a whirl of thrilling music. The girl's pulses quickened with the intensity of the storm. She knew it was something more than the music that he wanted her to feel. He played on and on. The intoxicating appeal that it made to her emotions enticed her from the chair to his side, and almost breathless under the stimulating torrent of it, she dropped on the bench beside him. An increasing fervor dashed into the music, created by the nearness of her.

"These are her words to Julien," he said. Then, as if driven by an irresistible force, he sang the melody with abandon:

"E'er since the day when unto thee I gave me, radiant with flowers seems my pathway before me,
I seem to dream 'neath a fairyland heaven, while my soul still is drunk with the joy of thy first kiss.
Ah, I am so happy, for love o'er me his wings is spreading!
In the realm of my heart new is the joy that's singing!
All nature doth rejoice with me, and with me triumph!
And all around I see but laughter and light and joy!
And I tremble with exquisite delight when I recall the charm of our first day of love!"

Suddenly, she was in his arms. Everything but the revelation of the moment was forgotten.

"You always will be Louise to me, for she and Paris, my Paris, are synonymous!"

* * * *

D'Arblay introduced Marie into his circle of friends—artists, musicians, writers. She entered into their careless life, and was dazzled by the newness of it, but she was not like them. D'Arblay was more deeply impressed than he at first knew by their respectful courtesy to her. She did not understand that his love might be a caprice, and he was stirred by her absolute faith.

One evening, as he sat in the twilight improvising a kind of reverie, his contented mind was dreaming of Paris —Paris, with his father and mother.

"Oh, Julien!" exclaimed Marie, thrusting out the evening paper. "Here is your painting of the little debutante reproduced. She is going to be married soon."

"Married!" he repeated, musingly.

Marie let the paper slip to the floor, and for a time they were silent, while he played on. She went and sat beside him, resting her head on his shoulder, and he dropped his cheek on her hair.

"Shouldn't we marry?" she whispered. It's not because we'd be any happier—only it's right.'

He slipped his arm round her. "Dearest, I want our love to live," he simply explained.

She smiled half-wistfully, half in pity. "You don't understand," she said. "You don't know, you don't feel what real marriage means."

"Happiness comes of freedom," he gently answered, "and yet I am a willing prisoner!" He drew her closer. "Are you not contented?"

"Yes, so long as I am with you, but some day you will understand."

"Where are we going to-night?" he asked.

"To De Fries' studio. Do you care to go?"

"Don't you?" he asked, surprised.

"No. I always had rather stay with you alone."

He brightened. "And I thought you were so happy with them!"

"You see, Julian, dear, you don't understand!"

He smiled tenderly. No woman had told him that before.

Towards eleven o'clock he was restless, not because their evening was dull, but because the habit of years was calling. He never had known anything but the gaiety of the night life. Even when a boy he was up till midnight, petted and amused by the artists who gathered in his father's studio on Montmartre.

"Will you read to me, dear?" he asked, and gave her a book translated from the French—a collection of short stories. She understood very little. He gazed into the fire, laughing, while she read. Suddenly he looked at her, conscious of the contrast between the stories and the girl. It struck him harshly that should he be obliged to explain she would be shocked. Her purity had not made so strong an appeal before, and it gave him a sudden feeling of self-abhorrence that he should be the one to rob her of her ideals. He was dragging this girl down to the level of the others. As he studied her, he knew that not until now had he grasped all her beauty, because he had not understood! He seized the book and flung it into the fire.

"Forgive me!" He fell on his knees, hiding his face in her gown.

She did not know what had happened and did not ask. After a while she touched his cheek and found it wet.

* * * *

A week later, when she went into the studio in the early morning, Julien was setting up a large canvas to begin the painting of Louise for the Paris salon.

"Beloved," he said, "I have abandoned that picture of despair. I want to paint you as Aphrodite, whose beauty conquered every heart, and at the touch of whose feet herbage quivered into flower."

Ever since that night of unexplained tears his love had been more gentle. They no longer joined his gay friends, who jested over his seclusion, calling it a jealous passion. His thoughts were centered on this new picture, and he refused all other work. She watched the daily progress of the masterpiece, and it deepened her love because she saw that while he held to her likeness, it was his own, his new ideal that was appearing and looking at him through the copy of her eyes. She began to realize vaguely what the tears had meant that night.

The day they stood before the finished work he was trembling with

emotion and with the thrill of victory. She was awed by the exquisite beauty of it.

"Our friends must see it," he said. With the completing of the picture came the return of his bohemian gaiety. He wanted to mingle with his friends; he wanted their approval and praise. The satisfaction of triumph stirred his blood. "I have it!" he exclaimed. "We'll give a fancy dress ball, just as the students do in Paris every spring after their pictures have been sent to the salon. They call it the 'Bal des Quat'z Arts.' It will take me back to what this triumph would mean in my Paris!"

* * * *

The night of the ball, Marie was dressed in scarlet satin as the Queen of Bohemia. Julien had painted on the clinging gown fantastic scenes representing Bohemia and Bacchanalian feasts. She wore a crown of gilt vine leaves, studded with brilliants, and carried a scepter entwined with ivy and surmounted by a pine cone. Julien was dressed as the Noctambulist in "Louise," personifying the Pleasures of Paris. He wore a cape overcoat, opera hat and white gloves. Under his coat was a bright, fantastic costume of spring, from which dangled many little folly bells.

The decorations in the studio were elaborate and bizarre. On the platform stood the veiled painting of Aphrodite that was not to be uncovered until the chorus from a visiting grand opera company had given the scene from "Louise," in which she is crowned the Muse of Montmartre. The laughing, singing, dancing crowd, dressed in fantastic costumes, filled the large rooms. There was the King of Fools dancing with Fate; Ulysses followed by a winged siren; a pudgy little Frenchman as Cupid, shooting paper arrows promiscuously; a satyr plaguing Pan, whose shepherd's pipe was but faintly heard in the tumult; a girl representing Night, wearing on her head an owl, his electric eyes winking audaciously. There were many in the characteristic attire of Bohemia, escorting columbines and dancing girls. The noise and whirl were so disconcerting that it was near midnight when the singers from the opera company arrived, that Marie, standing on the platform with Julien, was able to study the excitement in his flushed face. A curious light was in his eyes, as if he had staked his all on a racing horse and was watching the desperate close.

The orchestra began the scene from "Louise," and there was immediate quiet. "The King of the Fools" came forward and sang with great flourish, after which the dancing girls burst in, twinkling about and turning cartwheels, then making way for the premiere danseuse, in a gauzy pink costume. The grizettes and Bohemians sang:

"Louise, dost thou consent to be queen
of all Bohemia?
Louise, dost thou consent to be Muse
of the Sacred Mount?"

Marie nodded. Julien stifled an exclamation, and flinging his arms round her, crushed her to him, as though the joyous crowd was conspiring to take her from him. She gave him a quick glance, and was startled by the defiance in his eyes.

The scene continued until the King of the Fools ran away with the Daughters of Joy. Then the crowd demanded:

"The painting! Unveil it!"

Julien's muscles tightened, and he hesitated, as if it was not to this mad throng that he wanted to show his triumph, but Marie turned to the canvas, eager for their praise of Julien's genius. He abruptly threw off the drape. A gasp ran over the room.

Aphrodite, born of the sea foam, was looking at the beauties of earth with joyous wonder. Youth and purity lighted her dazzled eyes. A vapor was rising from the calm sea, showing the exquisite flesh tints, as through a veil. In the distance could faintly be seen white swans coming to greet her, and the sparrow and the dove were hover-

ing over her head. In the white clouds against the pale blue sky were vaguely seen the Houris and the Graces, entwining garlands and weaving robes for her, that mistily harmonized the colors of the rose, violet, lily, hyacinth and narcissus.

The guests were speechless under the spell of beauty, but suddenly they burst into wild cheers, and seizing Julien, carried him on their shoulders round and round the studio, while they continued their almost hysterical outburst. Marie's heart was throbbing madly. It was the love she had inspired that made this great painting possible.

When the excitement had subsided they discussed and analyzed the picture until the waiters appeared with tables that were to be set for the supper. Then they again broke into hilarious dancing and singing. A table in the middle of the room was swept clear of glasses and plates, and a thinly clad French girl from the opera sprang on to it, and gave a dance du ventre. They cheered and urged her on. Another girl whirled dizzily in a fantastic dance with curious contortions.

A desperate light glowed in Julien's eyes, and he cheered each performer with increasing fervor. He urged his guests to drink, and encouraged every daring dance and audacious song, as if he wanted to see the limit of their vulgarity. Marie nervously watched him, but he no longer heeded her.

It was nine in the morning before the party broke up. A long line of motor cars waited to take the noisy revelers. Julien followed them out, hoarsely shouting his good-byes. When the last had gone, he violently slammed the door and turned to Marie, who gazed at him almost afraid.

"God!" he exclaimed. "Paris! The life I loved! It's gone! It's dead! There is only you . . . Marie!"

* * * *

They stood before Aphrodite, and her pure beauty brought peace after the storm. The chaotic state of the room was forgotten under her charm. Marie glanced at Julien and saw many emotions flitting across his pale face. There was much that he wanted to tell her of what he had learned since yesterday, but they were unsayable things. Of all the married men who had been present not one had brought his wife. He realized now what he had not been able to know until she came.

"Marie," he said, slowly turning to her, "I want to begin a new life. There is only one way. Let us marry today."

VIOLETS

Bring violets to me when the day is young,
And when the sun mounts higher to gem the blue
Of smiling skies, bring violets to me then,
Of all the flowers the best beloved by you.
And when the nesting birds their evening song have sung,
And soft night winds draw near, bring violets once again.
Violets, sweet flowers by heaven blest,
Oh, bring them to me when my life is past,
And weary hands are folded and at rest—
Bring violets sweet whose fragrance rare shall last.

ELIZABETH VORE.

The End of the Run

By Alfred Howe Davis

THE SNOW was melting from the eastern ranges of the Sierras, the cattle were being moved to the higher hills, and Jimmy Benson sat in his little shack of a ranch house figuring industriously on the possibilities of a monopoly in the mustang market.

Jimmy was prematurely bald; his overalls sagged low; his turned-up shirt collar rubbed his ears; yet he had come into the same heritage as many another bachelor that spring. Ann had promised to marry him in June; and it takes money to get married even in southern Nevada. Jimmy had a little saved up—not much. But between the Peace and the Kaweah rivers one and perhaps two fine bands of wild mustangs were ranging—Jimmy's mustangs if he could crowd the other fellows out. "I need it for my trooso," Jimmy solemnly assured himself. "The others ain't buying troosos this year." Which was shameless juggling with the facts, for well he knew that Cal Rawlins was engaged to Nora Ryan, and Nora was the sister of Ann.

Three hundred head of mustangs running wild between Peace and the Kaweah; and Jimmy was the man who could run them in, for he knew mustangs as other men know their dogs. However, he would need a partner; some one with corrals big enough to handle the bunch. Who better than Ann's own father, Old Man Ryan?

Jimmy dropped in at the Ryan ranch as the shadows were lengthening over the meadows and was hospitably bidden to supper. It was a good supper with trimmings, and none the less palatable because Ann sat beside him at the table. The meal ended, Jimmy and Ryan went outside. There Jimmy made the old man a handsome offer relative to rounding up, dividing and selling the two bands.

"The whole three hundred of 'em," meditated Ryan, handing over his cigarette papers and tobacco pouch.

"There's the white horse's bunch that I know is in this district. That means about a hundred and fifty horses. I ain't sure about the Peace river bunch, just where they are. We can take after them later. I tell you, Dad, there ain't none of them anti-monopoly laws here to bother us. It ought to be an almighty good year for the mustang business. Feed's been plenty all winter, and they came through in fine shape. I've sighted the white mustang's bunch two or three times lately. But it ain't going to be good for this whole district. You and me, we got to keep it to ourselves."

"What's this here aunty-mon—what do you call it?"

"Just this: we gotta git rid of competition, and competition means Rawlins' outfit. I heard to-day he's getting ready to make a run-in—maybe to-morrow. Well, I figure there's only two ways to beat that: one is to buy him off and the other is to run him out."

Ryan considered this for some time in silence. When he did speak it was as one who suddenly remembers a grievance. There was almost a whine in the old man's voice.

"Well, I don't want nothing to do with no rustling business, I can tell you. There's a powerful difference between mustanging and rustling, you got to remember."

"You're getting off the track, Dad. Let's settle points as they come. What

are we going to do about Rawlins?"

"Well, you can't buy Rawlins off, you know that. And as for running him off, I don't know. I never counted on Rawlins as being a fellow inclined to run. Besides, all along this river you know Rawlins has his friends, and as a mustanger I never heard it said that he ever brought in any branded horses from the hills."

Jimmy puffed twice at his cigarette, inhaled, blew off the ashes and then puffed again before he flipped the stump at a round cactus which was covered with spring blossoms.

"Ryan, you know as well as I do that I never roped a branded horse in my life, figuring on it. The buckskin that came near costing you your life was, as you know, run into the corral at night and picked out as a likely horse for you before daylight. I didn't have any better chance to see he was branded than you did. I thought you had forgotten that. If you don't want to go in on the business, of course all you got to do is to say so."

"I want to go in on it, you know that," Ryan said. "The business itself isn't bad, but I don't seem to forget that rancheree horse you gave me last spring for a mustang when the rheumatism gets up in that shot wound in my knee like it does to-day. I never doubted you was no rustler, but you ought to be more particular about keeping branded horses from the herd, even if they do happen to be running with the mustangs. About Rawlins, well——" and Ryan shook his head. "He can't be bought off, because he's doing too well on that ranch of his, and as for running him out of the country, I wouldn't like the job. You got the reputation of getting rid of men who don't jibe with you, and I guess I'll leave it to you."

Ryan's wordiness tired Jimmy. "Well, something's got to be decided on right away. My boys are ready for the run-in, and we calculate to get the whole bunch of the white mustang herd near the mouth of the canyon to-morrow morning at daybreak."

"You'll have to settle it yourself, Jimmy," Ryan said, turning toward the house. "Any nine hundred pound mustang you bring in here I'll undertake to sell for you at forty dollars a head in open market, but I'll go no farther with you than that. As for putting Rawlins out of business, perhaps you don't know that he and Nora is making their plans, and I couldn't do nothing like that for her sake, if nothing else. Of course, on the other hand, you and Ann have your intentions, and I don't want to do nothing to hurt her feelings, or yours either." Ryan was plainly getting worried. "You'll have to settle with Rawlins yourself. I got to steer mutual."

"Outside of that herd of the white stallion and that other bunch on the Kaweah there isn't a good herd of wild horses in the district this season, and I haven't got time to go north," Jimmy said. "Why, I can remember the time, and I guess you can, too, when there were more mustangs that never seen a white man, ranging over Nevada than there were humans in this State. But that isn't now. There is only room for one mustanging outfit here, and I calculate that me and the boys from my place will be it. Of course I ain't looking for no trouble, but when Rawlins comes up here this evening to see Nora, just tell him that I claim the right to operate this range between the Kaweah and the Peace. Tell him Jimmy Wyatt claims this. I've stepped aside and let Rawlins get the early choice of the horses other times, but this year there is only room for one outfit."

"I'll tell him," said Ryan. "And I would hate for the girls' sake to see either of you come to an ontoward end. But you better look a little out, Jimmy. Rawlins is no man to fool with, and as I say, both of you being prospective members of my family, I don't want neither of you hurt. Come in and set down awhile?"

Jimmy declined, and went to the corral fence to untie his saddle pony. Ryan sat down stiffly on the doorstep. Presently he called:

"If you feel you got to do it, shoot him in the legs."

If Jimmy heard this he gave no sign —but mounted and started off in the direction of the hills. After a few minutes' riding he struck the trail near the dry bed of the Kaweah, and this he followed, letting his tough mustang jog along at his own pace. Near the hills the river bed, with its white sand and ancient willows, cut deeper into the earth. The sun was sinking as Jimmy caught sight of a camp fire on the opposite side of the river, half a mile ahead. He knew the exact location of his own camp, and he concluded that this must be Rawlins'. Jimmy guided his mustang down into the river bed. The sand was soft and the pony made slow time, but Jimmy was in no hurry just then.

When he arrived at a point opposite the strange camp fire, he got out of the saddle, crossed the hackamore over the animal's head and crawled up the bank. Rawlins and two other men were camped not more than a hundred yards away, and Jimmy could hear their voices, though he could not make out what they said. He took a swift inventory of the camp; saw the half-dozen saddle ponies staked out, eating alfalfa that had been packed there; and he likewise noticed the quantity of ropes and pickets which lay on the ground near Rawlins.

It was all the evidence Jimmy needed that Rawlins was after the white mustang bunch. The thought that this was the chance to get Rawlins leaped to Jimmy's mind. He considered the situation. It was shooting a man in the back. In the open, Rawlins would have a chance to fight; would be glad to fight rather than suffer any interference in his mustanging plans. Rawlins was a good shot, though slow on the pull; but then Jimmy had supreme faith in his own ability. But—and this was a serious question: did he dare have complete confidence in old Ryan? Jimmy decided he did not. It was about time for the old man to make his annual application, which had thus far been fruitless, for a deputy sheriff's commission. Ryan would not stand for any trouble just now. Why, he had even been afraid that a branded horse would be run into his corral by mistake in the round-up. Jimmy sighed at such scruples.

Slithering down the bank, he returned to his horse. One thing puzzled him. Why was Rawlins camped here for the night? An experienced mustanger such as he must certainly know the location of the white stallion's herd, and likewise that it would be impossible to get close to them unless the start was made at dawn. Jimmy finally dismissed the subject on the supposition that Rawlins intended going to Ryan's place that night, where he would get a fresh mount early in the morning for the range work.

Some distance further up the river bed, when the smoke from Rawlins' camp fire was no longer to be seen, Jimmy took the hard surface of the prairie again.

He could make out a few black spots near the base of the range, and, taking his field glasses from their case, he saw a herd of perhaps a hundred and fifty horses. They were restless, and milling about, for away to the left, cut off from the main herd, the white mustang and a buckskin stallion were battling. Jimmy could see them rear—their manes flying high—and strike viciously with their forefeet. But the buckskin soon had enough of it. He broke away and came running in Jimmy's direction. The white mustang chased him for perhaps a quarter of a mile before he turned back to his own herd.

The buckskin sighted Jimmy after a few minutes and cut out across the prairie at a sharp angle. The herd which had been restless during the battle quieted down and began grazing as the white stallion galloped back among them.

Jimmy took the river bed again until he came within a few miles of the herd. Then suddenly he came upon his own camp set in the river bed ahead of him. His horse had sensed

the camp even sooner than the rider and had increased his pace despite the heavy going in the sand.

George Roberts, an eighteen year old boy, whom Jimmy relied on as one of the best mustangers in that district, was pulling some greasewood into camp for the fire. He paused and waited for the rider to come close.

"Got the rope work done in the canyon?" demanded Jimmy.

"Finished it this evening," George replied. "We seen some tracks up near the mouth of the canyon. Skip thought it would be best to put in the corral half way down the canyon so as not to make the run so long, and we did it. The white mustang and as pretty a herd of a hundred and fifty mares as you ever seen is running not more than three miles from here."

"You seen to the corral yourself, George?" Jimmy asked.

"Not exactly. Skip tended to the rope work, but I set out the poles, and it was a job in that canyon. We wouldn't get more than started down perhaps for a couple of feet before we would come on to rock."

"But you looked the corral over before you left?" persisted Jimmy.

"Yes."

"All right, then. Rawlins and his men are camped about ten miles below here, and they are ready for a round-up to-morrow morning. You and Skip will have to do the job alone while I take care of Rawlins. You heard that, didn't you, Skip?" Jimmy spoke the last sentence as he rode up to a fire that burned low and clear. Skip was using only very dry brush, so that there would be little smoke from the flames.

"Unless they start out in a new direction for water to-morrow, two of us can handle them all right," Skip said. "They've been running through that canyon every morning for the last month. There's plenty of feed on the other side, and about fifteen miles up the water is good."

"The watering place is about fifteen miles from here?" asked Jimmy, pulling an armful of hay out of the end of the buckboard for his animal.

"About fifteen, I should say," repeated Skip. "They went there for water yesterday, and I don't look for them to go again to-morrow. But they will go to feed. You say Rawlins and his men are out?"

"They are out," Jimmy assured him, "and they are after that bunch unless I'm much mistaken, though I can't see why they are camped down there if they expect to make a run-in to-morrow. Where is the Peace river herd now?"

"About twenty miles west of here the last I seen of them three days ago," stated George. He had been thoughtfully polishing the stock of his rifle with his sleeve. "Maybe, Jimmy, we better postpone the run-in for a day or two and get Rawlins out of here to-morrow morning."

"I'll tend to them. They'll be here by daylight or before to get a start at the herd at daybreak. You and Skip do as I tell you."

After supper the three crawled into their blankets.

"How many horses do you figure there are in the white mustang herd?" demanded Jimmy of Skip.

"About a hundred and fifty, and about the same number in the Peace river herd. A small buckskin is leading them."

"Yes, I saw him try to run off the white mustang and get his mares away this afternoon," Jimmy answered. "But from the way the white one took after him he is probably back at Peace river by now."

George was sound asleep, and a few minutes later both the others were breathing heavily. As the fire burned out, the night damp began to fall, and once Jimmy arose and pulled a tarpaulin up over the other two, and then crawled in himself.

The eastern sky was just beginning to turn gray when Jimmy awoke. He built up a small fire and had the meat and corn meal on before he wakened Skip.

They allowed George to sleep until the meal was ready to serve and the horses had been watered from one of

the large canvas barrels they had brought out with them.

After a few moments' argument it was decided to move the buckboard with the camp outfit nearer the herd.

"No use in coming way back here after the stuff," Jimmy declared, although Skip held they were wasting time in making the move. Two horses were hastily harnessed while the luggage was piled in; Skip's own mount was tethered to the tailboard. Skip himself got on the seat and took the reins. George on his pony cantered ahead, his horse's hoofs making no sound in the sand.

Jimmy gave some final directions as to where the wagon was to be left, and as Skip and the outfit moved off, put his horse to the bank and gained the prairie again. There he dismounted and let his horse graze on the spring grass, while he stamped about to keep warm, for the morning was damp and cold.

Then a shot sounded in the direction of the herd, and Jimmy knew that the run had started. There was no use now of waiting. The desert was growing light, and he could see for fully two miles on either side of him. Everything was still except for the gray creatures that are a part of the Nevada wilderness; he could see an occasional coyote and his larger brother, the wolf, making in a westerly direction for water.

Jimmy took one more look about the horizon, and then mounting, started on a slow canter toward the hills. As it became lighter, he let the horse out, and soon he could see a cloud of dust to his right moving along swiftly in the direction of the canyon. Ahead of the dust cloud, with mane flying in the morning light and tail switching to left and right, the white mustang galloped, his head raised, sniffing the morning air. Beside him, obscured in the dust cloud, came the herd, and perhaps a quarter of a mile in their rear Jimmy made out both George and Skip keeping the herd along the hills as they rushed on toward the canyon.

For a short distance the foothills rose steep and grassy from the prairie. But a little farther on they receded, and between them and the plains stretched broken country: lava rock, shale, bowlders, an occasional gnarled shrub. Cruel footing for the average horse, dangerous for a rider. But the wily, white mustang did not hesitate. He plunged out on the sliding lava rock, and his sure-footed mares followed him.

George and Skip slowed down their horses to a walk; the herd must be encouraged to leave the shale and push on toward the canyon. The ruse worked. The band kept moving in the right direction, still traveling over the shale.

Suddenly George spurred his horse to a gallop, and two minutes later Jimmy was startled to see horse and rider go down. There was no time to lose now; George might be out of it for good. A prairie dog hole has served many a rider that trick. Jimmy lashed his own horse with the reins and himself rode furiously toward the canyon. Somebody must be there to turn the herd, or they might keep on indefinitely along the base of the foothills.

Jimmy plunged on through the greasewood. The white stallion spied him while he was yet a mile away, and kicking out the dust behind him, broke into a swift gallop, the herd following. Jimmy presently saw that he had no chance, that the white leader was going to outrun his own horse, and he finally drew in as the big horse approached the canyon. For a moment the animal hesitated; then, as his herd came up, he headed into the canyon without the slightest prescience of the barrier that waited him there.

Neither George nor his horse had been hurt by the tumble, and by the time Jimmy reached the canyon mouth, George and Skip had arrived, too.

"There is five thousand dollars for us," Jimmy said exultantly, patting the neck of his horse. "Seen anything of Rawlins?"

There was no answer; all three

checked in their horses and sat tense in their saddles.

The herd had met the fence and were coming back toward the mouth of the canyon at terrific speed. Somehow in the mad stampede of one hundred and fifty frightened horses, the white mustang had pushed himself to the head again. It was his enormous head and shoulders that loomed out of the dust cloud. At sight of the riders the band halted, broke, swayed and wheeled. Some mare shrieked as her skin was torn in the melee of flying hoofs. A moment later and the white mustang was out of sight in the dust and the mob of mares. The band was headed back toward the corral fence.

Jimmy, George and Skip rode on for several minutes. They rounded a bend in the canyon presently, and then Skip voiced the fear that had suddenly descended on all of them.

"That corral line didn't hold. It's only a quarter of a mile ahead, and they are past it now."

But even as he spoke, the herd loomed in sight again, seeking the mouth of the canyon. Then in tremendous confusion, they turned tail and rushed on down between the two walls of rock.

Jimmy and his men rode fast. Another elbow in the canyon rounded, and they could make out through the dust, sagging poles at either side of the canyon, with broken ropes between. The corral had not held. But why had the herd returned instead of dashing on to freedom? What had checked them at the other end of the canyon? As Jimmy pondered on this, the white stallion came in sight once more.

But this time the herd was not with him. They were tired with the long run, and he had come alone to reconnoitre. A meagre winter and spring grass had put the herd in poor condition for long runs; they were still soft. Jimmy was turning these facts over in his mind when his attention was arrested by a startling sound behind him. It was the unmistakable distant thunder of many hoofs.

The riders did not waste a second; they knew the danger that threatened them. They dug in the spurs and forced their horses to climb the almost sheer walls of the canyon. The horses, frightened themselves, climbed desperately.

"What do you make of it?" Skip asked. Jimmy made no answer. He was not sure, and being uncertain, he was preparing for anything. His carbine came across his arm and his hand was on the magazine. A moment later the buckskin mustang that Jimmy had seen battling with the white stallion, came tearing along the canyon, and behind him fully two hundred head of plump little mustang mares. The three scarcely noticed the stream of racing horses, but peered hard into the dirt cloud behind to see what would emerge. Three rifles were ready for instant action.

A rider came out from the dust cloud, and as he caught sight of the guns on the hillside, his hands reached skyward. Jimmy smiled to himself. It was old Ryan, and behind him a second later came three more horsemen. One of them was Rawlins.

"Get off them horses and leave them carbines on the saddles," Jimmy said as they rode up. The four obeyed. "Now let's talk things over," Jimmy continued, addressing Rawlins and Ryan.

"I don't exactly see that there is anything to talk over, Jimmy," Rawlins drawled, with a Missouri Valley accent. "We were heading this herd for our corral across the end of the canyon. I suppose you admit we got the right to do it under the laws of Nevada."

"You got a corral across the end of the canyon?" questioned Jimmy. But there was no need of an answer. For the low roar of hoofs came again, and the mustangs came plunging around a bend in the canyon. As they saw the riders they stopped. In the danger of men the two stallions had forgotten the matter of supremacy among themselves and ran side by side.

"There is about twelve thousand dollars worth of horseflesh in those

two herds," Jimmy announced. Then he rode down the steep path, George and Skip following.

"And I suppose, Rawlins," Jimmy continued, "if you and Ryan are willing, we might as well combine on the proposition and share the proceeds. We seem to have most of the Kaweah and Peace river herds here, and by good luck your rope is holding at the end of the canyon when ours didn't. What do you say? I'll give you my word that our herd is about fifty less in number than yours. I got a chance and made a swift count of both of them."

"Put down the firearms, Jimmy. It's agreeable to me, and would have been in the first place. If you had come over to the ranch I was going to make a proposition to you. There is only one way for us mustangers to win out in this business, and that is by combination. Fighting each other won't do."

Jimmy saw a light. "That scheme of getting rid of competition beats mine, don't it?" he grinned at Ryan.

"It's a heap more comfortable and modern," Ryan replied.

The seven men rode together down to the end of the canyon, driving the mustangs ahead of them into the rope corral which, half an hour later, held three hundred head of as fine specimens of mustang horseflesh as the State of Nevada could boast.

AN ECHO OF SWEET LAUGHTER IN THE HILLS

An echo of sweet laughter in the hills,
The green hills stained with purple, rose and blue,
Where summer flowers clink tenderly, and glow
Richly beneath the slanting western sun,
The alchemist that makes the circled lake
Pure molten gold within a silver cup—
An echo of sweet sunshine in the hills,
  Light-hearted, sunshine-full.

Now in the hills that bend above the lake,
The lake so pale save in its magic hour,
There lingers yet that note of summer mirth,
Yet not so full and glad—a harder tone,
Learned from the dry brown hills and aching earth,
With sharp, brave smiles in the cold winter sun—
A lingering note of laughter in the hills,
  Half-tinged with unknown pain.

A bit of laughter broken with a sob,
And hushed to sudden silence by the hills,
Storm-ravished, lying gray before their pain,
Trees, twisted, torn and fallen by the lake,
Still, swept with palpitating passion, now,
Jewel-sparkling in the promise of new life—
A bit of laughter—with the answering pain,
  Tears, and a soul is born.

SARAH HAMMOND KELLY.

Undercurrents

By R. M. Bloch

SARTORIS lit a cigar and glanced quizzically at the violinist. They were sitting in the lounge. The seductive sounds of a Strauss waltz floated out from the ball-room.

"Singed?" queried Sartoris, with a luxurious puff.

"Burnt," answered the violinist, with equal compactness.

"H'm, seriously?"

"Yes."

"Well, Verender, then its a case of marriage bells and 'bless you, my children,' for you're thirty-five, and besides you do not look like a butterfly of Eros. Now, did you see that proper-visaged little boy with the six-foot collar?"

"Ye-es, think I did. What about him?"

"Oh, I'm only taking him as an example of the male glow-worm. He scorches in one flame per month. This last year he has run the whole gamut from an ex-boarding school damsel with a doves-in-air-Lady-Clare-rose-in-hair demeanor down to a Madrid houri dressed in a Spanish history."

"But the woman he's with now looks as innocent as white snow."

Sartoris lay back and simply roared. When he laughed, his long, lean face became a perfect mask of cynical wrinkles. "Heavens, Verrender," he spluttered at last, "Mrs. Clanelly innocent! Oh, ye gods and little fishes." He collapsed again. "Her books aren't white as snow, I can tell you, but badly afflicted with the jaundice instead."

Verrender started. "She's never the author of 'Madame Veneuse? It's so full of—of——"

"Earthly knowledge and stars," said Sartoris, dryly, finishing the sentence.

"But hush. Here she comes."

Mrs. Clanelly rustled past with the collared youth, en route for the conservatory.

Sartoris irreverently hummed a tune of Dibdin's under his breath as they vanished behind a portiere fittingly made of velvet.

"Master Jove had his fancies and fine falderals,
What a devil that god was for following the gals.
But what was the curiest part of their lives
They were always a-chasing round other men's wives."

"Where is the better-half, then?" queried Verrender, with an indefinable inflection in his voice.

"Oh, somewhere in a bone-eating district down the India way. Would not take her along to his jungly paradise for fear of her complexion and the colera. Writes long love-letters home to his dear wifie—she showed 'em to me—and sweats like a nigger generally."

"Poor fellow," said the violinist, softly. Sartoris gave him another side glance. "Hold hard, old man, I never asked you who she was. To misquote the newspapers, shall a little bird whisper——"

He murmured a name into his companion's ear.

Verrender flushed and nodded assent. "Sartoris is not such a fool as you thought, eh? Well, I congratulate you on your choice. She is a charming personage. I'd let the potion brew yet and ask her a bit later on. Love at first sight is all right for the man, but a woman rarely contracts the disease badly at the Alpha end of it.

Look here, what about her mammy?"

"W-what d' you mean?" he stammered. Sartoris screwed up his eyes into little pin-points of steel. "I mean to save the situation," he retorted. "I've noticed lately that the lady-bird's maternal parent rather persecutes a certain violinist with her charms, and I can't see in the least why you should play Adonis to her Venus. Now, do not turn huffy because Truth has no gloves on, but take my advice. Avoid mamma. I know more about her than you do. At eighteen she fell in love with a circus rider during a performance of the Russian troupe to which he belonged, and managed to run away with him. She's Lord Rosmerholme's daughter, and if you would remember the House of twenty years ago, you might be able to picture the old peer. He was one of your pompous, beef-eating, watch-chained politicians, who talked you down. The part of heavy father suited him to perfection, and when his daughter's inevitable farewell letter was found stuck on her pincushion he raved and 'cussed' and disowned her. Well, she vanished into Moscow, and from the social horizon for three years, and then reappeared with the baby, but minus the husband. Old Rosmerholme was dead by this time, so his wife had enough courage to receive the prodigal back again, and after a while Mrs. Grundy did likewise. I confess that the baby has grown into a jolly nice girl, but though she is our hostess to-night, I wouldn't trust myself to her mamma. It's all very well being the favorite swain and chief darling of two women when they don't know each other—I've tried that myself—but when they're mother and daughter it's a trifle torpid."

Verrender's jaw set into an uncompromising square. For a musician he had a very manly chin. "You need not be afraid of that," he said, with a touch of frost. "But what became of her husband?"

"Nobody knows. It's rumored that he died, and she is generally regarded as a widow by the younger generation. Anyhow, he disappeared, though that's nothing unusual when one is a Russian."

"What a shame you never went on the stage," said Verrender, with a grin. "I could imagine you as a scandal-mongering Iago, an infernoesque Dante or Mephisto. You'd make a nice, long, ironical Mephistopheles, and with a curly black wig and languorously drooped eyelips, you could recite 'Don Juan' to advantage."

Sartoris was about to make one of his sardonic little replies when their hostess swept out from the ballroom.

Madame Obronoff was a distinguished looking woman with a splendid carriage. She was not beautiful nor even pretty, but although no one could exactly describe wherein her charm lay, she was noticed hours before the more well favored of her sex received a single glance. Some said it was the graceful way she had of walking from the hips; others the poise of her head and the manner in which she coiled her hair in a low Grecian knot upon the neck. Great connoisseurs in feminine beauty had criticised her large hands and feet, her irregular features and wide, red mouth, and fallen captive to her fascination all the same. Her magnetism did not surround her own person: it rather emanated from her and subjected other individualities to her own.

Madame Obronoff was always perfectly dressed. She neared the two men with a smile that just lifted the corners of her lips and left her eyes cold. The emerald-studded combs in her hair showed green-gold fire in the electric light.

"So I have to reproach Lord Sartoris for your long absence, Mr. Verrender," she said, turning to the violinist. "Mademoiselle Renee has just finished her chansonette, and everybody is longing to hear you play. You brought your violin with you, did you not?"

"Pay for your refreshments, my boy, pay for your refreshments," breathed the irrepressible Sartoris from the background. The momentary shadow left Verrender's brow. "Yes," he re-

plied, diving under the couch for the instrument. His cuffs slipped as he did so, revealing the fine, firm-fingered hands more clearly. Madame Obronoff watched him enigmatically. They returned to the ballroom, where a large and gilded company was devouring ices after a set of the Lancers.

A girl seated near the door rose at their entrance. She was dressed very simply and wore no jewelry. Her face, if not pretty, was spirituelle and refined. "Is Mr. Verrender going to play, mother?" she queried. Madame Obronoff's barbaric rings flashed as she moved her fingers. "Yes," she answered curtly. "Then I would like to accompany you, if you don't mind," the girl continued, addressing Verrender for the first time. He smiled a grateful assent, and her eyes lit up. They were blue-grey when she laughed. They crossed over to the piano together.

The clatter of spoons ceased abruptly and a lull ensued in the conversation.

The violinist was a well known lion in the West End. The only times society overlooks Bohemian ancestors are when their heir acquires riches or belongs to the Muses, and Verrender had been no exception to the rule. The girl seated herself at the grand piano and turned slightly on the revolving stool. Verrender stared at a little tendril of hair that had loosened behind her ear. "Will you play something of your own composition?" she asked. "Would you like it?" "Oh, yes." "Then I will.'

He fumbled in his portfolio and produced a thin music manuscript. She stared at him questioningly. "It is not printed?" she murmured.

"No, I don't want 'Undercurrents' published, because——" He stopped and glanced at her.

"Because what?" she queried artlessly.

"I conceived it on the day I first met you."

Verender could see nothing of her face, as she crashed quite suddenly into the opening bars of his piece. He adjusted his violin and began to play.

After the powerful crescendo of the introduction the notes crept into low, dolorous sighs like reeds whispering in the wind. Before Verrender's eyes the audience faded gradually out of sight behind a pale, golden blur of light. He was alone with the girl and his music, his bow strayed off into strange, new divinations of his harmonies; his spirit lived in their song. He saw her profile shining whitely above the keys that strained beneath her touch, like lost, radiant souls seeking for human speech. The sound flew shuttlewise from him to her; it bound them round with diluted, sun-tinged threads. They were weavers spinning the melodies of Cosmos into a web of laughter and weeping, of passion and of tears. The music held the whirr of many wheels of life turning within each other; it flashed in silver ripples across the dunes of Eternity; it wailed with the sob of a million rivers commingling in oceanic immensities. They were left to-together as they had been in the begining when their new souls beat against the world-heart and kissed above the void of the waters. They soared up and upwards, higher and still higher. Her face came nearer to his own through the glooming light, insistent and wonderful, with the dead, immemorial past pressing upon the pupils of her eyes, grey-agate eyes translucent yet unfathomable. He felt her breath against his lips and bent forward towards her with a sharp, indrawn sigh.

Then she receded suddenly from his sight. His passion ebbed from him in a sick, heavy flood. He was spiritless and old, a grey sheen as of false dawning crept across the ridges of his dream. He grew aware that she was still seated at the piano and that he had finished playing. The bow hung slackly from his fingers, his mouth was ashen.

From the vague haze that reigned in the ballroom, Madame Obronoff detached herself first. She stood against the wall in utter silence. Her

jewels gleamed with phosphorescent specks like the spotted bands of a snake. To Verrender's excited imagination thin trails of flame ran in and out between her lashes. Sartoris loomed through the mist like a grim spectre. "You played like the devil," he said; "but for goodness sake be rational. Don't stand there like a mummy and make an ass of yourself," he continued in an undertone, shaking Verrender's arm roughly. His voice was drowned in a perfect deluge of clapping from the re-awakening audience.

The violinist stared at the girl. She rose suddenly beneath his gaze and stretched out her arms across the piano with a dumb, hurt misery in her face.

"Ah, God," she sobbed, "Ah, God, that day should be so soon."

"Swinburne?" interrogated Sartoris, with raised eyebrows.

For all answer, the girl's fingers crashed down upon the keys with a sharp, jangled jar, and she slipped softly off the music-stool and fell in a dead faint. Sartoris whistled gently.

"Bad as that! Help, you idiot, else everybody'll know about Billy's Little Love Affair by to-morrow," he muttered savagely at the petrified Verrender. The violinist, startled out of his abstraction, bent and raised the still figure clumsily in his arms. The touch of her body thrilled him like an electric shock. The company thronged round in an eager, excited group. "Heat," announced Sartoris coolly, as he dashed off for the brandy. Madame Obronoff sprinkled her daughter's forehead with eau de cologne. Her face was hard and apathetic. After a few minutes the girl's fingers distended, and her lashes fluttered upwards. She saw Verrender's eyes above her and smiled through her half-swoon.

"Can you rise?" he asked hoarsely. She looked at him in bewilderment. He lifted her with the tenderness of a woman, and with his arm around her guided her into the hall amid great commiseration. Madame Obronoff hurried after him.

"No; not to the lounge. Come into my boudoir," she said quickly. She opened a door to the right and switched on the electric light. They entered a small, opaque room. The walls were papered with pink, and the furniture and cushions had been kept in the same vague, soft rose. From the corner a life-size figure of Venus of Milo showed palely sensuous. Among the waste of cigarettes and yellow-backs upon the side table was a massive gold samovar. The draperies exhaled some sickly Oriental perfume. The girl extricated herself from Verrender's clasp with the first touch of renewed color in her face, and sank down upon the divan.

He remained standing in some embarrassment.

Madame Obronoff had not stirred from the door. The magnetism of her fixed gaze arrested Verrender's. They regarded each other steadily.

The emeralds in her hair shone like the green iris of a cat. Her pupils had a purple sheen behind the violet, she breathed softly in long, deep inspirations. A sudden spell fell upon the little group. The pink-shaded globes threw an almost theatrical glow upon the three figures, making them portentous, fateful.

The girl leaned against the cushions in a white straight line. Verrender stood perfectly still, calm and square, with his massive shoulders outlined darkly against the wall. Madame Obronoff remained opposite, wonderfully shapened, Junoesque, exquisitely proportioned. The French clock on the mantelpiece ticked with irritating energy through the silence of crisis. From the ballroom came a flattened surge of vivacity in one subdued sound, as of undercurrents flowing ever onward beneath the sea.

"Keith," said Madame Obronoff suddenly; "Keith."

The girl straightened still more. "Mother," she sobbed, "how can you?" Madame Obronoff did not heed the interruption, but advanced

upon Verrender. He did not move, staring right in front of him. She wound her arms about his neck with an ecstatic smile.

"I hunger for you," she whispered, "for the great, strong soul of you, the music of you. You are my life, my immortality, my God. Oh, you do not know how I love you, Keith—I love you."

Verrender was as inanimate as Hercules at the parting of the ways. The fierceness in her voice deepened.

"Give me one word, only one little word of comfort," she pleaded. "You are my sight, my speech, my hearing. God or the devil only knows what makes me crave for you so after all these days, these weary, heart-breaking years. You do not guess what I am, what I can do. I could beat the harmony out of your mind, I could drag you down——"

The girl started forward. She was as pale as the Venus, but her eyes were vestal.

"And I could raise you up," she cried triumphantly. Madame Obronoff's arms fell from Verrender's neck. Her lips distended into two gray, writhing lines. Verrender turned to the girl like a man delivered from the nightmare.

"Violet," he asked softly, "do you mean it?"

"With all my heart."

"Then—then——" he stammered. She nodded as frankly as a child, smiling amid her trouble. "Yes, I love you," she said.

"And so do I," he answered.

"Good God!" breathed Madame Obronoff. For a moment she remained stunned and silent, then she turned upon the girl with the swiftness and injustice of a tigress. "You," she said disjointedly between set teeth. "You at the eleventh hour to come between him and me. All these ages I have had you to remind me of the husband who scourged me, trampled upon my name, my honor, my naked soul. You are his daughter, for no child of his is anything of mine. Oh, I have hated you, hated you, hated you. I packed you off to boarding schools and strangers, but you always turned up again to remind me of the past. Women must always remember when memory hurts."

The girl sank into a white, huddled heap at her feet. "Mother," she sobbed, groveling at the splendid robes. "Oh, mother!"

Madame Obronoff looked down on her with baneful lips. Her face was as hard as an oval cut cameo.

"And now," she continued in the same impersonal, incurious voice, "when I have felt true passion for the first time, when I have sighted the heaven of which I despaired, I find you so much of your father's daughter that you steal all I desire before my very eyes. Are you so likened to me that you must love the same man as I? Have you grown into womanhood only to deprive me of life?"

The girl sobbed on.

Verrender was paralyzed into inaction. Madame Obronoff spoke again in a terrible monotone more deadly than any mere hysterical bravado.

"Curse you——"

Verrender interposed a broad, masculine form. "None of that," he commanded. "Get up, Violet." The girl rose instinctively. Just at that moment the door opened and Sartoris entered unceremoniously. The wily diplomatist took in the whole situation at a glance. Ostentatiously producing a monocle from his waistcoat pocket he affixed it calmly to his eye.

"Ah, madame," he remarked, as if he were mentioning the weather, "you have been absent for almost ten minutes. Your—er—guests will be expecting you."

Madame Obronoff did not answer him. She went over to the mirror, fluffed up her hair with her fingers and pinched a little color into her livid cheeks. A tragedy-queen would have envied her the action.

"Thank God, I have my stays on," she said quite simply, as she turned to Sartoris. "Else I should cry and never stop till I grew ugly. One's heart does not break when one cries; one only

grows ugly and lives—and lives——"

Sartoris blew his nose with unexpected suddenness.

Madame Obronoff went out softly before Sartoris. The rippling strains of "The Blue Danube" floated in from the ballroom.

Verrender faced the girl. She ran forward into his outstretched arms and nestled her head down upon his shoulder.

"Life has undercurrents," she said, with a sob in her throat, "bitter undercurrents."

"They are not bitter," he interrupted her gently, "when they end in the Sea of Love."

She looked up at him with glorious, trustful eyes.

Outside in the garden the trees flooded the air with the sound of calm waters singing, and the notes of night birds were in the air.

And their lips met.

THE MOODY CHILD

My mood is more autumnal now,
Here 'mid this pleasant green of Spring's,
'Mid apple-orchard's blossomings
That breathe of happy lover's vow;
Than when the monkish winds intone
To flocks close-huddled in despair
A requiem for Summer flown—
A winged flow'r and wondrous fair
To wreath withal a maiden's brow—
The glory of the purple leaves
Departed, and the golden sheaves
All garner'd, gone; the grain fields bare,
Despoil'd, bereft their yellow hair—
In days that hint the barren bough.

Their sunset glow of colorings,
And hectic royal red of kings,
That promise robin-fashioned tomb
To babes at peace, are fraught with gloom
Less deep than is this pageantry,
This paradise of new-born wings
Of Pleasure's laughing green. Ah, me!
That smile like children in their sleep,
Perverse, to watch Midwinter weep;
That through this gladness, through this gold,
Of poet's second sight behold
Grief-hearted fair Festivity;
In April's showers, the tears of things;
Through matchless smiles of wood and wold
That fill the morn too full for fears,
A world of sorrows manifold
And beauty born of endless tears;
The Earth's immitigable woe
That waits the solace of the snow!

HARRY COWELL.

Igorrote hut

ON THE TRAIL IN LUZON

By Daniel Folkmar

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ON A HOT November day, toiling into the little town of Candon, I encountered a group of the naked Igorrotes among whom I had been sent to live. They had come down to the coast, three, four or five days' distant from their mountain homes, to buy salt and to pick up, if opportunity offered, a plump dog or two. For the Igorrote is famous as a dog-eater. The dogs themselves seemed to know it, and attacked the naked legs of every Igorrote that appeared on the public square. Igorrotes lose no time in loitering about Candon. Those I saw were generally on the run. It was not merely the dogs that made the savages uneasy; they felt out of their element wearing loin clothes upon their bodies while going about among the decently dressed Ilocanos and trading in the *tiendas,* or passing down the main street lined with stately old Spanish buildings. They loitered most about a quaint, little, open-air market, where I followed them with my camera, eager for snap-shots. There they met with Tinguianes from Abra, a tribe nearly related to them, wearing, however, more clothing and showing more evidences of civilization.

The Igorrotes were soon gone. The party which Governor Dinwiddie had sent down from Lepanto sub-province to carry my goods would not wait for my boat, which was delayed on the trip from Manila. They loaded themselves up with salt and left me to negotiate the transportation problem as best I could with the natives of Candon. They could make more money trading in salt than carrying goods. The salt that one man carries costs him a peso, and sells in Bontoc for four or five pesos. The same trip brings him

only two and a half pesos as carrier. During the trip, which lasts about five days, he has to feed himself. Without the authority of the *presidente,* or mayor, of the town, I would have been helpless. As it was, I could get no horse except for myself, and my Ilocano carriers were poor substitutes for the strength that lay in the strong-backed Igorrotes.

After a tedious day, my weary party dragged itself along after dark into the first Igorrote town, Concepcion. Lepanto-Bontoc province here comes a little way west of the summits of the mountain chain enclosing it. I did not know in the darkness how near I might be to the top, but I knew that for a long time we had been struggling up narrow, winding trails, with now and then a glimpse of a light that might be from an Igorrote torch far down in the darkness to our right.

My men were so fatigued that I feared that I could not push them the last mile or two up to the town, especially as one had hurt himself and seemed almost unable to walk farther. We had crossed one river thirteen times, fording it, of course, for we saw no bridges on our trip. The water was not only so deep that my boxes and bundles were with difficulty held above it, but the current was so swift that only a native could keep his footing and avoid being swept down the stream.

I was plastered with mud from one deep hole into which my horse had pitched me head-first, and was sufficiently tired from walking up the steeper portions of the trail to welcome any place of rest.

It was not without amusement that on entering the town I found the words "Hotle and Restaurant," in big letters posted up over a primitive looking shack. Evidently my American friends had persuaded an enterprising Ilocano to come up from the lower country and install himself in this ambitious manner, for a real hotel cannot be found even in the coast towns. But the landlord did his best, and no bed was ever more grateful to me than the one he made on the bamboo floor of his living room. Nor did the traditional game-cock of the Filipino bill of fare ever taste sweeter.

I could see little of the Igorrotes that night. Only the *presidente* and a few others showed themselves out on the porch of the hotel to arrange for my carriers for the next day. It is the custom to get a new lot at each town one passes through, or, perhaps, at the end of each day's travel. As at Candon, I found that everything must be done through the *presidente,* or head-man. The native appears to have too little enterprise or desire for money to work for it in this manner, unless it is put upon him as a public duty. One of the chief functions, therefore, of the town *presidente,* as the institution has come down to us, is to furnish the white traveler with carriers and with accommodations when the town, as is usually the case, has no hotel.

I could see that the *presidente* of Concepcion was as business like as an Igorrote could be expected to be, and felt the full dignity of his position. Although unable to read and write, he was appointed in preference to the Ilocanos who formerly held such positions, the new American administration believing that the local government in Igorrote-land should be in the hands of the men of their own blood, so far as possible. The town secretary, of course, was generally an Ilocano. This enterprising people has spread itself up from the coast land throughout many Lepanto and Benguet Igorrote villages as traders, teachers and petty officials. I was struck with the very different manner with which the *presidente,* the *constabularios,* the hotel keeper, and all received me as compared with the natives of the coast. They appeared to think that because I was a lieutenant-governor in their united provinces, I should be treated as a personage of importance. It amused me, until it became a nuisance, that the *constabularios* kept up a constant succession of bugle calls in my honor, interspersed

The mountain trail

with drills throughout the evening and the next morning.

With genuine pleasure I was awakened before midnight with the news that my particular friend and fellow-traveler from the States, Travis, had arrived in town. He had been located for a few months as chief clerk in the province to which I was bound, and was now acting as provincial treasurer and secretary. He was one of the dozen of us men besides one woman destined to the Philippine service who came together on the good ship Nippon Maru of the new Japanese line. Of these thirteen—was it an unlucky number?—one had died of cholera during his first few weeks at Manila. He was, on the night he died, a room-mate of Travis, and had been my room-mate on board ship; so we both felt that the dreaded Asiatic scourge had come pretty close to us, especially as we had since seen man after man fall about us with the cholera or the equally dreaded plague. In my case, an inmate had died in each of the Spanish houses in which I lived in Manila, and half a dozen or more prisoners had died in a day when these diseases got a start on different occasions in Bilabid penitentiary amongst the prisoners upon whom I was working. Travis had long before written me from the mountain country of the great satisfaction he found in being out of Manila. It would be difficult to induce him, he said, to go back and again live in that place.

Travis was, no doubt, better suited to life in the tropics than I. He was nearly as dark as a Spaniard, while I am at the opposite extreme of the scale, as would be expected from my Norse and Teutonic extraction. What especially attracted me to him was the strength of his character and the purity of his motives. I cannot imagine a more dependable man as provincial

treasurer in the Philippines, where such are sadly needed.

His business on these trips from Cervantes to the coast was to bring up money for the use of the provincial government. He usually had a line of men loaded with silver, and needed an armed guard, needing them much more, however, among the *Christianos,* the Ilocanos, than up amongst our own "savage" Igorrotes. We were dressed, as is the custom of Americans while on the trail in the provinces, in suits of khaki, much like the army uniform in the Philippines. We also wore broad-brimmed hats similar to those of army officers, and stout shoes and leggings. In the provincial towns we wore suits of white duck, white canvas shoes and Panama hats, as in Manila.

I was awake fresh and early, long before the sun rose above the mountain top. My first view of the people and of their wonderful surroundings was accompanied with the liveliest interest and enthusiasm. I am passionately fond of the mountains, and here I found myself high up the western flank of a precipitous chain which rises parallel with the coast from north to south, and forms a spur of the grand *Cordillera Central.* The morning air was fresh and invigorating, almost cold after the long, enervating months passed at Manila. The peak rising directly above the town had the barren, desolate grandeur of the peaks of Colorado, and looks to the novice as if its summit could be reached in a half hour's climb. This little village rests on a sloping shelf of the mountain overlooking deep valleys, wooded foothills and river canyons, and in the blue distance the broad, fertile plain of Ilocos bordering on the sea. The mountains we were about to climb gave us our last glimpse for many months of the Pacific.

It might be misleading were I to attempt a full description of the Igorrote town of Concepcion, because it is too nearly civilized. As the easternmost settlement of the Lepanto Igorrotes, it has been radically modified by contact with the Ilocanos, just below them. The altar end and other portions of what was once a big but rudely constructed wooden church erected by Spanish missionaries, was still standing. The altar itself was set up in the main room of the "hotle" and gave a strange but unique appearance to the establishment. It was freshly dressed for daily use, and was surrounded by a large, well-made, and neatly painted statue of the patron saint of Concepcion, Saint John the Baptist. A government house used equally by the local officials and by the Insular constabulary, or native police, was the only building of any size in the town. No shops were to be seen. The houses seemed to be more nearly Ilocano in type than Igorrote. They were small structures of light material raised from the ground on posts and thatched with grass.

But there was little time to look around, in the bustle of getting my carriers together and started on the trail, finishing my breakfast and saying good-bye to my friend. We were soon out of town, my Igorrotes already strung along the road, some of them a mile ahead of me, and I behind on one of the little ponies common to the country. I had mounted him with many misgivings, both as regarded the strength of the strings which held together the parts of the bridle, and as regarded the strength of the beast. I felt especially solicitous about his welfare, since the "hotle" keeper, who let him to me, said that the ponies of Concepcion had an uncomfortable habit of dying before they reached the other side of the mountain. But it was that one or none at all, and I thought that by taking turns helping each other up the mountain side the pony and I might come safely before night to Angaqui, which was not ten miles away as the crow flies.

We had barely left the town and rounded a point of rock when I stood spellbound looking upon a scene of entrancing interest and beauty. Miles beyond and far below me spread the

Igorrote huts

far-famed rice terraces, or irrigated paddies of the Igorrotes, built up like steps upon the mountain-sides, with here and there a beautiful little village or group of houses in the midst of stately, luxuriant banana groves, and bunches of feathery bamboo; and all was surrounded with a majestic range of mountains as is a jewel in its casket.

At our very feet tiny waterfalls sprang over miniature rock precipices constructed by the Igorrotes to keep the little shelves of earth from being washed down into the valleys. Hundreds of these play gardens, hardly larger than good-sized beds in a kitchen garden, lay glistening in the sun like dots of silver, for each was covered with water. Deep down in the valley were streams carrying the waste water from the rice terraces to the river. Ferns and a great variety of luxuriant vegetation sprang out of the crevices of the supporting walls of the terraces, completely hiding the rocks as with a drapery. Women and children were picking their way here and there through the maze of Igorrote handiwork on narrow foot paths surmounting the curving terrace walls.

These systems of terraces and irrigation works have evidently been built up through many generations, and reflect immense credit upon a people who are still without a written language, who wear practically no clothing, and who are supposed to be little more than fierce head-hunters. Here is a system of agriculture not only adequate to the support of the people, but which is necessarily accompanied with unwritten systems of law and a considerable degree of civilization. The panorama before me would compare with anything that I saw as we sailed through the Inland Sea of Japan, another country of wonderful rice terraces. Which people borrowed the idea from the other?

Our trail, winding in and out of the folds of the mountains, gradually rose

above the little village called Lingey, and then higher than the highest rice terrace. The village, perched on the sheltering hillside in a bower of banana and mango trees, makes a pretty picture. The people here, as on the coast, were harvesting their rice. In Bontoc, they were just planting it. This because the former towns raise two crops a year, the latter but one. I saw but few other growing crops during this trip. The camote, a native sweet potato, is grown in large quantities, generally on the hillsides without irrigation and without terracing the ground. Some alternate it with rice. Squash vines were sometimes seen, and a few rice paddies with the broad-leafed *gabi* standing high above the water, a root crop.

I overtook my carriers where they had stopped to eat a lunch of rice from their baskets. They were a fine looking set of men, with sleek, rounded limbs, and naked with the exception of a narrow scarf or band around the waist which passes about the loins in the form of the "gee-string." This is the usual clothing of the male Igorrote. The female only adds to this a scant breadth of cloth barely reaching around her waist, which is tucked into the girdle and drops nearly to the knees. Children go absolutely nude.

I had time to study my new friends at leisure as they plodded along the mountain trail. Their clean-cut limbs glistened in the sun, for the increasing heat of the day and the burden of thirty or forty pounds that each carried brought out the perspiration. I could not see any marked difference between them and other Filipino peoples as to the typical Malay characteristics. They were much like the ordinary Filipinos of the principal tribes, *Christianos* and Moros. that I had been measuring and modeling for nine months in Manila. The same two shades of brown were noticeable here. The light shade is much darker than the yellow of the Chinese, and yet there are enough cases of the "Mongolic fold" at the inner angle of the eyelid, and even of a noticeable slant to the eyes, to confirm the opinion held by Keane and other ethnologists to the effect that the Malay is only a branch of the Mongolian race. The Igorrote has not so flat a face as the Chinaman, and has a better nose, although, judged by our standards, this feature is poorly formed. It is low, short and distinctly a pug. The hair is like that of the American Indian, straight and black, and is generally worn long by the Igorrote and banged over the eyes. The term "long-haired Igorrote" is universally understood to apply to the wilder portion of the tribe. The few around the borders of Igorrote-land who have become Christianized soon learn to cut their hair. Like all Filipinos, the Igorrotes are small compared with Americans, averaging perhaps five feet four inches for the men. This is also about the average of the Christian tribes measured by me at Manila. The head is of a rounder form than the head of the ordinary American citizen, that is, shorter from front to back, and is, therefore, what is known to anthropologists as brachycephalic. On the whole, the face is not so perfect, judged by our standards, as is the body.

When without clothing, as my Ilocano and Igorrote carriers were on this trip, the Igorrotes could generally be told from the Ilocanos by their more muscular development, and especially by their erect, independent and manly bearing. They are evidently more healthy. Living in a stern environment, cold and mountainous, and engaged in a constant struggle for existence which includes their mild form of warfare called head-hunting, there is among them, I believe, a more noticeable survival of the fittest.

The wilder Igorrotes of Bontoc were especially distinguished by a cute little rattan cap, too small for a baby even, perched on the back of the head. Into this they tuck their long hair and a bit of tobacco and a flint, or matches —if they have any. It is really used as a pocket rather than as a cap.

As I went up the trail, I met now

Igorrote village, showing rice paddies and terraces

and then a band of such Igorrotes, and they were much more interesting to me than my dozen carriers, for they were from my own people. They looked wilder and fiercer, always carrying their spears, which my more civilized carriers from Concepcion did not do. The Bontoc Igorrotes went light, carrying only rice enough for the journey on the way down. They perhaps covered in two days the distance I made in five, for they are fleet-footed and have shorter trails through the mountains where horses cannot go. On their return from the coast, they carry what salt they have been able to buy, and often drag three or four unwilling dogs behind them, which they are careful to tie at the end of long sticks, so that they cannot get too near their heels. These Igorrotes camp wherever night overtakes them on the trail, provided there is water. The water of the lower country is not so safe to drink, even for an Igorrote, as is that of his native hills, and there are many cases of sickness from this cause.

It must be said that my Bontoc Igorrotes have a bad name among the towns along the trail as robbers. They are not much concerned if their rice gives out, for they know that the dwellers down this way, Igorrotes and Ilocanos alike, are quick to give them whatever they demand. Ilocanos have a deadly fear of my *alzados*, or wild people of the uplands, as they are called. The lower dwellers of Lepanto still stand in fear of cattle raids from the uplands, and of possible head-hunts.

But I must turn from the people of the trail to speak of my progress over it. The top of the mountain was not easily reached. My tired horse and my perspiring self halted more than once to wait for the shadow of a cloud

approaching lazily over the mountain-top. I had enough of walking in that hot sun, and it was coming to the point where I had to pull my little pony up the trail instead of his helping me. He was getting weak in the knees, and would tumble over whenever halted. This climate is enervating to the beasts as well as to the men that come from the temperate zone. Perhaps after the American has lived as many generations in the Philippines as have the ancestors of my pony, he will be quite as degenerate and useless.

The trail went up at too steep a pitch for wagons, even if it had been wide enough. As it was, the making of the "road" over Tirat pass was a tremendous undertaking, and the Spaniards are given much credit for its completion. It is said to have resulted in the depopulation of one or two valleys along the route. Those who survived the work moved beyond the reach of the task-masters. This pass is famous, too, as the field of a hotly contested battle between some of Aguinaldo's insurrectos and the first Americans who pushed their way into the interior after the flying chieftain. One of the ablest insurrecto Generals, Del Pilar, here lost his life in making his last desperate effort. It, no doubt, seemed to him an impregnable pass, with the insurrectos lining the summits of the range and out of sight behind rocks and trees, while the Americans toiled up the long, barren slopes. Aguinaldo, in the meantime, was safely beyond the mountains. He tarried some time in Cervantes, and finally found a safer refuge in the inaccessible mountains of Bontoc sub-province. We felt the lack of water on this mountain-side. The American soldiers must have bitterly suffered from that cause. I, fortunately, had provided myself with a canteen, but before the summit was reached it was empty, and my Igorrote carriers and my horse were in distress.

Near the summit we entered the dense vegetation which characterizes both the lowlands and the mountain-tops. Here it is caused by the mists and clouds which almost constantly hover about the peaks and sweep through the pass. There were no cocoanut palms as in the lowland. But banana-like plants were growing wild, and that most beautiful of all tropical trees to me, the wondrous tree fern, grew to the very summit. Bamboos of strange varieties, some as slender and airy as ostrich plumes, rendered the thickets impenetrable, while many strange varieties of trees covered with rattan and other great vines and with foliage through which the sun never penetrates and gloriously adorned with orchids, gave the typical character of the tropics to the vegetation.

My carriers stopped with great relief to rest for a few moments in the cold mist that blew over the summit. I set up my camera, hoping to get a good picture of them in their romantic surroundings, when a sudden dash of beating rain came out of the clouds, which enveloped us, soaking, in a moment, everything I had. It was then that I saw the advantage of Igorrote clothing, or rather the lack of it. My carriers simply had a pleasant bath, and were dry as soon as they got down out of the clouds. I was soaked through and through. But I never realized how great a luxury it may be to shiver until that day, after living nine months in a tropical climate. In spite of the slippery descent in the rain, I really enjoyed it. I wanted to prolong that shiver. I descended only far enough to find some shelter under a rock overhanging the roadway, from which point I could better see the play of the storm.

The clouds that came lazily up the Abra Valley to the east dashed themselves against the peaks as the winds were compressed in their struggles to find a way over the range. Every pass was filled with a young hurricane. The cloud effects in these Philippine mountains were among the things that strangely reminded me of the fjelds and fjords of Norway.

There is the same superabundance of moisture in the air, and, therefore, a similarly dense vegetation, although as unlike in character as are the tropics and the near-arctics. The clouds have the same habit of lying low in the morning, perhaps covering the valley in an ocean of mist, then breaking up and gradually rising along the mountain sides until only their remnants cluster about the peaks through the warmer hours of the day.

But while from the Pacific side of the chain I had looked over limitless seas of verdure covering all the narrow plain along the sea, I now looked inland from the eastern slope over an arid basin that reminded one of the great basins of the Rocky Mountain country. In the dry season irrigation is usually relied upon by the Igorrotes to water their crops. By its aid they can raise two crops of rice in a year.

Descending the tortuous and steep mountain path, I again reached bits of valleys gentle enough in slope to permit of irrigation, and found people again harvesting rice. One or two little hamlets straggled up the mountain side above the town of Angaqui, which I was approaching. Standing out in the fields were large, symmetrical trees of heavy foliage, which later were to be covered with mangoes. My mouth waters now as I think of picking from such trees at Bontoc the fruit that is my favorite amongst all the delicious fruits of the Philippines.

I found Angaqui to be a place of but few houses. About all that I noticed in the central village, besides the *presidencia,* or town house, where the public business is transacted and the *presidente* generally lives, was another large structure of boards occupied by an Ilocano, and a big gong used for calling in natives from the surrounding *barrios,* or hamlets, when a traveler wishes carriers.

Rice terraces, and below Igorrote driving caribou in rice terrace

That night was spent in the house of the Ilocano. Although large, it consisted of but one room in which the whole family, as well as myself, occupied the floor with our beds. The beds were made of mats and blankets spread upon the floor, with the exception of mine, which was, strange to say, an army cot. I slept luxuriously for once, after getting rid of my wet clothing. Very likely the cot had been left behind by the American troops, who for some time made An-

gaqui their headquarters. They left behind them one thoroughly American product—the empty boxes which had held their canned goods. The Ilocano had so many boxes on hand that he had actually set to work and built his large house out of them. The effect was decidedly homelike. My eyes ran with affection over well known brands of soap and of tomatoes, of corned beef and of condensed milk. Could I have seen their familiar labels on the table that night I would have been as tickled as our soldiers in the Philippines are disgusted with the sight of them. They have given corned beef, for instance, a decidedly picturesque name that would hardly do to repeat here.

The first American soldiers who were taken along as prisoners on this fatiguing northward march of Aguinaldo's army, I mean Lieutenant Gilmore's devoted band, advertised a famous brand of Milwaukee beer on the vacant walls and cliffs along the route. Wherever I went I found other goods from America given well deserved fame by her gallant and enterprising sons.

The supper was fine from a Filipino point of view, but soon to become monotonous to me, all the rice and chicken I could eat, cooked in a primitive kitchen built just at the side of the house in which I slept. Under another extension of the house the pony was quartered, with a monkey to keep him company, while goats, pigs and chickens were constantly stealing a march on the pony's food and now and then making a dash into the house to sample ours.

I was glad to meet here carriers and a horse sent by the Governor from Cervantes in charge of a native soldier. This would relieve me from difficulties which it is impossible for a man to avoid on his first trip up the country where he does not understand the village machinery. Although I had secured carriers thus far without unusual delays, I had paid two or three times the rate I should have paid the Lepanto Igorrotes. I was traveling without an interpreter, but so far had found some one in the party able to speak Spanish well enough for my purposes on the road.

The next day's trip was less interesting. We crossed no more mountains. For perhaps one-third of the way we followed the valley of the Abra River, and then passed over an open, rolling country and a little range of hills set in the midst of a wide basin.

I was agreeably surprised to find pine trees spread over the river bottom when our trail ran near the foot of the eastern range. It made me think I was approaching a temperate climate, although the heat of the day was quite intense.

At places we forded tributaries of the river and bayous. Nowhere were there any bridges. With the exception of a small native village, not a house or tree was met on our trail until we reached the suburbs of Cervantes, the provincial capital, towards evening. Nor was there any water such as one might expect in a mountainous country, except one good, cold spring near the top of the hills we had traversed. It is a God-send in this dry region, for parties must often camp over night on "Cayuse," as the range is called.

The mountain ranges on all sides were magnificent. The most precipitous was the one over which I had passed the previous day. It was parallel with our trail, only four or five miles distant to the right, and extended far to the southwest, where it seemed to meet Mount Data and the higher peaks of the Cordillera Central. Miles away, across the Albra to the north and east, extended, first, treeless ranges of moderate height, then a magnificent succession of wooded mountains. Beyond them lay my Bontoc realm.

Stevenson's House, Monterey

The Charmed Pen of Stevenson

By Arthur Peirce Vaughn

WORDS of sheer magic trailed gleaming behind its point—you will find them alike in tales that carry you beyond the equator under the Southern Cross, or northward beneath the Aurora. But that pen moved with greatest power when the limitless sympathy of the heart that drove it was picturing the motives that command the lives of men. Then came the day, just twenty years ago, when after the usual morning's task that pen was laid down, to be thenceforth an impotent, lifeless thing. For Robert Louis Stevenson had passed on before another sun whitened the east. That was December 3, 1894.

Sympathy! Stevenson's was so spontaneous and vivid it lent him insight into the impulses and decisions of men that often seems intuitive and almost uncanny. It was, I take it, the strongest factor in his creative power as an artist. He painted real men because, appreciating the motives and moral sanctions of his man, his imagination, attuned to this sympathy, worked out the plot in every emergency quite as the living original would have done had he been placed in the given situation.

One of the Honolulu men of twenty-five years ago tells this story in point. At the old San Sousi on the beach Stevenson fell into conversation with

The old Pacific House, Monterey

his next chair neighbor as they lounged in front of the hotel after dinner. The man was a government special detective, and later told Stevenson of an exceedingly difficult case he was then engaged upon. The novelist was interested, and inquired particularly how the man intended to work up the case to secure conviction. The theory on which he was working was outlined, and Stevenson relapsed into such prolonged silence that the detective, thinking himself and his case alike completely forgotten, went for a stroll around the hotel. Sometime later, returning to the veranda, he resumed his chair beside the author, who, seeing him, at once said: "I think I have solved that riddle of yours," and went on to explain how the official's theory would not work out at all, then gave in detail his own. The detective thought little of it at first, but he soon saw the point and value of it, and adopting it, worked up his case upon it. It proved a complete success at every point—not a weak link in the chain—and won the very considerable fee attached.

There Stevenson had followed out as a laboratory experiment within his own imagination the motives and courses of action in a complicated human game of chance; and it checked up and tested out to the last decimal. He has done the same thing for us in all his stronger stories—that is the power of a master, the wizardry of universal sympathy.

If you require any further word as to his breadth of insight, ask yourself what it means that this man is read in Edinburgh, and in Tahiti, and all the way between, with undenied fascination; and more (a harder test) the Samoan, reading, understands the Highlands and Highlanders of his pages; and the Scot appreciates the Samoan and his palms and coral strands.

Can you deny greatness in one who has achieved that?

It was a full generation ago that Stevenson made his sketch of San

House of Four Winds in background

Francisco; but I have read it again today with vivid relish. What a matchless imagination was his, to give mere words a fire within themselves to kindle new imaginings, yours and mine, long years afterwards, when his own brain is ashes. The city, with its multi-colored life, was a tenacious, warming stimulant to the young Scot's dreams. "For we are here in that city of gold," he confides, "to which adventurers congregated out of all the winds of heaven; we are in a land that till the other day was ruled and peopled by the countrymen of Cortez; and the sea that laves the piers of San Francisco is the ocean of the East and of the isles of summer." He goes on sketching deftly the international, or omninational life and intimate house customs and street garb of the city. He must hint at the cellars of Chinatown, "alive with mystery . . . the seats of unknown vices and cruelties, the prisons of unacknowledged slaves and the secret lazarettoes of disease."

"With all this mass of nationalities crime is common. Amid such a competition of respectabilities, the moral sense is confused." Written a generation ago, I doubt if you can find in the latest expert texts on social disorders and remedies a neater statement of the moral degeneracy that easy migration has brought about by confusing local moral sanctions.

The waterfront fascinated him—"The lower parts along the bay side sit on piles; old wrecks decaying, fish dwelling unsunned beneath populous houses." He loved the old dwellings of Telegraph Hill, "far voyagers from round the stormy Horn like those who sent for them and first lived in them." It was there he visited Charles Warren Stoddard and brought away a copy of "South Sea Idylls," which became one of the voices that finally lured him into those pearl and coral waters. And in the old Bohemian Club these two were used to talk and read together.

One can never be quite comfortable, however, in remembering Stevenson's San Francisco days. That cheap room on Bush street, where he worked feverishly over "Across the Plains" and "The Amateur Emigrant," is a disturbing ghost as we read those pages again; also his ten-cent breakfasts and supper at a coffee house south of Market, keeping his daily expenses down to the forty-five cent limit, "to complete the destruction of his health," as one of his intimate biographers significantly adds.

This was the man who had already written that essay on Burns! And he had cut himself off from his allowance

by this romantic pilgrimage to America without his father's consent.

No one can ever say, of course, in what the story of Robert Louis Stevenson would have differed from that we know if exertion and privation had not brought on those three severe and almost fatal illnesses during his California year. Ever afterward he went softly, nursing his frail strength, that it might last him until his task should be done. Ever afterward he showed a face of cheer—but only because the heroic heart within could cover pain with such a mask. His previous work had been stamped clearly enough with the hallmark of genius, also with the whimsy and fitfulness of the untamed; from his arrival in America, idleness disappeared, and he became a conscientious and often severe laborer in his art. The hot impulse of youth steadied into the sustained, comprehensive purpose of the man with a sincere work to do. So while California cost him much, I do not know but that he paid willingly, as for value received.

Far more agreeable it is to recollect that San Francisco, through the interest of his friends, erected the first memorial to be raised to the name of Robert Louis Stevenson. The little bronze ship that holds its course, through humdrum noon and moonlight night, in Portsmouth Square, is a good talisman to the city—no lover of romance questions it. And the open, granite book at Silverado, inscribed with an aptly descriptive verse of his own, serves to re-emphasize the magic of a pen that could touch the wracked, weather-beaten shacks of a dismantled mining camp and make them immortal.

Stevenson made good use of the material that fell to his hand hereabouts. From those first days in Monterey, in the wineroom of old Simoneau, with his French and Italian confreres, he gathered busily the incident and color that afterward became such practical "properties" in some of his best stories. Silverado furnished his pen occasion for many a glittering jewel of words. And San Francisco, and that undistinguished house that he happened on by its "Furnished Room" sign in a window, gave him such material as Martin Mahoney's letter—a boy's letter, telling of a boy's argosy across the perilous desert seeking the gold coast; but when the charmed pen

Jules Simoneau at Fuchsia Lodge

and sympathetic heart of Stevenson gave it setting, the wide English-speaking world was glad to read it.

Stevenson came first to America with no secure footing in the world of letters—his work was offered to, rather than commanding, publishers. When in 1887 he returned, the case was different. That charmed pen had marked the magic circle of its influence like a zone-line around the world where the English tongue was used. In the South Seas he received immediate recognition. Many a man in his case would have rested on his laurels; and had he then done so, Stevenson's would not soon have faded. But fighting constant weakness, chagrined in his own frailty by his supreme admiration for strength, he filled up with sheer courage of spirit what he lacked in physical power, and kept daily at his work. Undoubtedly the writing of Stevenson gained in strength, his pen in charm, during his final years in Samoa—and his pen sparkled at the last as it fell from his weary hand.

Remember that in beginning an island literature, where native and white life grind upon each other with constant abrasion, he was blazing a new trail, not without real and impending dangers. But Stevenson set up there, as he had in conventional Europe, his two straight guide stakes, "truth to facts: and good spirit in the treatment," and sighted his course by them. He was a realist; for life is real. He would have fair play; for that to him was the soul of the game. Certain very highly civilized critics in Boston and London and Edinburgh grew a shade dubious over his island stories—but the island folk straightway spoke them true and fair. That was achievement—to enter a new realm and gain supremacy in it, almost at a stroke. And the twenty years that have passed confirm and add to the then appreciation to his genius. No fancies for an hour's beguilement, then quick forgot, but gems of unfading luster and unfailing delight are the words, still living and courageous, cheery and true, once traced by the charmed pen of Stevenson.

IMAGINATION

O realms beyond the land where ear has home!
O realms beyond the line where vision fails!
Where we can let Imagination roam—
How measureless thy caves and hills and dales!

Sweet music may be floating on the breeze,
And fairy creature flitting through the air,
And sights and sounds more beautiful than these
May play around—and we be unaware.

One way we have to see these blessed sights,
One way to hear the music of the spheres;
God gives Imagination, and invites
Our souls to rise above this world of tears.

EVERETT EARLE STANARD.

The Exposition City

By Elma Kendall Conklin

Whence sprang these magic domes and towers a-gleam?
Could human hand have wrought with skill so free?
Ah no! an artist dreamed a rainbow dream,
And fairies set it by our Western sea.

California Building

Panama-Pacific Exposition is Ready for the Opening

THE Panama-Pacific International Exposition is to-day a completed picture. Excepting for a few minor details, it now presents the same great spectacle that it will to the hosts of visitors in 1915. The lofty conceptions of its designers —all of the wonders nnd glories that have been heralded around the earth—exist in gorgeous reality.

The exhibit palaces—stately piles rising to imposing heights and colored in the rich tones of the one harmonious color scheme that pervades the entire exposition—are finished. The wealth of statuary that ornaments the buildings, the courts, is in place, and the great expanse of gardens that are to be a continual mass of blooms throughout the ten months of the exposition's life are laid out. The exposition exterior is all but ready. With the opening of the gates to the world on February 20th next, the final touches will have been applied and the last vestige of the little of construction will have disappeared.

The main group of exhibit palaces —Fine Arts, Horticulture, Food Products, Social Economy and Education, Liberal Arts, Agriculture, Transportation, Manufactures, Varied Industries, Mines and Metallurgy and Machinery —have long since been completed. So, too, are most of the pavilions contributed by the participating States and foreign nations. What construction work remains to be accomplished is confined largely to the Zone, as the wondrous street of amusements is called, and that is of such a nature that a few weeks will see its completion.

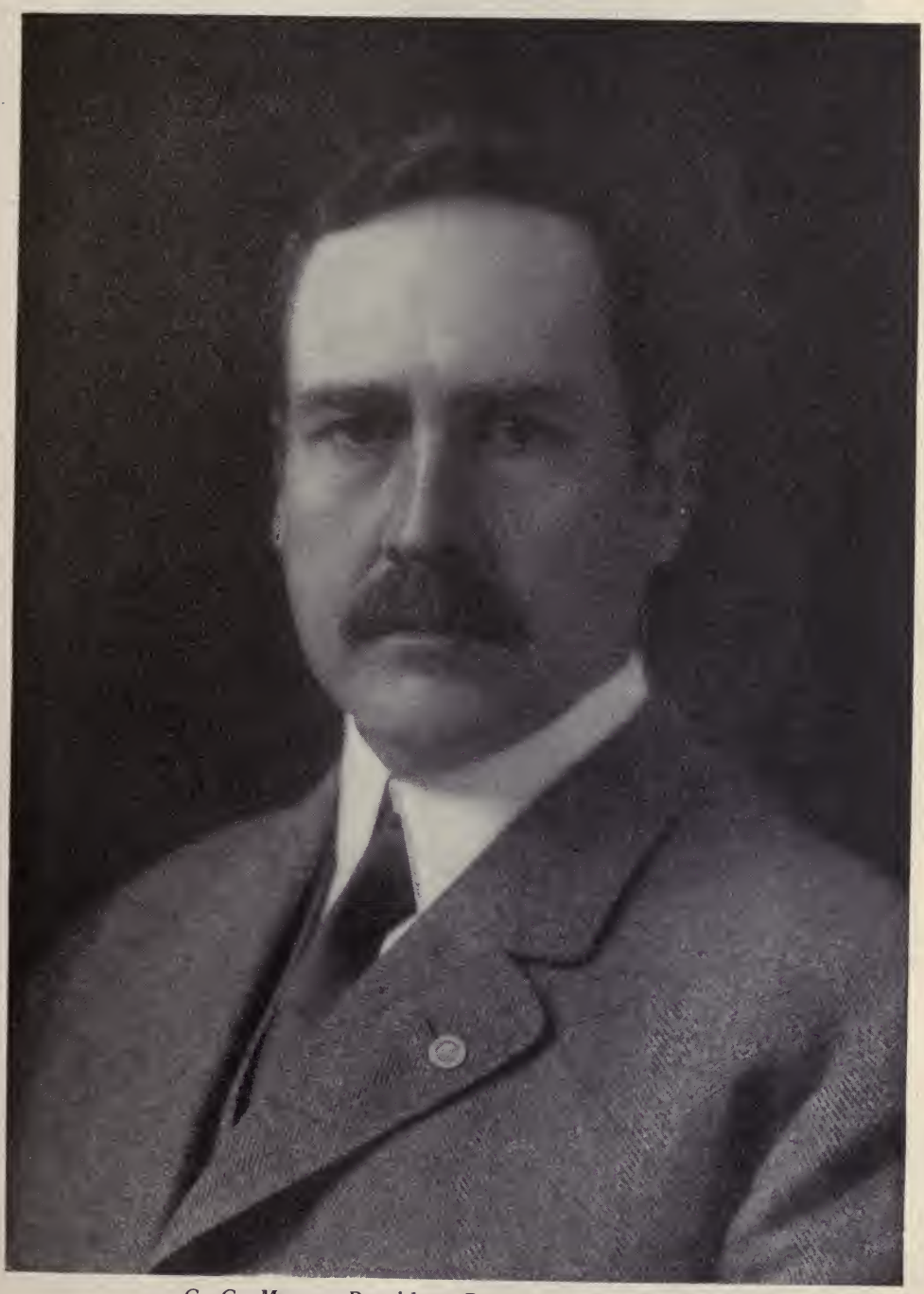
With the completion of the exhibit buildings, this $50,000,000 exposition has entered upon the final phase that precedes its opening—the installation of exhibits. And here a second series of wonders is in process of performance, for within the palaces of the exposition, which is itself a city within a city, other cities are being constructed. The exhibit "booths" so called are distinctive structures, many of them being of the size and type of full-sized dwellings, and in their construction a profusion of architectural and decorative talent is being employed.

Great shipments of exhibits are arriving daily from all over the world. Not one of the participating nations has been influenced so far as the ex-

Avenue of Progress, looking south showing facade of Palms, Machinery Hall, Varied Industries and Mining and Metallurgy Buildings.

position is concerned, by the European war. In fact, several of them have augmented their participation with increased appropriations. Among the exhibits already received, for instance, are shipments from Holland, Germany, England, Sweden, Austria, Denmark, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Japan and China, while the United States is preparing to make the largest display ever made by any nation at an exposition.

The space allotted to the United States Government is more than 173,000 square feet, and is divided among six of the exhibit buildings. Nearly every one of the important federal departments is to be represented. In the Palace of Mines and Metallurgy will be the great display of the Bureau of Mines. This will consist principally of a series of model mines constructed beneath the floor of the building. Entrance to it will be had by a mine shaft



C. C. Moore, President Panama-Pacific Exposition

Venetian Court. Court of Universe.

through the floor. Visitors will be carried to the lower level in a regulation mine cage. With the vibration of the cage and the rapid shifting of specially arranged scenery, the illusion of a two-thousand feet drop will be created. The tunnels and drifts will extend over an area two hundred by three hundred feet. In the various minor tunnels will be model mines showing the various kinds of mining in the mineral producing States. An adjunct to this exhibit

Byzantine Doorway, Palace of Education.

will be a demonstration of the mine rescue work carried on by the Bureau of Mines. In the same building the Government will have a working exhibit showing the operations of the mint and a working model of a post office which will be the actual post office for the exposition during its existence.

In the Palace of Machinery the Government will make a display of the manufacture of arms and armament and all of the mechanical and technical side of army and navy operations. Here also will be an exhibit of the lighthouse department and a miniature model of a naval drydock. The largest single governmental display will be in the Palace of Liberal Arts, with the exhibits of the educational systems of the army and navy departments, the Federal Health Department, the Interior Department, with its various bureaus, such as the land department, the bureau of Indian affairs and the like; the Department of Commerce and Labor, and a host of others. Exhibits are also to be made in the Palaces of Agriculture, Education and Food Produsts. The principal display in the first of these, from the standpoint of popular interest, will be the aquaria of the fisheries bureau, utilized to demonstrate the Government work in that department and the fishery resources of both coasts.

This is all but a sample of the character of exhibits being presented at this greatest of expositions. In one particular the exhibits of all States, foreign nations and individual corporations, will be alike. They are all to show the products and developments of the last decade. Where other expositions have been historical, this is contemporaneous. Further, all exhibits, so far as possible, are to be working models.

With the majority of buildings along the avenue of States completed, shipments of exhibits and furnishings from the States represented are arriving in great quantities daily, and being installed in the buildings. Many of the State commissioners have already taken up their quarters in their respective buildings on the grounds. The displays to be made within these buildings would in themselves constitute an exposition, and will include some of the most interesting features of the entire celebration. For instance, in the Massachusetts building there is to be nearly half a million dollars' worth of colonial furniture from the treasured collections of old Massachusetts families. This precious cargo is now en route from the Bay State. Some of the articles included in it are heirlooms handed down from the days of the Mayflower. The building itself is a reproduction of the old State House on Boston Common.

In New York's State building is to be found one of the handsomest of the State buildings and the most costly, with the single exception of the California building, which is to be the social and administrative headquarters of the exposition, as well as being the display building for the California counties. This structure, including furnishings and exhibits, represents an expenditure of $2,000,000. The New York building, a massive, classic structure, has cost between $350,000 and $400,000. In the matter of interior decorations and appointments it is unsurpassed by any structure on the exposition grounds. The New York State building is to be devoted exclusively to the reception and entertainment of guests and to social activities generally, while the New York City building is to combine this purpose with that of a display building where interesting exhibits of the administration of the country's metropolis are to be made. The State exhibits are to be distributed among the various exhibit palaces, the principal displays being in the Fine Arts, Liberal Arts, Manufactures and Agricultural buildings.

The New York building is now complete and only awaiting the arrival of the State's exposition commission to be turned over by the contractor. The commission, headed by Norman E. Mack, is due to arrive at the exposition

Palace of Liberal Arts on Avenue of Palms.

in January. By that time the finishing touches, in the shape of the magnificent furnishings and decorations, will have been given. About $60,000 is being spent on the interior in addition to the cost of the building proper. In arrangement and appointment the building is to resemble a great Fifth avenue mansion or a metropolitan club house. The ground floor is given over to the grand ball room, a truly sumptuous apartment, the banquet halls and the several reception rooms. The floor above is occupied by the Governor's suite, the suites of the commission members and a number of private apartments. The third floor is devoted to the quarters for servants, of which a veritable host will be required to fulfill the needs of the palatial establishment. One feature of the building is to be found in its culinary appointments, the kitchen being a model of what a modern establishment of the kind should be. Another feature is supplied by the exterior lighting arrangements. The building is to be illuminated by batteries of searchlights concealed in massive ornamental coffers at the four corners of the site occupied by the building. Altogether it is an imperial structure that is to represent the Empire State at the exposition.

There are forty-two foreign nations and most of them are represented by their own buildings. In this aggregation of handsome structures will be found one of the most interesting aspects of the entire exposition, the buildings generally being in the style characteristic of the State or county they represent. Oregon, for instance, has reproduced the Parthenon of Athens in logs and bark from its great forests. Where the ancient edifice had marble columns the Oregon building has a great colonnade of giant tree trunks. Virginia, with a reproduction of Washington's home at Mount Vernon; Pennsylvania with a model of Independence Hall; New Jersey with the Trenton Barracks reproduced; Ohio and Massachusetts with replicas of their respective State houses, are among the numerous States represented by distinctive structures.

Among the foreign nations, Denmark is represented with a reproduction of the Castle of Kronberg at Elsinore, the reputed home of Hamlet; Turkey with the Mosque of Abdul Hamid I; Japan with one of her famous temples; France with the handsome Legion of Honor Building in Paris; Sweden with a model of one of her ancient churches; the Netherlands, Italy, the Argentine, Bolivia, Cuba, Portugal and many others with buildings in typical styles of architecture.

While the formal exhibit palaces and the State and foreign pavilions have been building, a veritable city of another character has been going up at the eastern end of the grounds. This section is given over to amusements—the "Zone," the street is called—and never has there been such an aggregation of "concessions" as those that line both sides of the street for half a mile or more. Ten million dollars is the sum represented by these structures, and their quality is established by the fact that they were selected to the number of less than two hundred from between 6,000 and 7,000 applications. The best and most successful showmen in this country and abroad were among the applicants, and the "concessions" they have built or are building have the same relation to the realm of pastimes and the business of supplying amusement as the displays within the exhibit palaces have to the world of material achievement and progress; they are the last word in spectacles and amusements.

Among the "concessions" are such enterprises as Frederick Thompson's Principality of Toyland Grown-Up, costing $1,000,000; the reproduction of the Panama Canal, under government supervision, at a cost of $350,000; the Grand Canyon of Arizona, erected by the Santa Fe Railroad at a similar figure; the '49 camp, where actual survivors of California's gold rush days will live again the scenes of that historic period, where the visitor may himself "pan" for gold from a great

mountain of "pay dirt," or dance in the Jimtown Dance Hall, or try his luck at faro bank; the Submarines where one may travel under water in a real submarine; the Japan Beautiful concession, which faithfully reproduces many of the features of old Japan, and so on. These are but a few of the amusements. There will also be a number of hair raising thrillers supplanting the old-time chutes, dip the dips, Ferris wheels, another group, including a great series of spectacles and cycloramas and native villages, and then in addition to all this a number of amusements whose nature is being kept secret by the concessionaires until the opening of the exposition.

The wonders and marvels of the exposition are too numerous to be included in one short summary, but it is safe to say that in whatever division of human activity one is interested, he will find enlightenment or entertainment either in the exposition and its exhibits, in the building of his State or nation, in the Zone, in the series of special events which fill the exposition calendar from February 20th to December 4th, or in the three hundred national or international conventions and congresses which are to convene in San Francisco during 1915. The associations included in the list of conventions in themselves represent nearly every kind of human endeavor. There will be scientific congresses, artistic, engineering, fraternal, commercial, and a host of other conventions that are too numerous for general classification.

Main Entrance Tower, California Building.

One of the approaches to the main entrance.

PINO ALTO

Country Home of the William T. Sesnon Family

By Josephine Clifford McCrackin

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. SHERER.

TO HESITATE, is to be lost. I wanted to claim that this beautiful home belonged to Santa Cruz; hesitated a moment, and then decided to tell the truth.

Pino Alto is only a short distance from Santa Cruz, and was built where Mrs. Sesnon had passed her childhood days, near Soquel, where every other building, and especially the library, is a memorial of the B. F. Porter family. So that Mrs. Sesnon, member of the great Porter family, really belongs to us, here, while Mr. Sesnon belongs to California. Now more than ever, since he has from the very beginning been connected with the Panama-International Exposition, and is its vice-president, having at the same time interests so large in Santa Cruz and many other places in California that, strictly speaking, he belongs to California.

And California exacts her tribute, gladly paid by this representative family, in whom and through whom some of the best traits of the "early Californian" still live. Hospitality, dispensed on the grand scale of the olden day, and also the love for grand surroundings that distinguished the Spanish-Californian of long ago. The grandeur of surroundings has become artistic in

its features; the love of entertaining on a grand scale has not grown less. The very house expresses it. A great, large, wide-spreading mansion, unique in architecture, built of concrete, the walls, where they are visible, a light cream color, the finishing in seal brown. A structure built to enjoy life in, though its balconies, porches, colonnades, verandas, are a constant temptation to enjoy life outside. A house harking back to aristocratic old Spain, in its balconies above the front entrance, where the wide glass doors are covered with the grille in metal, as seen in pictures of Spanish cloisters, and where a row of columns guards the vestibule.

This is the first impression as you enter the gateway and linger a moment beneath the mighty branches of the towering pine that lends name and majesty to this most magnificent country home. Trees of more select lineage, but of more recent growth, surround this mighty monarch who disdains to claim a Latin name, and pretends to be only a pine, of such great size and height that the Spanish Californians called it Pino Alto, the high pine.

Even as you pass between the massive gate columns, entering from the highway, your eyes are dazzled by great masses, and clumps, and groups of flowers; an array of color that is bewildering, for it takes possession of your senses at once, and you do not realize at first sight the grace and originality with which these brilliant children of Flora are disposed on lawns, and massed at points where paths diverge, the spikes and clusters of the blue delphinium formosum of the gold and scarlet gladiola, the white and purple of the aster, lure one into branching walks across the grounds, every walk leading to some new surprise, some vista that grandly unfolds before you. For you do not dream, while still in the shadow of the tall pine and the surrounding trees, under which lilies of the valley and dark blue violets are sheltered, that when your lingering steps have carried you around the west front of the house where massive columns supporting a deep, cool veranda make this a Southern home, you will

"A house harking back to aristocratic old Spain."

see the ocean glinting in the sunlight, the Bay of Monterey, rather, and across in the distance see the mountains, Gabilan Peak, where Fremont once was camped, and the Santa Lucia chain farther south.

You are standing on the lawn now, the lawn that stretches down from this front, which is the lanai porch, a rotunda, the roof of which is a grand observatory. If this porch gives a touch of sunny, slumbrous, far-off Hawaii to the place, the colonnade stretching away from here, has Italian atmosphere, while across from here, where the pergola ends, a great deep bay window, belonging to a conservatory which is also breakfast room, is most decidedly English. And yet the house in spite of its contradictions of tiled roof and balconies, of Southern veranda and lanai porch, is Californian, pure and simple, by this one token: the vines that climb up every pillar and cling to every column; the flowers that droop from balcony and roof, fiery in color as was the blood of the old Spaniards, and, most convincingly, the masses of hydrangea, of the rose-pink so seldom seen in this flower, so rare in the Eastern States and so dearly loved in California. There are hundreds of them here; on every porch, in every veranda, with clusters that would challenge the admiration of the most blase Easterner.

But there are more surprises in store for us; from the entrance on the west, the veranda with the Southern air, we look down on a chain of lakes, a graceful, pretty bridge thrown across, the ground terraced all around and planted to shrubs and flowers. From the lanai porch we look upon a forest of Monterey pines, a flower-covered trellis fence enclosing it. This is the grill, famous as all and every part of this estate. Last year the representatives of sixteen chambers of commerce from Southern and Eastern States were entertained here, and many distinguished guests have been here since. The grill is a brick oven, and on the coals are roasted whole lambs and fresh-caught ocean fish; and Spanish beans are baked and enchiladas served, and everything that culinary heart could wish for here prepared set before the guests on great, long tables spread under the umbrageous trees, and surrounded by comfortable seats.

And now, if we can leave these flowers and vines, we would be permitted to look within the walls of this most wonderful house. But look at these vines! The scarlet of the clianthus and the orange of the bigonia, and the wealth of foliage almost hide these columns on the south, while the more delicate tracery of the ampelopsis marks other pillars. Clematis, with great white stars for blossoms, and again the clusters of soft blue plumbago capensis. Passion vines and sollya, and wistarias and bougainvillea, and never a full look at any of them because there are such distracting flowers growing near by. Dahlias that might rob the robe of its queen-title for brilliancy of color, bordering on the extravagant; gladiola of a deep, rich purple never seen before; the scarlet of the Alaska daisy, vieing with the crimson and silver of the fuchsia; and the shrubbery you pass through on the way to the lakes, dentzias, weigelia, broom and heather, holly and myrtle, sometimes surprises you by casting up great blue eyes, for the Japanese morning glory is apt to stray away from its keeper and seek fresh fields and pastures new, a coquettish thing with never admiration enough.

But the morning is slipping away, and we enter the main hall of the mansion through the doors with the metal grille over the glass, in the Spanish front of the house, and at once we are in Old England; a manor house, this, of perhaps the Elizabethan period, the broad, dark staircase rising in majestic leisure to the upper story. Here it lands in a wide gallery, the balustrade of the same dark wood, and when you open one of the dark doors, you look into a bright, light, sunny English bedroom, every bit of the furnishing and finishing in white, only the walls are covered with roses, fresh pink, English

One of the many roadways winding through the roads of the estate.

roses, and a garland of them running along under the plafond.

It is not right to ascend these stairs first, but they looked so stately and inviting, and English. But here, to the foot of the stairs, ends the English domain. This is the Orient we are entering now, India, China and Japan. Whence came this huge gong-bell at the entrance door, priceless and unique; you might search throughout the China of to-day and never find its duplicate. And when you have seen and admired the treasures wrought in bronze, in brass, in gold and in copper, that furnish and adorn the state dining hall in this home of oriental treasures, you will say with me that the productions of modern art would lose in dignity when compared with these bits rescued from wreck and decadence of Oriental civilization. These things were not bought up wholesale and smuggled across the ocean; each of those heavy hanging-lanterns, bronze and with gold finish, above the teak-wood dining table, has its history, and wherever you see suspended one of the smaller metal and bronze-wrought lanterns, you may be sure that "thereby hangs a tale."

All the furniture in this Oriental dining hall is made of teak-wood; chairs, tables, altar-tables, ancient as they are priceless; yet every piece as subduedly glowing as it was in its earliest period of existence, brasses, embroideries and sculptures, or rather carvings. Some of the rugs are of later origin, strictly copied after ancient patterns, which are not in the thousand colors which the salesman will assure you are the true Oriental colors. Here are the blue Chinese dragons bordering a large square of dull yellow; and the weavings throughout are in subdued colors. In short, the patience with which the possessors of these treasures have hunted them up piece-meal, and have had them restored in the true spirit to their original form, is as marvelous as was the art and the skill that produced the works.

One of the charms of the Pino Alto mansion consists of its being a home; and no matter how large the household gathered there on occasion may be,

whether only family members or distinguished friends, let it be five or fifty, it is always home, from the grand music room with the beautiful stage attached to the "den" which is both *fumoir* and lounging room. The long flight of rooms on the lanai side of the hall, open into each other, making a vista of rare beauty, and another contrast in this house of contradictions in harmony; for while the gloxinias from the conservatory send out their glow of color, the painting above the mantle of the generous fireplace in the music room shows the wind tearing at the storm-beaten pines of Monterey coast, bleak and cold. The work of an artist of wider renown than of this coast, and a wide, deep, well cushioned lounge ever holds a number of admirers, especially when in the cooler months a wood fire throws its cheerful rays clear over to where, around the piano, are gathered amateur performers on all the instruments that make up an orchestra. Ofttimes they are not amateur performers who "only play for fun;" histrionic celebrities have considered it a distinction to appear on this well-appointed stage, and musicians of high rank have sent vocal and instrumental notes aloft to the beamed ceiling of the music room in the grand Pino Alto mansion.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS

Frail, lovely flower! Thy star-like face
  Doth glorify the gloom
Of one brief night. Triumphant e'en
  O'er swift impending doom.

No beauteous vine encircles thee,
  A bed of thorns thy lot—
How strange the creeping, sinuous thing,
  That thy pure life begot!

And yet thy perfume steals upon
  The damp, depressing air,
Like touch of benediction
  On a spirit bowed with care.

Thy mission here, star-flower of night,
  Thou flower-child of God?
To give the burdened ones of earth
  A message from the sod.

That when grief casts her mantle dark
  O'er life, with all its joys,
They bloom, like thee, through sorrow's night,
  And lose not heavenly poise.

Thus shall they pass to other lives
  The lesson learned from thee,
Of beauty, sweetness, purity,
  Where only God may see.

MARION TAYLOR.

THE REAPING

By Maud B. Rodgers

THE HOUSE was the finest of all the houses in what has been termed many times one of the most beautiful and attractive cities in the world, "Golden Johannesburg." From every country some lovely or imposing article had been brought to adorn and enrich this spacious mansion, so that the heavily embroidered draperies of the Orient would droop about a shimmering bowl of English violets, and in the dim stillness of a great room the restful ticking of a Swiss clock would sound from an onyx mantle. With great care and discrimination had the length and breadth of the world been gathered into this vast house, for its owner was a much traveled man of excellent taste. Strange to say, he was, too, a lonely, dissatisfied man, and of late a rapidly ageing man. Its other occupant, barring the few English servants and the black servants always found in such great numbers in homes situated in the tropics, corresponded with the house itself, for she embodied all that was most beautiful in the animate, as the house embodied all that was most beautiful in the inanimate. He was the type of bachelor uncle; she the type of orphan niece one often reads of but so seldom really sees—the indulgent, overbearing relative of a self-indulgent, overbearing girl. Upon this particular night the contrast in the appearance of the two dwellers in the mansion had been particularly defined, for shortly after she had gone, radiant and shimmering, to a great ball, he had entered, stooped and haggard looking, and sought his room. As he sat before a light fire in dressing gown and slippers, he turned to his man arranging for the night.

"I wish you to inform your mistress," he said, "that I desire to see her immediately upon her return."

The man looked up from his work and responded in the affirmative. Before he had proceeded far, he again looked toward Mr. Winthrop, this time through the corner of his eye, and shook his head. In a few minutes, Mr. Winthrop again spoke:

"You may put me to bed, James," he said, and he drew his dressing robe about him and shivered.

Once in bed he lay for some time without a sound, and the man, believing him to be asleep, arose, and, crossing softly to the lights, turned off several. Instantly the sick man's voice sounded.

"No, no," he said, "I cannot bear the dark; turn them on again." The lights, however, only served to lighten the gloom of night and enabled him to discern the form of his man moving about the room; they could not shut out the visions he saw. He tossed in his bed.

"Did your mistress mention the hour she would return?"

"No, sir."

Owing to long service with Mr. Winthrop, the man had grown accustomed to making the briefest of replies.

An hour, two hours, three hours dragged slowly by, and in this time the feverish man became ill beyond endurance. He beckoned to his servant.

"James, telephone to Dr. Reynolds to come at once," he ordered, halting over each word, "and also telephone to Dr. Matthews and request him to do the same."

James had never before heard the latter name, and the sick man, realizing that the name was strange, re-

peated it: "Dr. Matthews, 36 Maitland avenue."

Upon leaving the library directly after telephoning, James met Miss Winthrop, who had just returned, passing through the hall to the staircase.

She had never liked him, and he bowed obsequiously before her. "Your uncle is quite ill, Miss Winthrop, and wished to see you immediately upon your return."

She cast a pair of cold, fine eyes upon him, and with her head held high said shortly:

"Telephone Dr. Reynolds at once."

"I have just done so."

She preceded him up the great stair case, her eyes uplifted to the side mirror upon the landing before her. In it, as she slowly neared it, she saw reflected her own image, her wonderful jewels, her gleaming gown trailing behind her, and for the moment she forgot her uncle.

The sight of her own image always had the power of driving all else from her mind. It was her custom to move slowly, softly, and so she entered the sick chamber, advanced to the bed, and spoke in a low voice: "Uncle, what——" She left the sentence unfinished, however, for in the complete stillness the sick man had fallen asleep.

She stood beside his bed and gazed upon the sleeping face, the usually stern expression slightly softened in this temporary repose. "What if he should die," she thought, and being vaxed with her "What then?" Unaccustomed to deep consideration, Miss Winthrop did not remain to brood or conjecture, but passed over and extinguished several of the lights, meanwhile mentally placing James in the category of those not endowed with an overabundance of brains, for having a sick room so brilliantly lighted. As she turned with hand uplifted, Dr. Reynolds entered the room. Although a very conscientious and skillful physician, he for a moment forgot his patient, owing to the lovely picture the girl presented, and with his eyes upon her, beautiful, alluring in her brocade against the background of a rich portiere, he advanced to the bed. Having parted with her a short time before at the ball, he merely gave her a quiet nod and proceeded at once to inspect his patient.

He had little more than accomplished this carefully performed office and stood thoughtfully writing his prescription, listening at the same time to the occasional faint queries of the patient, who had awakened under the physician's hand, when the door very gently opened, a footfall sounded, and Dr. Matthews entered the room.

Dr. Reynolds had met him once. Miss Winthrop never before; but the physician's introduction needed no explanation to convince her just who this man might be—his quiet garb proclaimed it. "My uncle knows, then, that he is to die," she told herself. "He has sent for this man to console him at the last. Whoever would have believed it!" and from under lids carefully drooped, she eyed the man with sudden interest, not that he had come to lend what aid and comfort lay in his power, but that he had somewhat the advantage of the physician in appearance, and Dr. Reynolds had long laid siege to her heart. The minister stepped to the bedside, lifted a hand of the sick man and placed it between his own.

"Dr. Matthews; you came, then?"

"At once."

The sick man's hand pressed against the strong one's enclosing it. "I need you," he murmured; "I need you." The minister turned to the other occupants of the room, Dr. Reynolds leaving orders with Miss Winthrop until the nurse should arrive. As we all instinctively obey those whom we greatly respect, the physician and the girl advanced to the bed, the minister knelt at the head, the girl at the foot and the physician standing beside her, gazed down at the top of her fair head as he listened to the kindly voice pleading for the peace and hope that the world cannot give, for that tranquility of mind that follows the communing of a contrite heart and restores

and heals the body. Sometimes the physician of the soul far exceeds the physician of the body in the diagnosis of our complaints. At the close of the prayer, the physician took his departure, but the minister remained until the sick man's hand slowly relaxed from his own, and his even breathing proclaimed that he slept. He then turned to Miss Winthrop, sitting far back in the depths of a great chair at the foot of the bed. She sat with eyes half-closed.

"Your uncle has dropped to sleep, Miss Winthrop; if, when he awakens, he wishes to see me, let me know, and I will come at once."

The girl arose, and with a slender hand brushed some finely scattered hair away from her face.

"You are very kind, and it is well you live not far distant, for I am quite certain my uncle will ask for you again, Dr. Matthews."

"I am at his service, always."

They walked noiselessly to the door where they parted, the nurse arrived when the minister was passing out; some of the lights were lowered, many extinguished, and the silence of midnight suddenly settled down upon the mansion at four o'clock in the morning.

To the world in general, Mr. Winthrop's illness made little difference; to the great house no difference at all; his wealth was wrested from those regions where the black man is virtually yet a slave of the mining man, and the diamond is silently acknowledged to represent "the tear of human woe." His home life was conducted by a few trained and many untrained servants, and presided over when necessary by his niece. He realized it all now, for no loving hand reached out to him; the ministrations of the nurse were paid for; his man could find a new master to-morrow, and his niece, whom he had trained in the gay life she went, merely paid him occasional and hurried visits between the going out to or coming in from some social event, and could marry if she liked on the morrow. As the days went by and he slowly grew better, he knew that Dr. Matthews was his only solace. When he sat near, the sick man felt the presence of a soul filled with patience, hope and kindness; when he prayed, Mr. Winthrop lay with closed eyes, lifted out of the order of his life, and when he realized that the sick man must not converse, he sat quietly beside the bed, with his strong, clean hand extending across the counterpane to the feeble one.

Great wealth could not supply what this penniless young man brought in great abundance. In order to spend hours at this bedside, he was obliged to work overtime, and coming from his desk filled with great and far-reaching plans Mr. Winthrop felt the earnestness of his purpose in life, his mind and body seemed to emit it. So with the regaining of his strength and faculties, the sick man found himself discussing the many plans of Dr. Matthews, suggesting now and then changes in work being carried on among the natives in places where the minister had never been, but where the millionaire had spent hours that now returned to haunt him.

But although his mind possessed great clearness of vision, his work was done. This temporary recovery was but a preparation for the end, the sunset hour before the coming of the night. He must have felt this, for each day he spent many hours in the library with his lawyer. To these conferences, Dr. Matthews was twice summoned, and at the close of one of them Miss Winthrop was called. She found her uncle resting in a deep chair —beside him sat a tray, and James was just leaving the room. Her uncle looked so changed, and his voice sounded so hollow and unreal that his words seemed to come from another world, but his niece remained undisturbed by his appearance or his altered tones.

"Did she still continue to receive attention from his hated business rival, John Moore?"

She gazed above his tired, bent

head, and responded in the affirmative.

"Did she intend to continue to receive these attentions merely owing to the fact that Moore was reported the wealthiest man on the Rand? He knew very well she did not love him. Still gazing, she merely nodded her head.

He arose unsteadily, and departed for his room; she went to finish dressing for a party. When she descended, she heard some one softly playing the piano, and realizing that Moore, who was to be her escort for the evening, did not play, she paused to see who the musician might be. She entered the vast room, and stood quietly regarding the minister, bringing out with strong and accurate fingers the music of the "Ave Maria."

"It is beautiful," she said as he finished, "beautiful. Can you not sing it?"

He turned, as if he knew she were there, and rose to greet her, a smile crossing his handsome face.

"Only after a fashion, but I am sure you can, for I have had the boldness to go over this pile of music, and I see that it belongs to you."

"Oh, yes, I sing; my uncle was always quick to discern anything worth cultivating. He sent me to the best of vocal teachers."

He resumed his seat at the piano, and struck off a few chords, and for the first time in her life the girl sang simply, without expectation of flattery. Standing beside Dr. Matthews, she knew she was singing to a sincere and appreciative heart.

When they finished, James was bowing in the door, his master was awaiting Dr. Matthews, and Mr. Moore was awaiting Miss Winthrop. They parted, she impressed with the calm, fine dignity of the man, and he haunted by the strange unrest the unsatisfied, the aimless, impress upon us. Throughout the evening the tones of the orchestra, the hum of many voices, could not dispel the notes of the "Ave Maria," for the girl, and as he sat, or knelt, beside the sick man's bed, the minister though of and prayed for the girl who had come like a vision before him, and for whose motherless years he felt an infinite pity. But after she had returned to her room, filled with its beautiful things, she told herself such ideas were perfectly out of the question, to link her future with that of this poor young man would only fetter him and bring all her dreams down upon her head.

She could not even fancy herself poor.

And yet at the twilight hour she sang for him, she even promised that she would render the Easter carol in his church at the coming festival. Dr. Reynolds felt her studied avoidance and Mr. Moore knew that she had very suddenly grown to dislike him. The large glittering circle to which she had long belonged began to wonder why she appeared less and less at the monstrous repetition of teas and receptions, and why when she did appear she seemed changed, suddenly grown from a beautiful, thoughtless girl into a beautiful, thoughtful woman.

One night, not long after she had sung the "Ave Maria" for Dr. Matthews, she was called to her uncle's room. As she approached the bed he spoke her name, "Eleanor."

"Yes, uncle, I am here."

"I have called you because I have something to tell you. Night after night I have lain here and prayed such prayers over and over that I no longer fear. Prayers that only a broken and contrite heart can utter I have prayed, too, for you, since the faults you may have acquired can be laid upon me, and at the last I would not have you pray as I. I want you spared a reaping such as mine."

She stood silently beside him, without words for reply.

"I have gone over the years of my life one by one, remembering the resolution made at the beginning of each to be more powerful at the end of the twelve month than at the beginning. And what of it. I lie here now powerless."

He paused a moment, but still she did not reply.

"No, no, not quite powerless. Dr. Matthews can do the work I have helped him to plan it out, to uplift what I have trampled down. I want you to help him, to encourage him."

"I?"

"I have arranged matters for him; he will civilize and upbuild greater Africa; this home is yours, but do not forget the homeless of this country."

So clear was his vision the girl did not know the end was near. She sat down beside his bed, as he requested her to do; after some little time her confused thoughts trailed off into oblivion, and when she woke she was alone.

Her uncle's illness had occasioned this change in her character; his death completed it. A few weeks later, Dr. Matthews called to bid her good-bye just before his departure for Mombasa. He found her in the library, an open magazine lying idle in her lap; she was absorbed in her own thoughts.

"This house suddenly appalls me," she told him after they had spent some little time in conversation. "It needed some one like my uncle to direct it. He was like a captain with a great and valuable cargo; he wanted to gain distinction and the approval of the world by the careful handling of the trust," and she indicated the array of rare books, the statuary and the furniture from many lands. The minister looked with appreciative eye at the array of finely bound books; the rest escaped him.

"Books are friends," he said quietly. "In them we can obtain great comfort."

"One grows tired of them since one cannot always read."

"Yes, oh, yes, there is so much for us to do we cannot spend all our time reading of the achievements of others. Each of our lives is a story, each day a page. We must build and work to complete the story."

"And I," she said, "do nothing."

He went over to where she sat, and taking her hands, drew her up to him.

"I have come here to-day to tell you that you have much to do, as have I. I need your love to help me."

He laid her face against his own and kissed her.

"I love you," he added, "with all my heart."

He felt that she did not wish to escape him, but she did not reply, and he continued to pass his hand over her fine, bright hair.

At length she spoke:

"You have every attribute that is fine and noble. I am vain and selfish."

He burst into a hearty laugh.

"Anything more?" he questioned, and since she only smiled at his sudden amusement, he added: "Then the question is settled."

And he concluded with a kiss.

WORLD-WIDE THEOCRACY

By C. T. Russell

Pastor New York, Washington and Cleveland Temples and the Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"For He must reign, till He hath put all enemies under His feet."—1 Corinthians 15:25.

MANY of us have learned to appreciate a republican form of government as the very highest type of civil administration. I trust that I am not one whit behind the most patriotic of you in my appreciation of the great government of these United States, which many of us believe is the noblest that has yet risen amongst men. Nevertheless, the Bible teaches that Messiah's Reign will be that of a monarchy; and that it will be very exclusive and aristocratic. Additionall, it will be most autocratic-theocratic; for the will of its subjects will not be consulted in the slightest.

At first, in alarm, we are ready to say, Would not that be a most dangerous condition of things? Could any royal family, however noble and generous, be entrusted with such autocratic power without fear of its being misused for the enslavement of the people, for the aggrandizement of the rulers? Have we not learned this in the history of the past six thousand years? Do we not see the necessity for curtailing and controlling the power of kings and governors? Are we not more and more brought to realize the necessity that the people shall rule, whether in Congress or in Parliament, in Doumas or Chambers of Deputies?

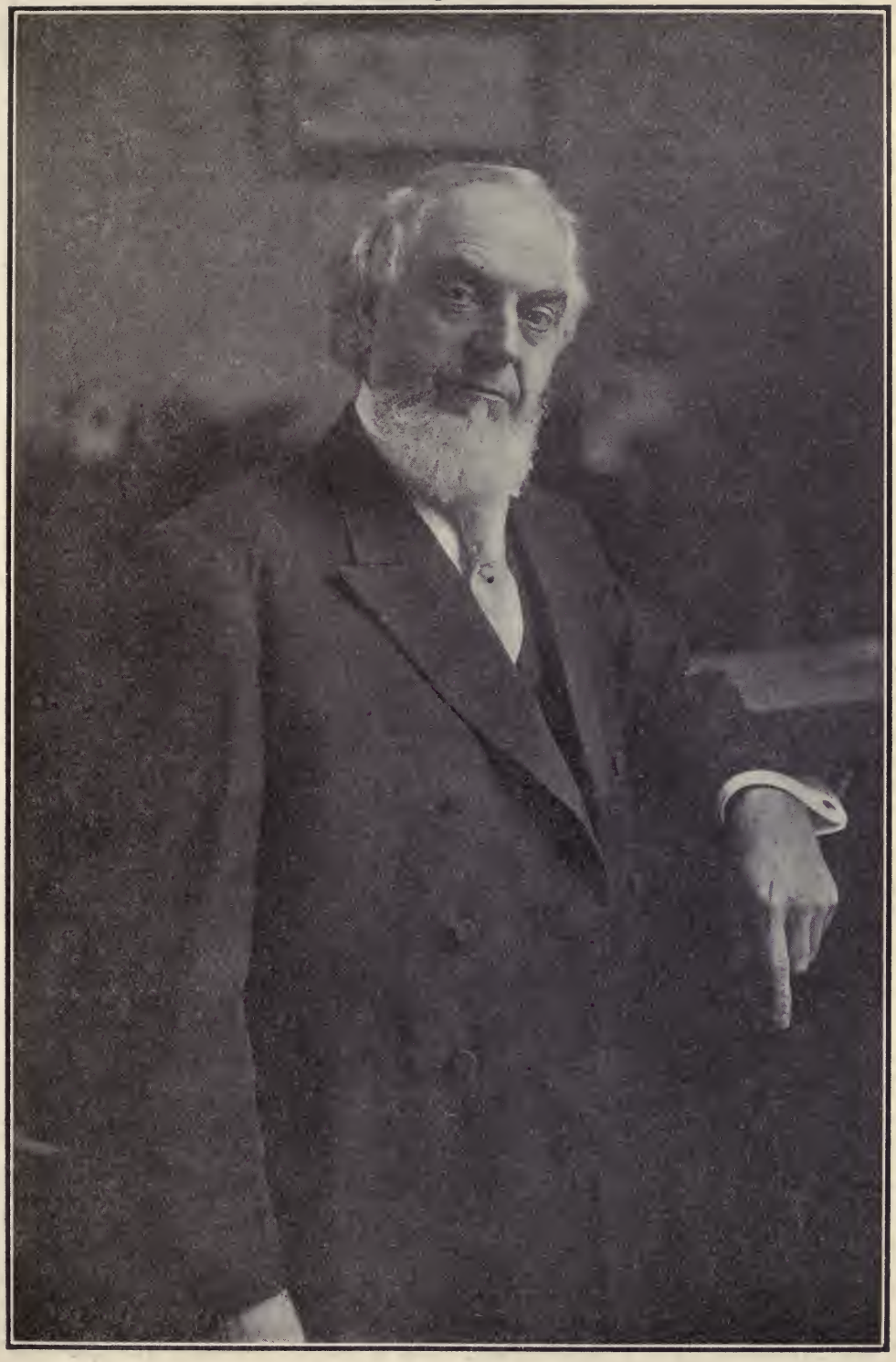
Yes, my dear friends, I heartily accede to all this; but when I describe the nature of its Kingdom and its personnel, all fears will assuredly flee, and you will rejoice exceedingly that the Divine arrangement is what it is in respect to the theoratic Kingdom shortly to be established and to take over the government of the world.

Scripturally it is described as the Fifth Universal Empire of earth. I remind you of King Nebuchadnezzar's Divinely inspired dream, as interpreted by the Prophet Daniel. It was of an image majestic, grand. The head of the image was Nebuchadnezzar's own Kingdom of Babylon, the first to rule the earth. Next, represented in the breast and the arms of silver, came Medo-Persia, the second Universal Empire of earth, conqueror of Babylon. Next, represented in the belly and thighs of the image, came Grecia, the third Universal Empire of earth, which conquered Medo-Persia. Next, represented in the legs of iron, came Rome, the fourth Universal Empire, conqueror of Greece. There are to be no more until Messiah's Kingdom; it will be the fifth.

Meantime, we have had two attempts at a fifth monarchy, both unsuccessful. One was by the Papacy; the other was that of Napoleon I. During this time the present divisions, which resulted from the breaking up of the Roman Empire, are represented by the feet of the image, with their ten toes.

Smiting the Image's Feet.

The prophecy declares (Daniel 2:44) that in the days of these kings, represented by the toes of the image, the God of Heaven will set up a Kingdom, which shall subdue all the kingdoms and which shall never be overthrown. It shall "be given to the people, saints, of the Most High God,



Pastor C. T. Russell

and they shall take the Kingdom and possess it forever." (Daniel 7:18;27.) In the picture of God's Kingdom is symbolically represented as a great stone, hewn from the mountain without hands—supernaturally. It shall smite the image in its feet; and forthwith "the iron, the brass, the silver, and the gold shall become like the chaff of a summer threshing floor, and the wind shall carry it away," but the mountain shall increase until "it shall fill the whole earth."

Thus God pictures things now shortly to come to pass. This crushing of the feet of the image was to come in the end of the age, preparatory to the establishment of Messiah's Kingdom. So long as these governments would be here, they and Messiah's Kingdom could not co-operate. The Gentile governments are based on selfishness and coercion; Christ's Kingdom will be based on justice, love, mercy, under the Prince of Peace. The two could not rule at the same time.

The present terrible war is not the great Time of Trouble in the fullest sense of the word, but merely its forerunner. The great Time of Trouble of the Scriptures will be brought on by anarchy—the general uprising of the people: "Every man's hand against his neighbor, no peace to him that goeth out or to him that cometh in." (Zachariah 8:10; 14:13.) Our thought is that this great war will weaken the nations, cripple the world financially, and discredit the rulers in the eyes of their peoples, and thus open the way for anarchy.

Rome and Constantinople represent the two legs of the image which King Nebuchadnezzar saw; for each in turn was the Roman capital and representative of the image. We are certainly justified in watching with considerable interest the present war and what it may lead to in the way of involving all the ten kingdoms represented in this prophecy.

But that is not the special point of interest in my subject; rather, I am discussing the character of Messiah's Kingdom, which is to rule the world, overthrow Sin and Death, and uplift humanity from ignorance, superstition, sin, weakness and death.

The declaration is that Messiah shall reign until He shall have put down all insubordination, and that the last enemy to be destroyed will be death.—Corinthians 15:25, 26.

This is the Kingdom for which the Master Himself taught His followers to pray. Nothing insignificant will be the outcome of that glorious Reign of a thousand years. At its very beginning Satan will be bound, with all that this signifies—the repression of evil and darkness. For a thousand years the Sun of Righteousness shall pour forth the light of truth and grace upon our poor, fallen race until the knowledge of God's glory shall fill the whole earth as the waters cover the great deep.—Habakkuk 2:14.

Eventually, all wilful opponents of that Kingdom will die the Second Death, from which there will be no redemption, no recovery. Meantime, all the willing and obedient will be rising, not only from the tomb, but also out of all the weaknesses and frailties of the present time to perfection of life, although they will not live again in this perfect sense until the thousand years shall be finished. After that Reign of Righteousness shall have accomplished its work of delivering the groaning creation from the bondage of corruption, sin and death, Messiah will abdicate the Throne. As it is written, "He will deliver up the Kingdom to God, even the Father, that *He* may be all in all."

No More Sighing, Crying, Dying

What a glorious condition will then obtain when there shall be no more crying, no more dying, for all the former things of sin and death shall have passed away! Glad are we that our great Messiah is about to overthrow sin and evil, about to establish righteousness on a permanent and everlasting foundation, which will insure that to all eternity God's will shall be done as perfectly in this earth as it is now done in Heaven.

I ask you to consider candidly—you need not reply—Is there a kingdom in the world to-day that in your judgment represents a Divine government amongst men? Is there a perfect government, where God's will is done as it is done in Heaven? You are conversant with history. You know the bloody record which marks its pages. You know that so-called Christian Europe has been drenched with blood more than any other part of the world. You know that the cause of wrong has triumphed oftener than the cause of right. You know that to-day these kingdoms of Europe, styled kingdoms of God, are destroying one another. You know that great guns, great battleships and monster torpedoes have been prepared by these various nations for use against one another while they all claim to be Christ's kingdoms. Is this logical? Is this rational? Most assuredly not!

We must go to the Bible for true information on this subject. It tells us that these kingdoms are not the kingdoms of God, but "Kingdoms of this world." It tells us that Satan is the Prince of this world (John 14:30; Ephesians 2:2), that he is "the god of this world," "that now worketh in the hearts of the children of disobedience"—so much more numerous than the children of obedience that he, through them, holds the world's control. But with equal clearness the Bible declares that he and his reign of Sin and Death are permitted of God for a limited time and a special purpose; and that when the due time comes Messiah will take His great power and reign—then Satan shall be bound, and all the forces of sin and darkness be restrained.

"The Election Hath Obtained It."

Come with me and take a cursory view of God's great work thus far accomplished. For more than two thousand years God gave no clear intimation of His purposes toward the fallen race. Then He made a statement to Abraham, so explicit that St. Paul declares it a statement of the Gospel in advance. God said to Abraham, I shall bless the world. This could only mean, I shall relieve them of the curse of death which came upon them through Adam's sin. God added, This blessing I will bring to all mankind through your posterity—"In thy Seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed."

God's due time for bringing this blessing was not until Messiah should come. Meantime God gave Abraham's natural seed the Law Covenant, which offered them eternal life and an inheritance in the Kingdom if they could keep the Law. Of course, they could not do so; for the Law was the measure of a perfect man's ability, and like the remainder of mankind the Israelites were sinners. Nevertheless their attempt to keep the Law brought them great uplift of heart, so that when Jesus came a considerable number of them were ready to receive Him. They became sons of God, through the begetting of the Holy Spirit, at Pentecost and afterward. These were the Spiritual Seed of Abraham, Jesus being the Head, or first.

Israel had hoped for a share in Messiah's Kingdom. St. Paul explains, "Israel hath not obtained that which he seeketh, but the Election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded. The blinded Israelites are still cast aside, but not forever. The Divine blessing shall come to Natural Israel just as soon as Spiritual Israel shall be completed.—See Romans 11:25;34.

The Kingdom Suffereth Violence.

"What did the "Election" obtain? We answer, They became identified with Messiah's Kingdom and heirs of the Abrahamic Promise. Note that not a sufficient number of Jews were found worthy to complete the Kingdom class. God had foreseen this, and through the Prophet had promised that some would be gathered from the Gentiles to complete this class. The entire work of the Gospel Age has been the calling of this "elect" company. If we have rightly viewed the matter, the foreordained number will soon have

been found, and Messiah's reign begin.

Throughout the Gospel Age, the Kingdom class have been suffering with Christ. Jesus explained this: they are indeed of the Royal Family, because begotten of the Holy Spirit; but they have not yet entered into their glory. They will do so only by the power of the First Resurrection. Thus it is written, "We must all be changed," because "flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God."

Partly for their testing, their development takes place in a time when Satan is the Prince of this world, when his power is permitted to be exercised against them as it was against our Lord. The message to these is: "The Kingdom suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." (Matthew 11:12.) As our Lord suffered violence from the Prince of this world, so will His followers; for "the disciple is not above his Lord." His promise to His followers is, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

CROSSING THE PLAINS

A New Serial Story, the Real Experience of a California Pioneer Who Crossed the Plains in the Early '50s, Begins Next Month in the March Issue of the Overland Monthly

THE first part of the serial, "Crosing the Plains," a narrative of early emigrant travel from "the States" to California by the ox-team method in 1857, will appear in the next number of the Overland Monthly.

This is a story of thrilling experiences, calculated to hold the reader's interest from the first to the last word. The author, Wm. Audley Maxwell, when a member of the emigrant company which was in the center of the exciting events narrated, was a young man of twenty-two years. The many years during which he has gathered and verified the facts of the story, he has spent in San Francisco, Healdsburg and Lake County, and recently resided in Ukiah. He was one of the earliest shorthand reporters in the California courts.

Diligent inquiry fails to disclose the existence of an authentic story of the plains, the subject, excepting certain disconnected incidents, having been treated heretofore from the standpoint of persons who traveled westward at a time when the real hardships and perils of the trip were much less than those encountered in the '50's.

For some three-score years the the younger generations have heard from the lips of their elders enough of that wonderful pilgrimage to create among them a wide-spread demand for a complete and typical history. Such is the story from the pen of Mr. Maxwell, the events, gay, grave and tragic drawn from the indelible recollections of himself and those who came with him across the plains to the Pacific Coast.

The Storm

By Kate P. Sieghold

The surf beats high upon the rocks below,
The pine trees bend before the blast.
Wild winds are moaning round the cottage O-O-o-o-o,
Within cheer reigns. The doors are fast.

My drift-wood fire burns purple, gold and blue.
Within its dancing flames I see
My children's happy faces, and another one—so true
That fills my heart with tears, yet comforts me.

Come join me by my fire. Just you and I.
The wild sea thundering on the rocks below
We will not heed. And we'll defy
The rain and wind that moans O-O-o-o-o.

The Genius of Creation. (*Daniel Chester, French sculptor.*)

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Opening of the Panama-Pacific Exposition

By Hamilton Wright

CELEBRATING the completion of the Panama Canal, the Panama-Pacific International Exposition opened its gates Saturday, February 20th, and the people of the world began to pass the turnstiles. The visitors agreed that San Francisco has staged a universal exposition on a scale of mightiness worthy of the epochal achievement which is commemorated.

It is a $50,000,000 undertaking. Not in the history of world's expositions has there ever been an undertaking so colossal and yet so complete in detail. San Francisco alone contributed $12,500,000; the State of California contributed $5,000,000, and the forty-eight counties of the State contributed another $3,000,000, expended in exhibits.

The foreign pavilions and exhibits represent an outlay of $10,000,000, the State buildings and exhibits another $10,000,000, and the capital invested in the amusement Zone totals still another $10,000,000.

Into what sum the amount expended by the 80,000 individual exhibitors will run has not been computed. Another concrete fact that serves best to describe the immensity of the Exposition is this: there are forty-seven miles of aisles in the eleven main exhibit palaces alone. An industrious, healthy pedestrian, seeking conscientiously to visit each exhibit in these palaces, would be required to take thirty-one days of twelve hours each.

And this diverting peregrination would not include the national and State buildings, the amusement Zone, the live stock section or the Stadium.

This is the reason for a ten months' exposition. In that period, from February 20th to December 4th, the average visitor will have ample time to inspect at his leisure such features of the vast scheme as are of interest, instruction or amusement to him.

The site is on the shore of San Francisco bay. Across the sweep of one of the most beautiful harbors in the world, rise the foothills of Marin and the chain of the Coast Range Mountains, with the majestic peak of Mt. Tamalpais piercing the clouds. Back of the sheltered hollow in which the buildings are placed is Presidio Heights, where the wealthy of the city have their mansions.

Over 400 private homes, stores and other structures were purchased out-

right by the Exposition and razed to make the site. Hundreds of acres of low lying swamp land toward the bay were filled in, a great sea wall built and a yacht harbor formed in which the aquatic events of the international competitions will be held. The low and high pressure water and firesystems are a triumph in engineering.

The Exposition in its ground plan, in its architecture, in its coloring and in its sculpture is the accomplishment of a Utopian ideal in city planning, the great idea having been originated by Edward F. Bennett of New York, noted in this work, and carried to a brilliant conclusion by men eminent as architects, colorists and landscape gardeners.

The system of indirect lighting, by which neither incandescent nor arc is to be seen on the entire ground, is the working out for the first time in any exposition of advanced science in lighting. This feature, in conjunction with the color effects, gives to the Exposition by night the effect of some dream city of the Arabian Nights.

The landscape gardening was carried out under the direction of John McLaren, who, as superintendent of Golden Gate Park for many years, has a reputation that is international. To this wizard nothing is impossible, from bedding the tiniest precious and rare exotic to transplanting from the forests of the interior, eucalyptus trees a hundred feet in height and a foot thick at the base. Whether this is a more remarkable feat than to transplant hundreds of palms from the tropics, many of them four feet thick at the base, is for landscape gardeners to determine.

What is it that has been accomplished by the $50,000,000 that have been expended and by the men of brains and enthusiasm who have been entrusted with the expenditure of this money in different departments?

Just what is to be the impression gained by the visitors to this exposition? What will he take away with him? How complete will be the measure of his reward for the expense he is put to in journeying to San Francisco?

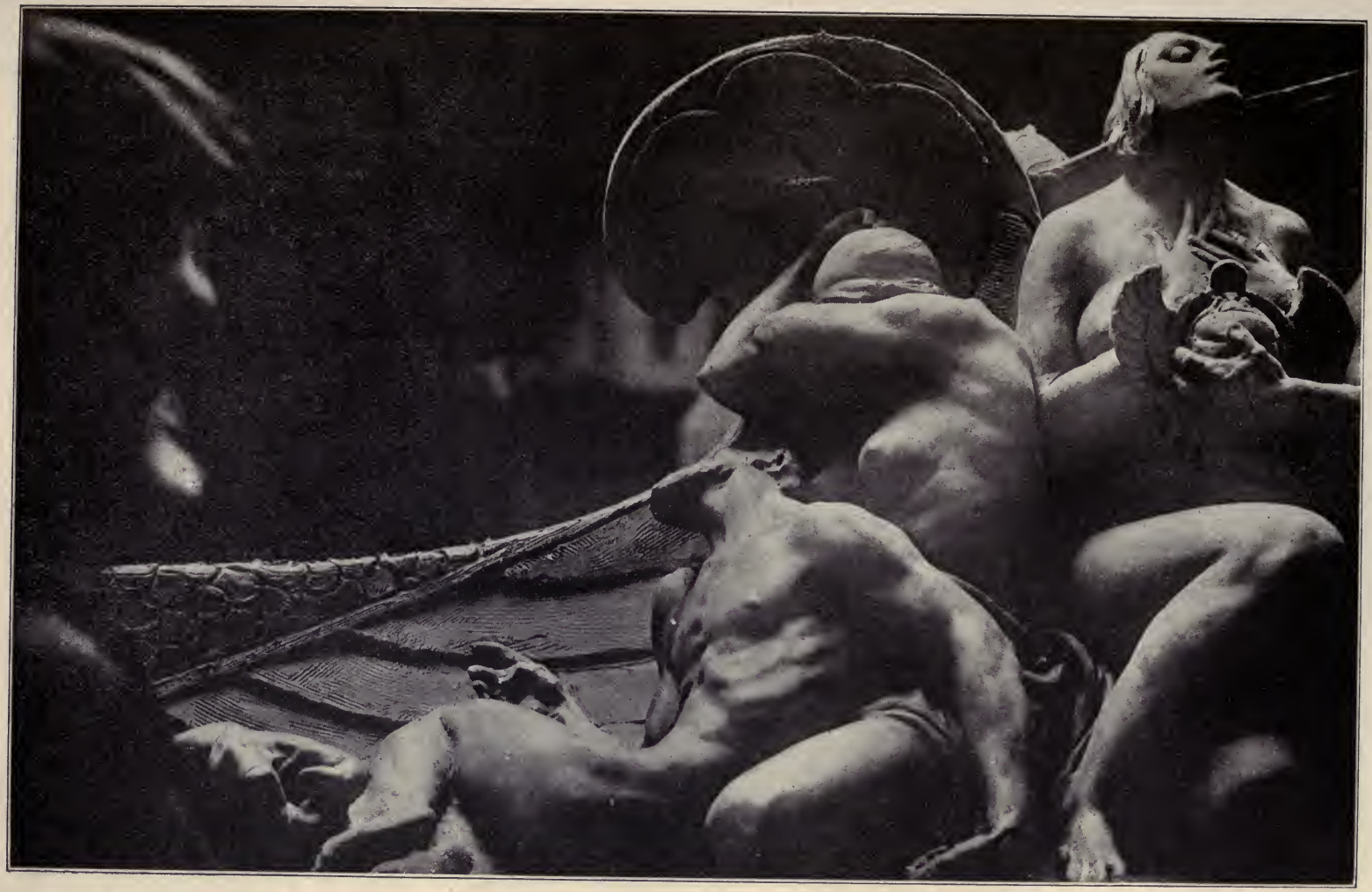
In brief, just what is it, and what is to be seen when one gets there?

The Panama-Pacific International Exposition celebrates the completion of the Panama Canal, the union of the Atlantic with the Pacific, that dream of the centuries. Just as the event it celebrates is a wonder of the modern world, so has it been the plan to make the celebration itself a modern wonder of celebrations.

In general dimensions, the grounds are two and one-half miles long and one-half mile wide. On this area there are approximately 250 buildings, ranging from the behemoth of buildings, the Machinery Palace, to the fifteen foot fronts of the postcard concessions. But every building, irrespective of size or location, is an integral part of the general ground scheme. The two main landscape effects are represented in the South Gardens, into which the main entrance gates lead, and the North Gardens, along the shore of San Francisco Bay.

The visitor to the Exposition, on any of the car lines passing over the crest of the heights back of the Exposition, first looks down upon a city of massed color in dome, spire, roof and gardens. If it is by night, he looks down upon that two mile stretch, the vision presented in color by the miraculous effects secured in lighting, is comparable only to those fragments our memory keeps of fabled cities from the Arabian Nights, or fairy lands of awe and gorgeousness.

Entering the main gates, the Tower of Jewels, 435 feet in height, commands the eye 500 feet away across the pools, the fountains, the statuary, the palms and carpetings of rich flowers and green lawns of the South Gardens. The Tower is the arch through which one enters the Court of the Universe. On either side of the Tower, to east and west, extend the facades of four of the exhibit palaces of the main group of eight. These are, first to the right of the Tower, the Palace of Manufactures, and next, separated by the



Fountain of the Earth (Aitkens.) The figures symbolize Faith, Sorrow and Sleep.

Court of Flowers, marked by lofty Italian towers, the Palace of Varied Industries.

Immediately to the left of the Tower is the Palace of Liberal Arts, and next to that, separated by the Court of Palms, marked again by two lofty Italian towers at the entrance, is the Palace of Education.

The South Gardens extend along the entire fronts of these palaces.

The boulevard between the gardens and the porticoes and approaches to the palaces is the Avenue of Palms.

To the right, as one enters the gate, and occupying the space at the east end of the Gardens, is Festival Hall, a majestic building with a mammoth pipe organ. This will be the center of the musical and theatrical activities of the Exposition, and a spacious auditorium where will be held conferences and congresses that do not use the civic auditorium, which is located in San Francisco.

To the left or west end of the Gardens is the Palace of Horticulture, with its great dome of glass 152 feet in diameter. Here will be assembled the most varied exhibition of horticulture and its allied subjects that has ever been gathered under one roof in the history of world expositions. The dome is copied from the dome on the mosque of the Sultan Ahmed I, at Constantinople. The principal architecture is in the eighteenth century French Renaissance. The cost of this palace was $341,000.

Coming then upon the South Gardens and entering beneath the Tower of Jewels into the Court of the Universe, it is seen that there is here a group of eight exhibit palaces in one unit, with the Court of the Universe the great dominating and radiating hub, not only for the eight palaces, but for the entire exposition ground plan.

Looking directly ahead, one sees the column of Progress, 160 feet in height, balancing the north elevation of the eight main exhibit palaces as the Tower of Jewels does the southern elevation. Surmounting the lofty column, which is sculptured with figures symbolical of progress, is the heroic figure of the "Adventurous Bowman," pointing his arrow still further before and over the waters of San Francisco Bay to the north.

The Court of the Universe is in dimension 900 by 500 feet, and is capable of seating 7,000 people.

Walking on through the Court of the Universe to the Column of Progress, as one turns around and faces the way he came, he sees the Palace of Agriculture, and adjoining it, separated by a wide colonnaded court, the Palace of Food Products.

To the left, as one still stands with his back to the Column of Progress and the bay, comes first the Palace of Transportation and next the Palace of Mines and Metallurgy.

Having the general plan, then, of these eight main exhibit palaces, all bound compactly together by lofty arches, wide colonnades, peristyles and courts, one returns for the time to the Court of the Universe. Here are two mighty fountains with their towering columns, one the Column of the Rising Sun, the other the Column of the Setting Sun—the first typified by a male figure expressive of the vigor and elan of youth and the morning, the other a girlish figure, the head slightly bowed as though in sleep. The east approach to this court is surmounted by a mighty group symbolical of the nations of the East, and the west approach by a group symbolical of the nations of the West.

Looking through these east and west approaches are alluring vistas. Let the visitor pass beneath the sweep of the Arc of the Rising Sun. He is now going due east, and, after a pleasant walk through a briet space of gardens, he comes to the Court of Abundance, another of the principal courts of the main group of eight exhibit palaces.

Should he turn instead and go west beneath the Arch of the Setting Sun, he would find himself in the Court of the Four Seasons.

In all of these courts are sculptures

Fountain of the Earth. This procession of figures symbolizes the Passing of Life.

INSIDE THE COURT OF PALMS

DETAIL OF MAIN ENTRANCE
PALACE OF AGRICULTURE

COLUMBUS DAY EXERCISES
YACHT HARBOR EXPOSITION GROUNDS

by the world masters, and in the tympanum of each corridor arch, murals by men famous internationally for this work, landscape effects, fountains and exquisitely wrought friezes.

The entire unit of eight buildings with their spacious courts is bounded by four great avenues: the Avenue of Palms on the south, the Avenue of Progress on the east, the Esplanade on the north and the Avenue of Administration on the west.

East of this group, across the Avenue of Progress, is the mighty Palace of Machinery.

West of the group, across the Avenue of Administration and the Fine Arts Lagoon, is the Palace of Fine Arts, 1,100 feet of its great colonnade curving around the embowered shores of the lagoon.

Along the northern, or San Francisco Bay frontage of the unit, are the North Gardens, the Marina, which is a promenade overlooking the bay, and the yacht harbor.

In all, this makes eleven great exhibit palaces, which, with Festival Hall, comprise the twelve mighty structures in the central architectural scheme of the Exposition.

In a general way there are three main groupings in the building plan. The exhibit palaces comprise one central group, the pavilions of the nations and the buildings of the States comprise another, covering the western area of the Exposition, and the amusement Zone comprises the third, covering the eastern area.

In addition to the four main avenues of the principal group of buildings there are two other boulevards of major importance. These are the Avenue of All Nations, which is a continuation northwesterly of the Avenue of Palms, and the Avenue of the States, which is a westerly continuation of the Esplanade. The Avenue of All Nations sweeps in a long course, giving frontage to the many noble edifices erected by the participating nations, finally to join the Avenue of States, along which are located the elegant homes of the States of the Union.

Thus, with the Avenue of Palms, the Avenue of All Nations, the Avenue of the States, the Esplanade and the Avenue of Progress, a complete system of boulevards encircles the entire exposition grounds. It is on this long length of roadway that the Vanderbilt automobile cup race will be run on February 22d, and the Grand Prix five days later.

The extreme west limits of the grounds, beyond the pavilion of the nations and States, contains the live stock section, the stadium and the race track. This track, of the most approved modern construction, is one mile in circumference. Within the west half of the course is a one-third mile cinder track.

The general theme of the builders of the exposition is educational—educational in every field of human endeavor. No exhibit will be considered for an award by the International Jury of Awards unless that article has been produced or originated since the St. Louis Exposition, ten years ago. It is therefore a contemporaneous exposition in the full sense of that term.

The eighty thousand exhibitors who have assembled their displays from the nations of the world have combined to present an epitome of the world's progress. The culminating triumphs of all the competitions in ideas of the past decade—a decade that has accomplished more than the entire century that preceded it in material advancement—will be here. Action will be a dominant key note. Wherever it is possible, exhibits that have properties of motion will be shown in action. Particularly will this be true of the electrical features.

Some idea of the vast importance of the educational aspect of the Exposition can be roughly gained when it is said that 226 national and international congresses and conventions will assemble here during the exposition period. Of these, business, scientific and educational congresses will number twenty-two each; agricultural congresses, twenty-one; industrial congresses, fifteen; labor and religious

congresses, nine each; charitable and sociological, eight; and historical, five. There will be many fraternal and social conventions of international membership, the whole list bringing hundreds of thousands of members to San Francisco.

There is no nation of the world that will not be represented in some manner. Many will be represented not only by huge exhibits, but by national pavilions erected at great cost.

Where national governments have not made governmental appropriations the exhibits have been handled by the national Chambers of Commerce, so that the representation of the world nations is complete.

When the pedestrian who has been enthusiastically traveling the exhibit aisles, the avenues and the colonnaded galleries seeks rest and refreshment, he will find cafes and restaurants plentifully sprinkled over the grounds. The prices are fixed by the Exposition officials, and are exactly what one would pay in normal times. No increases in price will be permitted. The same thing is true of hotels, the Inside Inn, inside the grounds, and the San Francisco hotels. All are bound by an agreement to keep prices at the same rate that prevails at the present time in San Francisco.

Topping off the great exposition, affording the curious and interested visitor relaxation from viewing exhibits, is the Zone, where the concessionaires have assembled the greatest aggregation of laughter provoking devices in the history of world's expositions. The investment in the Zone represents nearly $11,000,000, and the one hundred concessionaires were selected out of 7,000 applicants as being sound financially and the best fitted of the entire list as amusement provokers. Here are found some of the biggest showmen in the world.

Transportation facilities to the grounds are ample; the fire protection system is the finest that modern engineering skill could devise; the policing, in addition to the eight hundred exposition guards, will be handled by the Pinkertons, and an emergency hospital on the grounds completely equipped with latest apparatus and motor ambulances.

THRENODY

The desert was stark on winter's breast,
(Gray and the ghost of gray),
But spring came wooing out of the west,
(Brief the wooer's day!)

Then coral and amethyst, green and gold,
(Swift at the call of spring),
Scarlet and sapphire lay unrolled,
(Beauty's so brief a thing!)

The desert parched in the summer sun,
(Umber and brown and black),
For the round year's course must thus be run,
(Beauty's so brief, alack!)

VIRGINIA CLEAVER BACON.

Two characteristic poses of the Hopi snake dancers.—Photo by L. Crane.

The Land of the Hopis

By Paul Monnet, M. S., F. G. S., Paris and F. B. S. of France

AT THE EXTREME northeastern corner of Arizona, towering on almost inaccessible cliffs, 500 feet above the wandering homes of their old enemies, the Navajos, there live one of the oldest and most interesting race of pueblo indians of the United States. Their own name is "Hopi-Tu," the peaceful people, a beautiful designation that the scorn of warlike tribes and the fancy of the Indian Service has changed into the now official Navajo nickname of "Moqui," the dead.

The origin of the Hopi is lost in the midst of pre-Colombian history. The people themselves have kept only verbal records of their former wars and wanderings. They dimly remember a time when they used to live in the fertile valleys where now lies some of their fields, and the general belief amongst them seems to be that they originally belonged to various tribes which were driven by Navajos and Apaches to their present desolate places of abode. The fact that they strongly object to marriage with strangers is not in favor of this theory, though the recent accession of the New Mexican Tewas to the Hopi community may point out to a rational explanation of the formation of the Hopi pueblos.

Since they sought the protection of their natural fortresses, the Hopis have seldom moved. When they decided on choosing new building sites, the cause of their change was mostly to be found in religious differences that arose be-

A snake chief removing the leather belt on the Kiva.—Photo by L. Crane.

tween themselves. Such an occurrence is remembered by a number of Oraibis that used to live in the ruined village still to be seen in the vicinity of Tali Hogan spring. A legend is connected with this period in their history, centering on the spring water which was said to have acquired suddenly intoxicating properties under the magic spell of the contending priests. It is a feud of the same nature that gave birth a few years ago to the new villages of the third mesa.

Hopi architecture, though very crude, is interesting in many ways. It may be seen yet in its primitive state in the oldest villages, Walpi and Shimo-pa-vi, and bears then a very striking resemblance to the Arabic method of building. Its salient feature is the fact that, contrary to most primitive architectural styles, it gives but little importance to sacred buildings. These last are only represented by the sun-altar on the dance place, a rude mound of flat stones, and by the "kivas," the underground halls set apart for the rehearsal and preparation of the ceremonies. The kiva is a bare room destitute of all ornamental or sacred designs, and its character is more that of a place of concealment from the layman eyes than that of a place of worship. Outwardly the long pointed uprights of its ladder are the only visible signs of its existence. Here the priest hangs a long fringed belt of leather whenever ceremonies are going on that may be witnessed only by those taking an active part in them. The accompanying photograph, which was kindly loaned me by Mr. L. Crane of the Indian Service, shows the snake chief removing such a leather belt before the opening of the public ceremonies of the snake dance.

If we now cast our eyes on a private house, we are prone to be first astonished by the terraced nature of the buildings, which we may enter only after a great deal of ladder scaling, and by the ridiculously small size of both doors and windows. This last peculiarity may be a protection against the fiery sun of the desert, and as a result nearly all Hopi houses are cool and comfortable even during the hottest days of summer. There is also an important meaning in the fact that the size of the doors is steadily increasing with the new generations. This and a study of the oldest inhabitants of the

Boys and burros, Hano

reservation, has brought about the statement made by doctors of the Indian Service that the Hopi race is probably increasing in height.

The one drawback of this method of building is the very insufficient amount of fresh air allowed in the rooms and the resulting unsanitary condition now prevailing in all the villages. Tuberculosis of the larynx is by far the most common and dreaded disease of the Indians, and the Government is doing its best to bring about a radical change in the native methods of ventilation. Unfortunately the Hopis are one of the most conservative people on earth, for, as a Navajo proverb says, "They are more difficult to move than burros."

Such are the dwellings of the Northwestern pueblos Indians. What may now be their occupations?

The Hopi is, first of all, an agriculturist, and he has wrestled from plant life most of his precarious living. As a raiser of crops, he is certainly successful, one may even say astonishingly so, in spite of the most adverse conditions he has to contend with. His staple food is maize, and he has now over sixteen varieties of this, some of which were, however, introduced by the white man. Many of the beautifully variegated corns that are to be found in Hopi land are grown only in very small quantities and for ceremonial purposes. The most widely used kind, known to the natives as "Saquap-kai," is a blue corn producing a medium-sized ear of high food value. This is ground up by the women on a flat stone, the bluish flour produced being used for the making of "piki" or Indian bread. In order to prepare this food, a light dough is made by mixing flour with water and with the ashes of a salt brush (a species of Atriplex)

Spectators taking their positions to view the snake dance.

growing wild on the alkaline flats of the desert. This spice takes the place of our salt, on account of its large percentage of soda. The dough is then spread on a hot flat stone, and the result is a very thin sheet of corn bread. A number of sheets are piled together and rolled, the resulting bread keeping in good condition for a long time in the dry atmosphere of the desert, owing to its very small amount of component moisture. At the three villages of the middle mesa, red and yellow vegetable matters, made up of the styles of various wild compositae, are used for coloring piki. They may be compared to our own saffron.

The most common crops, besides the maize, are gourds, of which the Hopis use seven different kinds, melons and cotton. This last plant is of very great economical value to the white man, as it is the only cotton now known to mature in such a cold climate as that of the Coconino Plateau. The Hopis still grow this cotton for making threads used in the ceremonies and for the weaving of the wedding dresses.

The growing of fruit trees is one of the most important and difficult problems of cultivation in a desert land. The delicious peaches that may be found on the reservation prove conclusively that the Hopis have been successful here also. These peaches were introduced by the Spaniards, and it would pay the Indian service to suggest or, if necessary, to take in its own hands the planting of extensive orchards in order to protect other crops from the disastrous wind storms now so frequent around the pueblos.

But the Hopis have not confined themselves to their crops and their largest industries, basket and pottery making, entirely depends on wild flowers and brushes of the desert.

Moqui baskets are of two different patterns, their nature depending on whether they were made at the third mesa, Oraibi, or at the middle mesa, Toreva.

The material of the Oraibi plaques and baskets belong to three varieties of plants. The ribs are made of the strong twigs of a small brushy, yellow flowered leguminosae, bearing a strong resemblance to a dwarf mesquite, and

Priests undergoing the purification ceremony after the dance.

growing only on the sand dunes around the villages. The main frame work is entirely composed of the smallest branches of a depauperate brush, known to botanists as a species of Tetradymia, while the rim is trimmed with the fibrous cortex covering the leaves of a Spanish bayonet, locally known as soap weed, owing to the use as a cleaning medium made of its roots by the Indians (Yucca baccata.) For the coloring of the best baskets, native dyes only are used, although the introduction of fading aniline dyes has been for a while a menace to the trade owing to the carelessness of the average buyer. Six colors are known to the basket makers of Oraibi. They are blue, green, yellow, red, black and white. As this subject has never been thoroughly investigated, I may give here a general account of the dyeing process.

As a rule the coloring matter is of vegetable origin. A decoction of the seeds or flowers to be used is made by boiling and straining, native alum (found around some of the dry lakes on the reservation) being generally added to the solution as a fixative. The twigs are then dipped in the dye for ten to fifteen minutes, left to dry in the sun and smoked on burning white wool. The meaning of this last operation may be only of a ritual character. Following is a list of the most commonly used dyes:

For blue—A variety of beans known as "Du-nan-mo-gre."

For green—A mixture of the preceding dye and of the yellow flowers of a brush (Tetradymya sp.), known as "Se-vap-se."

For yellow—The "Se-vap-se" flowers.

For red—The flowers of a compositae (an helianthae as yet undetermined) known as "Ho-hoi-se."

For black—"Blue" corn (ko-ko-ma) or sun-flower seeds.

For white—A native lime.

The Toreva baskets are of an entirely different type. They are made up of a coiled rope which is prepared by covering a grass core with long lashes of the soap-weed leaf's cortex.

A dancer holding a snake in his mouth

An unfinished plaque of such type is shown on the accompanying plate.

The color of the Toreva basketry differ but little from those of the Oraibi's. The main point of interest is the existence of a very fine orange-brown color made of the leaves and young twigs of a brush (Tetradymia sp.) Various shades of yellow and green are also the simple result of bleaching the yucca fibres in the sun. The decorative designs which may be found on Hopi baskets offer a large variety of forms. Some of the most commonly used are the "katchinas" or goblin's heads, reproductions of the tame eagles, symbolical representations of whirlwinds, sandstorms, etc.

Pottery making is known only to the inhabitants of the two Hopi pueblos of Walpi and Si-chom-i-vi and to the tewas of Hano. The Hopi pottery is usually made of red clay, which is brought to the desired shape by hand. Before being cooked it is carefully polished with a hard basaltic rock, but not glazed. For decorative purposes, a black mineral paint is used, mixed up with a siccative oil prepared by the Hopis from a wild mustard growing on the mesas. A brush made of the soap weed fibres is the only implement needed by the skilful artist to cover the earthenware with very complex arabesques. That some of these designs are most difficult to draw, as well as artistic, was proved to me when an acquaintance showed me at Polacca a vase covered with fine pictures of peacocks.

The livestock of the Hopis seems to a casual observer to be entirely made up of burros and goats, so plentiful are these two animals. In fact, herds of sheep may be found all around the pueblos, the result being an extensive overgrazing of this limited area. They are tended by small boys riding the inevitable donkey, and their wool is mostly sold to the white man. The Hopis, however, have a few rather unskilled weavers, the fabric of their blankets being much lighter and less durable than that of the Navajos. Needless to say, weaving as well as basketry and pottery making are the usual employment of the squaws.

The Hopis are a very quiet race, and do not usually indulge in the bloody and spirited contests that sometimes delight primitive people. Apart from their sacred dances, their only amuesment is hunting, which they practice in various ways. The most spectacular are the rabbit hunts which seem to be held regularly at the different villages. The days set apart for this chase are made public by the town crier, so that all men may attend on horseback, for the rabbits are

A snake dancer scattering a powder of sacred meal on the snake, at the same time tickling its back with eagle feathers. As the snake begins to race forward, he catches it up with great dexterity.

captured by a real "coursing." In the days gone by, when stags were more plentiful than they now are, the men used to catch them alive on the same plan. The little boys still kill prairie dogs with wooden arrows, and they may frequently be seen on the trails leading to the mesas carrying their victims tied together in long strings. Last, but not least, must be mentioned the robbing of young eagle nestlings, the sacred birds whose feathers are extensively used in the ceremonies. These nestlings become comparatively tame, and it is one of the wonders of Hopi land to see hundreds of grown-up birds chained on the roofs of the houses, where they are regularly fed, usually with the corpses of prairie-dogs.

The organization of the Hopi communities follow the old shammanistic motions of clans, each of these performing special religious duties. Such clans take the name of an animal or a plant totem; prominent amongst them are the Antelope, the Snake, the Horn, the Tobacco clans, etc. Apart from these divisions, each village has a chief who is the head of what might be called the tribal association. It is he who sets apart the days for the dances, the hunts, and so on. He is also in charge of a special police, whose duty is to keep a constant watch during the night at the head of all trails leading up the mesas. Thus every one who loses his way on the dangerously steep inclines may call for help, and is sure of being rescued from his perilous position by all the men of the village. The challenges

Placing the snakes on the ground while the catchers stand ready.

A typical Indian village in the Southwest.

of these sentinels during the still nights of the desert add much to the picturesqueness of Hopi land.

The Hopis are very superstitious, and all turn in as soon as night comes. Quaint stories center on the mesas, where ghosts are supposed to hide during the night, harassing with stones the rash traveler and hurling him downwards to his death.

Of the religious beliefs of the Hopis, much has been said, and their ceremonies have been carefully and minutely described by Dr. Fewkes, the authority on Indian folk lore. It may be enough here to say that the two great dances, the Snake and Flute ceremonies, are prayers for rain, and the "Pahos" offerings to the sun. I was also fortunate enough to discover that the Snake and Antelope priests drink for some parts of their dances the intoxicating juice of a wild henbane (Hyoscyamus sp.). This is very significant, in view of the fact that the most curious properties of this vegetable alcoloid were well known and extensively used by the priests of ancient Egypt in similar religious festivals. The two accompanying photographs, which are reproduced through the courtesy of Mr. L. Crane, Superintendent of the Moqui reservation, show characteristic poses of the Snake dancers.

I do not wish to end this short sketch of Hopi life without expressing my best thanks to my good friend of the desert, Mr. Otto Lomavitue, of Oraibi, whose smiling and untiring help enabled me to gather from his native brothers much of the valuable and interesting information I have given here.

ROYAL GORGE

Night's pit-black gloom abates, yet tardy dawn
Scarce breaks through heavy clouds that weight the skies;
And like reluctant-waking, pain-dimmed eyes,
The wet rocks glimmer cold. Where Titan brawn
Heaved them in sport or war—grim, haggard, drawn,
Earth-features huge and scarred—the cliff-heights rise.
Beneath gape deeps where ancient darkness lies
In caverns dread; and, dim at noonday, yawn
Abysmal clefts where shuddering earth was rent
In ages past by fierce volcanic throe.
Obscured by mist, rock-wounded, rived, and bent,
The river's mangled currents frenzied flow
Through passes doleful with their long lament;
And rocks and stream bode everlasting woe.

EUGENE ROWELL.

Crossing the Plains, Days of '57

A Narrative of Early Emigrant Travel to California by Ox Team Method

By Wm. Audley Maxwell

Chapter I.

Forsaking the Old in Quest of the New. First Camp. Fording the Platte.

WE LEFT the west bank of the Missouri River on May 17, 1857. Our objective point was Sonoma County, California. The company consisted of thirty-seven persons, including several families, and some others; the individuals ranging in years from middle age to babies; eleven men, ten women and sixteen minors; the eldest of the party forty-nine; the most youthful a boy two months old the day we started. Most of these were persons who had resided for a time at least not far from the starting point, but not all were natives of that section, some having emigrated from Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia.

We were outfitted with eight wagons, about thirty yoke of oxen, fifty head of extra steers and cows, and ten or twelve saddle ponies and mules.

The vehicles were light, well built farm wagons, arranged and fitted for economy of space and weight. Most of the wagons were without brakes, seats or springs. The axles were of wood, which, in case of their breaking, could be repaired en route. Chains were used for dead-locking the wheels while moving down steep places.

No lines or halters of any kind were used on the oxen for guiding them, these animals being managed entirely by use of the ox-whip and the "ox-word." The whip was a braided leathern lash, six to eight feet long, the most approved stock for which was a hickory sapling, as long as the lash, and on the extremity of the lash was a strip of buckskin, for a "cracker," which, when snapped by a practiced driver, produced a sound like the report of a pistol. The purpose of the whip was well understood by the trained oxen, and that implement enabled a skillful driver to regulate the course of a wagon almost as accurately as if the team were of horses, with the reins in the hands of an expert jehu.

An emigrant wagon such as described, provided with an oval top cover of white ducking, with "flaps" in front and a "puckering-string" at the rear, came to be known in those days as a "prairie schooner," and a string of them, drawn out in single file in the daily travel was a "train." Trains following one another along the same new pathway were sometimes strung out for hundreds of miles, with spaces of a few hundred yards to several miles between, and were many weeks passing a given point.

Our commissary wagon was supplied with flour, bacon, coffee, tea, sugar, rice, salt and so forth; rations estimated to last for five or six months if necessary; also medical supplies, and whatever else we could carry to meet the probable necessities and the possible casualties of the journey; with the view of traveling tediously, but patiently, over a country of road-

less plains and mountains, crossing deserts and fording rivers, meanwhile cooking, eating and sleeping on the ground as we should find it from day to day.

The culinary implements occupied a compartment of their own in a wagon —consisting of such kettles, long-handled frying pans and sheet iron coffee pots as could be used on a camp-fire, with table articles almost all of tin. Those who attempted to carry the more friable articles, owing to the thumps and falls to which they were subjected, found themselves short in supply of utensils long before the journey ended. I have seen a man and wife drinking coffee from one small tin pan, their china and delf-ware having been left in fragments to decorate the desert wayside.

We had some tents, but they were little used after we learned how to do without them, excepting in cases of inclement weather, of which there was very little, especially in the latter part of the trip.

During the great rush of immigration into California, subsequent to 1849, from soon after the discovery of gold until this time, the usual date at which the annual emigrant trains started from the settlement borders along the Missouri river was April 15 to May 1. The spring of 1857 was late, and we did not pull out until May 17th, when the prairie grass was grown sufficiently to afford feed for the stock and summer weather was assured.

At that time the boundary line between the "States" and the "Plains" was the Missouri River. We crossed that river at a point about half-way between St. Joseph and Council Bluffs, where the village of Brownville was the nucleus of a first settlement of white people on the Nebraska side. There the river was a half-mile wide. The crossing was effected by means of an old-fashioned ferryboat or scow, propelled by a small, stern-wheeled steamer. Two days were consumed in transporting our party and equipment across the stream; but one wagon and a few of the people and animals being taken at each trip of the ferryboat and steamer.

From the landing we passed up the west shore twenty miles, seeing occasionally a rude cabin or a foundation of logs, indicating the intention of pre-empters. This brought us to the town of Nebraska City, then a beginning of a dozen or twenty houses, on the west bank. Omaha was not yet on the map, although where that thriving city now stands there existed then a settlement of something over one hundred persons.

From Nebraska City we bore off northwesterly, separating ourselves from civilization, and thereafter saw no more evidence of the white man's purpose to occupy the country over which we traveled.

There was before us the sky-bound stretch of undulating prairie, spreading far and wide, like a vast field of young growing grain; its monotony relieved only by occasional clumps of small trees, indicating the presence of springs or small water courses.

Other companies of trains, from many parts of the country, especially the Middle States, were crossing the Missouri at various points between St. Louis and Council Bluffs; most of them converging eventually into one general route, as they got out on the journey.

It is perhaps impossible to convey a clear understanding of the emotions experienced by one starting on such a trip; leaving friends and the familiar surroundings of what had been home, to face a siege of travel over thousands of miles of wilderness, so little known and fraught with so much of hardship and peril.

The earlier emigrants, gold-hunters, men only—men of such stuff as pioneers usually are made of—carried visions of picking up fortunes in the California gold mines and soon returning to their former haunts. But those who were going now felt that they were burning all bridges behind them; that all they had was with them, and they were going to stay.

Formerly we heard that California was good only for its gold mines; that it was a country of rocks, crags and deserts; where it rained ceaselessly during half of the year, and not at all in the other half. (As late as March, 1850, Daniel Webster said in the United States Senate: "California is Asiatic in formation and scenery; composed of vast mountains of enormous height, with broken ridges and deep valleys. The sides of these mountains are barren—entirely barren —their tops capped by perennial snow.")

But later we had been told that in the valleys there was land on which crops of wheat could be grown, and that cattle raising was good, on the broad acres of wild oats everywhere in the "cow counties." It was told us also that there were strips of redwood forest along the coast, a hundred to several hundred feet in height, and these trees could be split into boards ten to twenty feet long for building purposes, and that this material was to be had by anybody for the taking. Some said that the Spanish padres, at their missions in several localities near the Pacific shore, had planted small vineyards of what had come to be known as the "Mission" grape, which produced enormous crops. Another report told us that other fruits, including the orange and lemon varieties, so far as tried, gave promise of being valuable products of the valley and foothill soils. Such stories gave rise to a malady called "California fever." It was contagious, and carried off many people.

Our first camp was on the open prairie, where grass grew about four inches high, and a small spring furnished an ample supply of water. Fire wood we had brought with us for that night. The weather was very fine, and all were joyous at the novelty of "camping out."

On or about the eighth day we came to the Platte River—a broad, muddy stream, at some points a mile or more in width; shallow, but running rapidly between low banks; its many small islands wholly covered by growths of cottonwood trees and small willows. From these islands we obtained from time to time the fuel needed for the camp, as we took our course along the river's southerly shore; and occasionally added to the contents of the "grub" wagon by capturing an elk or deer that had sought covert in the cool shade of these island groves. Antelope were there, but too wary for our huntsmen.

We forded the Platte at a point something like one hundred and fifty miles westward from its confluence with the Missouri. There was no road leading into the river, nor any evidence of its having been crossed by any one at that place. We were informed that the bottom was of quicksand, and fording, therefore, dangerous. We tested it by riding horses across. Contrary to our expectations, the bottom was found to be a surface of smooth sand, packed hard enough to bear up the wagons when the movement was quick and continuous. A cut was made in the bank, to form a runway for passage of the wagons to the water's edge —and the whole train crossed the stream safely, with no further mishap than the wetting of a driver and the dipping of the wagon into a place deep enough to let water into the box. Fording the Platte consumed one entire day. We camped that night on the north shore.

The train continued along the general course of the river some three hundred miles, as far as Old Fort Laramie, through open country, in which there was an abundance of feed for the animals, but where wood for fuel was scarce.

Chapter II.

Laramie Fashions and Sioux Etiquette. A Trophy. Chimney Rock. A Solitary Emigrant. Jests and Jingles.

The Laramie and Sioux Indians were in those days the lords of that portion of the plains over which we

traveled during the first several weeks.

They were fine specimens of physical manhood. Tall, erect, well proportioned, they carried themselves with a distinct air of personal importance and dignity. They had not taken to the white man's mode of dress. Each had, in addition to his buckskin breeches and moccasins, a five-point Macanac blanket, these comprising for him a complete suit. The blanket he used as an outer garment, when needed, and for his cover at night. Many of the more important "big Injuns" owned also a buffalo robe. This was the whole hide of the buffalo, with the hair on it, the inner side tanned to a soft, pliable leather, and the irregularities of its natural shape neatly cut away. It furnished the owner an excellent storm robe, sufficient protection, head to foot, in the severest weather.

The Indians of these tribes that we met were friendly, even to familiarity. One of them would approach an emigrant with a "glad-to-meet-you" extending a hand in what was intended to be "white-man" fashion. But "Mr. Lo" was a novice in the art of handshaking, and his awkwardness and mimicking attempts in the effort were as amusing to us as satisfactory, apparently to him. His vocal greeting, with slight variation from time to time, was in such words—with little regard for their meaning—as he had caught from the ox-driving dialect of the passing emigrants: "Wo-haw-Buck," "Hello, John, got tobac?" If he added, "Gimme biskit," and "Pappoose heap sick," he had about reached the limit of his English vocabulary.

Large game was common along some parts of the way: bear, mountain lions, wild-cats and other species in the mountainous sections. They were shy and not easy to take, but we captured a few of some varieties. Some members of the party demonstrated that fishing was good in the Rocky Mountain streams. Naturally the men were hopeful of securing specimens of the larger game, but our lack of experience and scarcity of proper equipment for the purpose were against the chance, though not to the extent of our entire disappointment.

Only persons of much experience on the plains could form even an approximate estimate of the great number of buffaloes sometimes seen together. It has been stated that there were herds numbering more than fifty thousand. Such an aggregation would consume days in passing a given point, and in case of a stampede, all other animals in its path were doomed to destruction. A herd of buffaloes quietly grazing was sometimes difficult to distinguish when viewed from a considerable distance, from a low forest; their rounded bodies and the neutral tint of their shaggy coats giving them the appearance of bushes.

When the train was nearing the fork of the Platte River a herd of buffaloes was seen quietly grazing on the plain, a mile or more to the right, beyond a small watercourse.

Deciding we would try our prowess, Captain Maxwell and this narrator rode to the creek, at a point some distance below the position of the herd, where we tied our horses, then crept along, under cover of the creek bank, till we had gone as near as possible, without being seen by the herd, then distant from us not much more than a hundred yards.

Cautiously peering above the edge of the bank, we selected a choice buffalo among those nearest us, and both fired. The entire herd galloped wildly away, continuing till all passed from view over a hill some miles northward. Not one showed sign of having been hit.

As we were about to leave the place what should we see but a lonely buffalo coming down the slope toward where we were, moving with leisurely tread and manner perfectly unconcerned. Notwithstanding our recent firing, this animal evidently had no suspicion of our presence. We remained and awaited his coming.

He walked a few steps, then browsed a little, as if in no hurry about anything. Captain John and I felt our

hopes rise; we laid our plans and waited patiently.

Just where the buffalo trail led down the bank of the creek there were, as in many places near the stream, some scattered cottonwood and other trees. One of these that once stood on the brink had fallen till its top caught in the fork of another tree, and rested at a gentle incline upward from where it had grown. At the roots of this fallen tree we concealed ourselves, to wait, hoping that the big animal would come down to the water, but a few yards from us; for we guessed that he was one that had not yet had his drink from the brook that day, and was determined not to leave until he slaked his thirst.

It was an anxious while of waiting, but not long. I was fearful that my hard-thumping heart beats would be audible and frighten him away. Could it be true that I had an attack of "buck-ague?" Perish the thought.

Finally his bovine majesty came lazily over the top of the bank, with a heavy, slow motion; grunting and puffing, as if he were almost too heavy for his legs. When he got to the bottom of the bank and was about to drink, Captain John whispered our agreed signal, "One, two, three;" we fired, simultaneously, and repeated. The big fellow stood still for a moment after the shots and looked about, with a slow movement and stolid gaze, turning his head questioningly from side to side, as if he would say, "I thought I heard something pop."

Somehow, we knew we had hit him, and we wondered why he did not fall. His little, black eyes rolled and glinted under his shaggy foretop. Then he seemed to swell; crouching slightly, as does a beast of prey when about to spring; lowered his head, pawed the earth and shook his mane. His whole body became vibrant with the obvious desire to fight—and no antagonist in sight. Uttering a tremendous grunt, he arched his back again, stamping with all four feet, somethwhat like the capers of a Mexican "broncho" when preparing to "buck;" then he snorted once more, with such explosive force as seemed to shake the tree beside which we were hidden, as he looked about for something to pitch into.

By this time we thought we understood why a kind Providence had caused that cottonwood tree to lodge at such an angle that a buffalo could not climb it, but we could—and we did. Getting ourselves safely into the fork of the tree, we continued to shoot from our coign of vantage till the big fellow dropped. When he ceased to kick or give any sign of belligerency, we came down and approached him, carefully. Then we dressed him, or as much of him as we could carry in two bags that we had strapped behind our saddles, and rejoined the train after our people had gone into camp for the night.

We had our first buffalo steak for supper that night. We also had the satisfaction of observing signs of jealousy on the part of the other men, who had never killed a buffalo. As I went about the camp that evening, my feelings were akin to those of the small boy elevated on his first pair of stilts.

(To be Continued.)

When Shepherds Watch Their Flock

By Wm. Mackay-Caldwell

TO THOSE who watch their flocks by night is said to be given the soul of the skies.

Tony Tafoya was a pastor de cabras—a goatherd who tended his flock whither the grasslands of upper New Mexico lead; and as goats browse far and fast, this meant in his case a constantly moving habitat anywhere in that considerable basin that cinctures the little city of Santa Fe, between the Hills of the Blood of Christ and the gold beaten slopes of the ragged Sandias. By day, Tony rested where God —and his goats—permitted; by night, when the lean wolves were licking their chops in nearby silver feathered clumps of pinon and juniper, and the velvet-footed puma were stealthing murderously down arroyo and canyon for juicy yearlings, or easier killed first-borns, Tony would take up his lone vigil, beribboned guitar on knee, and sing to the skies above while his flock huddled together about him. And the skies above, beaded with big, warm stars as with pearls, would cluster about his head, and Tony would sit drowsing happily of the far-away lights of Santa Fe and Rosaria.

Once ever so often—on the festivals of holy saints, as he reckoned time—Tony would leave his goats in the care of some chance other remote, hence neighborly, watcher, and with new serape over shoulder and beribboned guitar across back, mount his patient-eyed little pack-burro for the long journey to Santa Fe. There he would lean against the house wall of the big casa opposite the church of Saint Francis, and sing to its barred window the pent up melodies of his soul. Now young men of the southlands are addicted to passing some of their nocturnal leisure in this manner; it means no more than a pretty compliment to a pair of roguish eyes caught coquetting through the folds of a rebozo, and is accepted as such. If sometimes a small, slim hand fluttered through the latteral bars of the window of the big casa, and a blown rose dropped on Tony's be-ribboned guitar, it but signified the customary acknowledgment that the troubadour's efforts were pleasing to the carefully-guarded lady within. But to Tony Tafoya of the lone vigils, the blown roses treasured among the ebony curls over his ears were as kisses from the vales of Elysia on the lips of a flower. In the long, lone interims, afar, between these floral osculated "canta amorosos," Tony restrained his ardent soul by nightly tryst with Rosaria—in the star of the evening. This, being entirely Tony's own poetic, vividly imaginative invention, argues that the soul of the skies was undoubtedly his; for all poets, as we know, are mentally aberated. While the beauty of God still lingered in the hot saffron over the mesas, and the single star of the evening was pricked out delicately as needle point in the broidery of a cardinal's cope therein, Tony would sit among his goats, gazing into its crystal heart as he said his "Ave Maria;" for he knew that at that hour Rosaria, with other reboso guarded maidens, would be telling her beads in vesper prayer. Not that Tony was of himself unduly given to devotional exercises, but as a poet—hence mentally aberrated—he instinctively turned for intercourse, mortally denied him with his heart's desire, through the medium whose soul he possessed.

Now, the love of a southland Latin

is as the fire of a bucking bronco, anyway; and when that Latin chances to be a boy, fed on the scarlet of the sunset and the gold of the mesas, and the blood purple of the jewel light, only, the throes of his first ardour are as those of the flame for the forest. Tony Tafoya knew no bounds. To argue that he was as soulful as the skies, and the desert, and the mountains, does not convey the psychology of the phenomena. He was a barbarian; a demigod; drunk on the naked beauty of his passion as on wine. He trod on the circumambient ether. The world and the heavens were his. Always, by calling, necessarily remote from the sophistication of materiality, the little green-eyed god was totally unknown to him. To have dreamed of Rosaria as a maiden fashioned for the hidden yearnings of maidenhood—but he did not. He was but a shepherd boy of the lonely night vigils with God, and his goats, whom the stars had taught nothing of fleshly love. His nightly tryst with Rosaria in the star of the evening was the bridal chamber of his mating. That any other form of courtship could exist for Rosaria never entered his poet mind—until that early spring evening when, his goats securely accounted for, he was jogging on his little pack burro adown the Camino Real del Canyon into Santa Fe, singing. Over his shoulder hung a serape that not even the glory of the sunset could dull; his be-ribboned guitar swung gaily across his back; freshly gathered nopals gleamed blood-red among the polished ebony curls over his ears. Just before him the little rio bubbled like water from a silver jar beneath the foot-bridge leading by the wall of the archbishop's garden. A stone's throw beyond, the wall of the archbishop's garden turned the corner into the Calle de San Diego; and thereon was the big casa with Rosaria's barred window, opposite the Church of Saint Francis. Tony kicked his little burro into a shuffling amble, and carroled softly a mandrigal of Andalusia to its huge, flopping ears as he drew nigh to the bridge.

But other voices were alive, too, to the fulsome joy of that early spring evening, murmuring from the thick foliage upon the little river bank.

"Ah, dulce amiga, la amada de una! I would kill the man in Santa Fe that dared look upon you—I swear it!"

Tony vaguely recognized the passionate, cowboy Spanish as big McKnight's, the American vaquero; for since when cows first lowed, and sheep or goats first bleated, has been an honorable blood feud between those addicted to either. Big McKnight's deep voice and deadly Colt's .45 were hatedly familiar to all trespassing pastores in upper New Mexico. Tony was about to continue contemptuously on when another voice came to his ears from the bank foliage—in pretty, lisping Castilian; and Tony pulled up like a man shot.

"Hush, beloved! Swear no such dreadful oaths! Father Olmedo, of Saint Francis, says it is a sin to kill. Am I a girl for tavern brawls?" (To stricken, wide-eyed Tony Tafoya on the bridge above came the sounds as of human lips meeting.) "See, beloved, I hang my rosary and cross about your throat. It shall guard you from all hurt——"

A little green-eyed god climbed up on the burro by Tony's elbow and introduced himself. Tony slid to the ground, dazed. The skies crashed, jumbled and tumbled, about him.

The first shock of a bullet is but a numbing thud; after comes the agony. Tony tottered numbly away—across the bridge, townwards. He knew not where, only that Rosaria was no longer his inviolate own. Blind and sick, he brought up staggering against the wall of the archbishop's garden, sobbing with the poignancy of his terror. From the towers of Saint Francis the vesper bells were vibrating the heart of the land. Tony heeded them not, nor the warm saffron over the river foliage; for something had dropped from his life, and what was deflowered was as a falling star.

Nor did he hear the splash in the bubbling rio following Rosaria's voice,

that told how the big cowman, humbled and awed as a little child, had flung his pinions on the winds of Love, and his Colt's .45 into the water as a thing of an accursed life; nor Rosaria's impulsive heart-pledge on the heels of the sacrifice—but that came sacredly only to the ears for which it was intended; for Rosaria's arms were about her lover's neck, and his lips upon her's——

Tony could feel that. He beat on the wall of the archbishop's garden with clenched fists. With the swift death of the song of him, snapped like a rose from its stem between finger and thumb of a girl's hand, the earth man was born. He laughed; the whole of heaven and earth were shaking with uncontrollable laughter. He had given his soul—to be tossed at the feet of a vaquero! A vile, coarse-bodied, money-sweating cowman, who traded for greasy pesos the free heart that God had given him! Jesus—and hell to come! In his magnificent independence, Tony had never owned a dollar in his life; his gold were his goats and his song. He was as untrammeled as the stars, owned his own flock, his palace the horizons, and the burnished skies for its dome. The sun was his flame; the moon his lamp; he yielded sovereignty to no man, and dealt with his God as a lord of the infinite mesas. All this he had given to Rosaria; and all this that was hers and his, she had thrown to the feet of a money-hired—cowman? Blood of Christ, the abominable harlotry!

In a maze, Tony found himself at last in the night riot of Fourchet's taberna, the Fonda, on the little plaza of Santa Fe, gulping glass after glass of unfamiliar, fiery aguardiente, until even Fourchet felt called upon to interfere.

"What I care!" cried poor Tony, in his anguish knocking the neck off a fresh bottle against the scarred bar counter. "I haf' song the lov' that mak' men die! Godam!"

In the first throes of a successful courtship two ambitions are uppermost in the male mind—to clasp the whole world in brotherly embrace and fight some denizen of it, no applicant barred. Big McKnight, the tale of his love on his red-brown, animal features, stood suddenly in Fourchet's barroom.

"Hola, caballeros!" he greeted the motley assemblage like a happy guest. "Veugan y acompanenos a tomar un trago!"

In Fourchet's one never inquired what his guests would drink. Glasses and bottles of aguardiente came rattling among the din on to the scarred bar counter; and about these men gathered like bees to a honeycomb, for Fourchet sensed that a carouse was toward. Big McKnight stood in the center of the room, his eyes glittering live; about his tawny throat a chain of rosary beads, and a cross with a little filigree Star of Bethlehem pendant. A crash of broken glass at the end of the bar counter—the cry of a hurt soul, strangled between hard-set teeth—and Tony stood close before big McKnight, his black, now bloodshot, eyes blazing on the little filigree star. Big McKnight, his heart overflowing with brotherly love, put forth a great hand on Tony's shoulder.

"Drink, companero," he invited. "It is on me."

For answer, Tony reached up and tore at the rosary about the open-shirted throat. The little pendant filigree star, only, came away in his fingers. Big McKnight's mouth and eyes opened wide in momentary amazement. Then his red-brown features went a dusky flame. Fourchet's, with the practice of long experience, had disappeared miraculously beneath tables or behind the bar counter.

"Christ!"

Big McKnight's hand started like a forked bolt for his hip—then stopped abruptly. The splash in the river—the promise! His holster was empty. A mottled, chalky hue overspread his features. His hand dropped nervelessly to his side. Yet Tony drew not. A big hairy spider—not uncommon to Fourchet's—chanced to be crawling up the whitewashed 'dobe wall. So still

it was in the bar-room that men said afterwards the scratching of the spider's legs upon the wall was audible. Finally McKnight spoke, his voice coming in a whisper through dry, colorless lips.

"I—I am not ironed," he said.

Tony never moved. Presently McKnight backed away from him slowly, step by step, until he reached the bar-room door. He laid his hand upon its latch; then hesitated. He backed out. Tony remained motionless. The silence still held. At last a voice broke the awful, dead quiet.

"Wa-al—I—am—damned." It was not profanity; it was a verdict. In the Southwestern code big McKnight had shown the white feather.

The fall of a popular idol is always a matter of consternation. Men came crowding silently up to the bar counter from anywhere, everywhere, casting furtive glances at Tony Tafoya. Still Tony heeded not. He was gazing fixedly at a little pendant filigree star between his fingers.

* * * *

All that spring and summer the goats browsed far to the north, and Tony herded in outlands beyond the ken of Santa Fe. But this mattered not to him; he had long since lost all interest in and account of his whereabouts. The uplands gave grass, fish and game; the larders of lonely ranch-eros the small balance of scant necessities. He no longer needed the hot saffron in the sky; the star of the evening had fallen from it.

His song and be-ribboned guitar were things of the gone life. When the ashen violet of night was over the land, and the lean wolves were licking their chops nearby, he huddled among his flock, chin on knees, and sat through the long vigils in brooding commune, with a tiny filigree star pendant. He remembered the exact spot on big McKnight's tawny throat whence he had wrenched it. Some day he intended to load it into the barrel of his .45 and shoot it into that throat.

When the cold blasts of winter struck down from the Hills of the Blood of Christ the goats turned their faces to the south and the westward. One day Tony relaxed his vigilance, and a lone wolf gained entrance into the flock. Hot on his fleeing heels Tony picked up a badly lacerated yearling. Water and bandages were requisite; he glanced about him for some chance sign of human habitation. Overhead the pale saffron of early winter sunset gave light; for the first time in long months Tony looked at the evening star therein. Just below where it shone was a small, far-away habitation. Tony tucked the wounded yearling under his arm, and calling his flock about him tramped toward it.

In the big-hearted southwest no door is locked against the chance wayfarer. The cook stove is always alight, and such viands as the condition of the house affords laid out at the disposal of the hungry. Tony pushed open the door of the little 'dobe and entered. It was empty, but food, fire and water awaited the guest. He tended the yearling; then poured himself a cup of black coffee from the pot simmering on the stove.

Tony drank his coffee in slow silence; then began to take incurious stock of his surroundings. It was the usual rancho kitchen, sparely and very plainly furnished as such. Tony had drunk black coffee in many counterparts of this one, where God, and his goats, permitted. An empty revolver holster on the wall caught his eye; burned into the leather flap were its owner's initials. Tony read, "J. McK." God! Big McKnight!

For a long time Tony sat there in silence. Finally he fumbled in the pocket of his jacket. He drew something forth and rolled it in a cigarette paper, then stuffed it for wadding into the long barrel of his .45. He sat facing the door, awaiting.

Presently something fluttered in the room, like the wing of a bird. Tony glanced cautiously about him. Where the last of the jewel light of evening was filtering through the panes of a window was a box—placed as though

to hold something. Tony crossed noiselessly over to it and peered in. Chubby, tiny hands crossed over its little breast, a baby slept therein. About its throat was a woman's rosary and a cross. An empty little hook at the end of the cross told that it had lost its pendant.

To those who watch their flocks by night is given the soul of the stars. The amethyst light waned. Dusk came creeping through the window gray and drear as a wolf. At last Tony wrapped the long barrel of the .45 against the palm of his hand; the small wadding fell therefrom.

* * * *

Night was gathering swiftly as a man and a woman loped up on sweating bronchos to the 'dobe. The man dismounted, laughing, for the woman had ridden two miles to call him from his cattle because baby had cut its first tooth. They advanced to the house quickly together, the woman entering first. By the house door the man stopped abruptly, and uttered an exclamation.

"Some of those darned goats has been around here!" he said to the woman as he followed her into the house.

She laid her finger on her lips, and motioned him beside her. Together they knelt over the box by the window. The woman's arm was around the man's big, tawny neck.

"See, beloved," she whispered, excitedly, "an angel hath guarded our child."

The man smiled—then stared. Pendant from the small cross about the little sleeper's throat was a tiny filigree Star of Bethlehem!

FROM THE OFFICE CHAIR

I sat in my swivel office chair,
The work on my desk lay waiting there.
Some one had hung, in prominent view,
A beautiful calendar, large and new:
A country scene with orchard trees,
And ripened grain that sways in the breeze,
A lad in a field is cocking hay,
And a team of bays stands over the way.

It took me back to my boyhood life,
So free from all the struggle and strife.
I seemed to see the quaint farm place,
And my mother's smile on her sacred face;
Again I walked through the berry patch
Where truant briars cling and catch,
And down the lane to the pasture lot
Where the bars let down—I haven't forgot.

I sat in my swivel office chair,
And yet husked corn in the morning air,
And salted the sheep, and helped with the chores,
Oh, happy was I in the great out-of-doors!
A messenger came: "A telegram, sir,"
It was business, of course, which I could not defer.
So back to my desk, with a weary sigh;
I had longed for the city—I wonder why.

ELLA FLATT KELLER.

God's Brutes

By Herbert V. Young

THEIR search had been long and torturing, but the relentlessness of it had demanded the success which at last was within their grasp. Upon following the trail to the crest of the ridge which formed the lower rim of the basin, they caught sight of the fugitive. He was sitting upon a rock near the edge of the pool; near him, stiff and motionless, his horse lay sprawled upon the ground.

Each of the men placed his hand upon his pistol; then they paused, their weapons undrawn.

"Why, it's only a kid!" articulated the man in the lead. He moved his cracked and bleeding lips with difficulty and glanced at his companion with a look akin to disgust. Had it taken two men to track down a boy on whose face the sunburn had not yet turned to tan?

The lad saw the advancing men, but his look was listless and indifferent.

"We've got yuh," declared the approaching leader, thickly.

"I know you have." The boy made no effort to move. "But you needn't bother to draw your guns—I'm not armed." His words also were forced through caked and thickening lips.

"You Godless, bloodthirsty brutes!" he suddenly flared. His words were disdainful and bitter. "Tracking men like you would animals; killing them for revenge and the sight of blood, and not for the sake of justice!"

"We've got yuh," repeated the man, mechanically. "And we're goin' to hang yuh, kid—d'ye hear?"

The boy did not reply.

The horses of the two men were making frantic endeavors to reach the water in the pool. It was apparent that the boy had spoken the truth, and was not armed nor inclined to resist, so they gave the animals the rein. But the boy arose unsteadily to his feet and stepped forward.

"Keep away," he commanded. "That pool is poison. My horse drank from it and died in twenty minutes."

The men reined in their horses. They could easily believe that the lad had spoken the truth; the water of the little pool, which was scarcely four feet across, was a repulsive, hideous green. Half buried beneath the scum lay the dead body of a rabbit.

The two men looked at one another. There was no need for either to suggest what this discovery means.

"The kid's got a white streak," muttered the spokesman. He knew escape from them might have rested in the poisoned water. "Bill," he added, "you told me——"

The whites of Bill's eyes were showing, and his breath was coming jerkily.

"I know I did, Sam," he answered. "I've got us into a trap, I guess—but when I was here just a year ago the hole was full, and not less 'n seventy-five feet across. You've heard 'em say, too, that there was always water here, and many a feller has filled up his canteen and watered his horse at these tanks."

"I know," replied Sam, "but it has not rained none to speak of for eight months. We might have known. But we got what we came after—now what are we going to do with 'im?"

The problem presented by this question was not an easy one of solution. They could not take the boy back, as his horse was dead, and it would be good fortune only if they themselves got back to Cibola.

Sam received no answer to his question, and, followed by the other, he walked over to the spot where the youth was crouching. He had been watching them, but apparently with very little interest in what they were doing or in what their decision might be.

"Well?" he asked listlessly.

"You're due to hang," declared Sam, "but there's nothin' to hang you to. We can't shoot an unarmed man—that ain't our style. And we can't take you back."

He paused.

"Just the same," he presently added, "you're a rustler and a horse-thief."

"I am not!"

Sam looked surprised.

"We've got the goods on you," he returned. "This dead horse belonged to me. And you were with Gebbey—you helped him rustle them cattle."

Again the boy rose to his feet with difficulty.

"Men," he said, "I don't expect you will believe me, but I'm telling you the truth. Maybe you don't know that I'm just from the East. I'm not used to the ways of the people out here. I was looking for work, and happened to run across one of Gebbey's men in Cibola. He took me to Gebbey, who gave me a job and this horse to ride. I didn't know then what his reputation was, though I soon found out, and neither did I know that the cattle I was helping to drive had been stolen. When I did learn the way things stood I decided to take the first opportunity to get away, but they watched me so closely I didn't get a chance. And when, two nights ago, you fellows came down on us, I knew that my only chance for life lay in getting away. I had heard them tell of these tanks, as they called them, and I thought maybe you wouldn't follow, so I headed this way. I found them—but so did you."

The men looked at each other. The lad's manner was convincing, and his tale was plausible, especially so as each knew that Gebbey would not have been above enticing an innocent person into just such a trap as the boy had described.

"Son, are you sure tellin' the truth?" asked San.

"Before God, I am! I know I can never get away from here, so it does not matter much whether you believe me or not—but I don't want even you to think that I intentionally took your horse and became a cattle thief. That wasn't my object in coming West—here, let me show you."

The suggestion of Sam's relenting seemed to have impelled further confidence. The boy pulled from an inner pocket a photograph and handed it to Sam. Bill crowded close.

They saw the likeness of a young woman of perhaps eighteen. Her face was striking, not so much because of its beauty as for the reason that there rested upon it the stamp of something which the men did not often see upon the faces of the women of their acquaintance. This was also reflected from her eyes, which looked at the men from beneath beautifully curved brows and lashes. To the vision of the cowboys they seemed the very well springs of purity.

"She hasn't been very well the last year," explained the boy, "and she isn't very strong. We thought maybe she'd be better out here, and I came to try to make a little home for her."

He looked at the picture longingly, as he received it back, and choked as he tried to speak again.

Something had come up in Sam's throat. For a moment he stood looking in the shimmering distance; then he drew his hand savagely across his eyes.

"Damn it, Bill," he expostulated, "it must be the lonesomeness, or something. I ain't given much to sentiment, and I ain't got no moisture to waste; but somehow that makes me think—that looks just like Anita did—before——"

He paused abruptly, and his gaze again wandered. It passed down over the boulders of the ridge and far across the hillocks of drifted sand. She, too, had been pure and as sweet

as a wind blown anemone. Her conception of life and living had been love—and her love, which had seemed boundless, had all belonged to him. But he had not given a fair return. The racy life of the West had worked its way into his blood and gripped him; conviction that a love such as hers had been—love for one only—was essential to any man's existence had gradually been eliminated from his life's philosophy. But not from Anita's; she would have died for him, any minute of any day. And as a result her soul had died! As a result? Then who was responsible? Sam shuddered. He too had once been decent; now—it was true, what the boy had said!

He called to mind the last time he had seen her. It was on the evening they had started on this man-hunt. Her painted face, now the face of a woman of the dance hall and the street, had been turned up to his, and her scarlet lips had parted in a smile that then, as it had always been, was meant for him alone.

"Bring back their scalps, Sam!" she had cried, so that all could hear; but she had come closer and whispered: "Be very careful, and come back to me!"

The strangely potent psychic influence of the desert was showing its effect upon Sam's mind. In addition, the probability that they might not leave the desert alive was having its influence. As a result of these circumstances his mind had reached a state through which he was enabled to realize, as he could not otherwise have done, the vastness of the contrast between the face of Anita as he had last seen it and that of the pure, sweet girl in the photograph. His shoulders suddenly heaved; a dry, rattling noise caught in his throat and for a moment hung there.

Gradually he forced his thoughts back to the question in hand, and he composed himself. He turned to his companion and drew him to one side.

"Bill," he declared, "that kid is as innocent as we are of rustling cattle—maybe I'd better say more so. Ain't I right?"

"You surely are. Another one of Gebbey's dirty tricks."

There was silence for a few moments.

"Well, what are we goin' to do about it?" suddenly demanded Sam. "Leave him here, and prove that we're what he called us?"

"Try to get him in," returned Bill.

"That girl would be powerfully disappointed if he didn't show up and produce that little home," confirmed Sam. "But there are three of us to two horses—and my horse is about all in, at that. I doubt if it could make it half way."

There was another silence, during which both men seemed to be thinking deeply. Suddenly Sam straightened up.

"How much water have you got left?" he asked, with an air of finality.

"A little over a quart maybe."

"And I've got about the same. Together we can more than half fill a canteen, and we've got enough grub to last one man a couple or three days."

He went over to where the boy was sitting.

"Got any water, kid?" he asked.

"A little. I was afraid I would miss these tanks, and I saved all I could."

"Good!" San rejoined his companion.

"Bill, we are going to get him in," he declared. "Your horse is the strongest, so you'd better let the kid have it. As he's light, he stands a chance, at least, of making it back to Cibola. If the horse gives out, and he's careful with his water, he may be able to foot it in."

"But they'll be waiting for him over there——"

"I'll fix that," interrupted Sam. He drew from his pocket an old envelope, the only scrap of paper he possessed, and scribbled a few words upon it. This he handed to the boy.

"Hang onto that," he commanded, as he rejoined his companion.

"Only one of us fellows can start with him," Sam continued, "so I'll stay. You take my horse, Bill; he'll carry you a ways, at least."

"Hold on!" demanded Bill. "We've stood by each other a long time, Sam, and we'll take even chances now."

He broke two matches into unequal lengths. "Shortest stays," he explained.

Sam drew. They measured the little slivers of wood, and Sam found that he had drawn the longest.

"Now see here, Bill," he protested.

"Shut up!" cut in Bill. "This ain't no question for argument; it's decided, and that ends it."

Through their acquaintance of long standing, Sam had gained a thorough insight into his friend's character, and he knew that it would be useless to argue with him. So he made ready to start.

"Not much difference one way or the other," he muttered.

He took the boy's canteen, and carefully poured the water from his own and Sam's into it. Then he hung it upon the horn of the saddle which the boy was to mount. He next collected what little food they had and gave it into the lad's keeping.

"You'd better not waste any more time, fellows," advised Bill, calmly. "The sun will set in a couple of hours, and traveling is best at night. Get on, kid."

The boy, whose interest in proceedings had apparently become keen, commenced an objection. But Sam silenced him, and taking him by the arm, forced him into the saddle. Then he mounted his own gaunt animal.

"Adios, old man," returned Bill, without emotion. "Do your best. So long, kid."

The boy gripped the outstretched hand, but the words he tried to speak remained unuttered.

With difficulty the heads of the horses were turned away from the stagnant pool and urged down the slope toward the sea of sand to the west. The two riders looked back once, after they had gone some distance. Bill was standing where they had left him. He waved his hand, then turned and disappeared into the hollow beyond the ridge.

"Isn't he going to try for it?" asked the boy.

"What's the use?" answered Sam, laconically.

As evening came on and the sun got low they pushed their horses faster. Now and then Sam bade the boy drink, but permitted him to take only a swallow at a time. Each time he drank, the boy offered the canteen to Sam, but the man steadfastly refused to accept.

Both horses kept on the way the remainder of the night. Sam's mount had more endurance than he had given it credit for; but it, too, knew that water lay in the direction it was going. Yet when morning came, though they had traveled a little more than half the distance to Cibola, Sam saw plainly that the horse would not be able to continue through the day. The boy's mount was also showing signs of failing.

The sun came up out of the sand at their backs, and inside of an hour the heat waves, blue and hot and shimmering, had commenced to rise. They rapidly increased until the horizon became a dancing blur. The desert was as close as an oven, with not a sign of a breeze.

Sam's suffering became intense. His tongue had been swelling, and he could speak only inarticulately. His eyes were dry and flaming, and now and then a groan which he could not suppress told of his agony.

About noon, when not more than ten miles from the buttes which marked the location of Cibola and water, Sam's horse went down. He had been too weak to dismount, but with the boy's aid he drew his leg from beneath the saddle and staggered to his feet. Together they tried to get the animal to rise, but their efforts were wasted.

Though Sam tried to speak, he could not now, and he motioned for the boy to get back into his saddle and

proceed. This he started to do; but when he attempted to remount, his horse lost its balance and fell also. They could not induce it to rise.

Sam looked towards the Buttes with blurring eyes; too far away, he thought. Then he took the canteen from the horn of the saddle. He handed it to his companion and motioned for him to drink. The lad took a swallow, and handed it back.

"Drink," he commanded, "and we'll set out together. I think we'll be able to make it."

For the first time Sam's decision wavered. He reached out his hand for the canteen, and eagerly raised it to his lips. Then he remembered Bill, and the boy's words of scorn of the day before.

Brutes—and Godless?

His comrade had proved himself; he had not.

Slowly he lowered the canteen and stumbled to the boy's prostrate horse. He raised its head and poured the remainder of the water down its throat.

The effect was soon apparent, for the horse staggered to its feet. Sam again motioned for the boy to mount.

"You get on," commanded the lad. "I've had water and can walk."

Sam could utter only a few guttural exclamations in reply, but he was no longer hesitating as to his course. Almost angrily he motioned the boy into the saddle.

"I'll go," agreed the lad, finally, "but when I find water, I'll come back. Come on as fast as you can, and watch for me."

Sam nodded, and started after the horse. But his exertion had weakened him so that he staggered, and every step on the hot sand intensified his misery. His sight was dimming, and he lost sight of the buttes ahead. The horse ahead of him commenced to fade. It lost all resemblance to a horse; it seemed to change in form to a monstrous basilisk, and then disappeared into the flaming horizon.

His foot tripped and he fell. He lay for a moment with his face in the blistering sand; then he attempted to rise, but could not. From then on he crawled on his hands and knees.

All thought of the boy departed from his fevered mind, but other thoughts came. There rose before his mental vision the spectre of a life which he had desolated. The Anita of the present—painted and tawdry—stood before him. She beckoned to him, but it was not with a glance of spotless love. But she retreated, and there, holding out her hands to him, was another form, beautiful and gentle. Eyes that were the soul of adoration gazed longingly into his. Who could it be? It couldn't be—yes, it was: that was Anita as he had first known her. Then the other form rushed up, and put this one aside.

Distorted as was Sam's mentality, the contrast between the two seemed appalling. Yet he felt that the picture was true. But away with that painted being! The Anita of the past, the personification of the love-life, was the only one he could ever want. And she could have been his, in all her sweetness, if he had but willed. There she stood before him again, barring the passage of that gaudy thing behind her, and waiting for him to come. Was such a thing still possible, and was there a chance that it yet might be?

"God!" he groaned. "If only I had a chance!"

But the fires of hell had enclosed him. They were sweeping down upon him, from above and from every side. The vision of Anita was blotted out. The great conflagration roared in his ears, and slowly gripped him. Then black night came down.

The full moon, straight above him, was the first sight that he became aware of when consciousness returned. Then he felt some one bathing his face and hands; he raised his head a little, and saw the boy. The lad seemed overjoyed to observe the signs of returning life. He laid a damp cloth across the man's swollen lips, and continued bathing the stiffened limbs.

After awhile he was able to rise,

with the assistance of the boy, and was helped into the light wagon which stood by. When Sam saw the water casks he understood the other's plan.

"Bill?" he questioned.

"Yes. I wouldn't hurry you, but we've got to get back to him."

He gave the man food, which he ate as they drove. The ponies were fairly fresh, and were able to strike a rapid gait.

By noon of the next day they had reached the poisoned pool. And near it they found Bill, lying beneath a little brush shelter which he had erected. Their fears as to his condition outweighed their hopes, but, to their extreme delight, they found him to be alive.

"How'd you make it, Bill?" asked Sam, when his comrade was able to speak.

"Found a sick-looking prickly pear up there on the slope, where that stubby mesquite is a growing. Bitter as all hades, but it worked."

That night they slept, and next morning started on the homeward trip with still water enough in the casks to last them and the horses until they could reach Cibola. Sam drove, and Bill sat beside him. The hardy cowboys had soon recovered from their ordeal, but for the boy one night's sleep had not been enough, and he slumbered in the rear end of the wagon.

Sam wondered how his comrade would take what he was going to tell him. Bill was his closest friend, and had been for years; but they had not discussed affairs of conscience and of the heart. Twice he cleared his throat, and each time failed to get the desired start. He was getting ready to try again when he felt Bill's arm across his shoulder.

"What is it, old man?" he asked.

"Bill," Sam Blurted, "I want to tell you something."

"Sure. Go ahead. I want to hear it, too."

"You ain't never accused me of weak-mindedness, Bill, and I hope you ain't a-going to do it now. But I think somehow you'll understand.

"Bill, I risked my life, same as you did, for a girl I'd never saw—just because I knowed she was pure and good and was worth more than half a dozen like me. Well, I've been a-thinking since that if I could have given it for a woman I never seen, I c'n give it to one whose life I've had more than any one else to do with spoilin'.

"You know, Bill, what Anita was, and what she is. You know pretty much why. The first thing I'm going to do when I get back to Cibola is to take her out of the saloons and try to get her back to somewhere near like she used to be before I helped to drag her down."

Sam felt the arm across his shoulders suddenly tighten, and the fingers dig into his flesh. Then with his free hand Bill reached across and seized his own in an iron grip.

"God bless you, Sam!" he answered softly.

UNHEARD

As mountains give no heed to valley rills
That ever plaining go from sun to sun,
So brave hearts rest above life's petty ills,
In calmness set, though goals be lost or won!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

The Sky Trail

By Mildred Ludlum

I seen Him again. That's twice."

"Who?"

"Him—walkin' there through the saccaton."

"Git out. It was one of them Mormon nesters from the valley."

"They never come this a-way, Jared. No, it was no one you could touch."

Her pale blue eyes were wide with vision, and her voice was threaded through by a passionate under-note. "He's a-comin'! He's a-comin'! Glory be! The chosen'll be snatched up in chariots of fire."

The man was visibly perturbed, but man-wise, would have counted it weakness for her to see it.

"I reckon it was just no one. Them tall Sotos look like folks."

"Sotos can't shine, Jared." Her fingers brushed him in the rare caress of the work driven. "I don't want to be saved alone. Don't you reckon you could see Him if you tried."

"I'm too hectored with what I got to see to go round hunting ha'nts."

Jared's face was all seamed with care lines and sun-cooked wrinkles baked in, from which his eyes shone out startlingly lucent and young.

"Sukey's been snake-bit, an' she's swelled awful. I don't know whether she 'll make a live of it. I've been doctoring her ever since sun-up."

"Jared, can't you see that ain't nothing if we're to be took? That preacher told me we had two weeks to git ready in. The time's up to-morrow. Do you reckon snake-bites or no snake-bites will count on the day of wrath?" Her childish mouth and delicate chin were trembling.

He flung at her as though she were personally accountable.

"You'll reckon it's counting now, if Lou baby's cut short on milk."

His suggestive remedy was the best he knew.

"If you-all had enough to do, you'd have no time for them crazy dreams."

"It was no dream, Jared. I seen Him walking as plain as I'm seeing you." An ineffable inflection ran gold on her tongue. "He crossed the draw through the saccaton, and light was a-shining all through Him, and, Jared," she wrung her hands here, "the children was all a-following, and as I was straining to see if Hally was there," a choking sob smothered her speaking, "the light went out, and every place was empty as far as I could see—nothing. I rubbed my eyes and there wasn't nothing, and, Jared, I hadn't actually seen Hally. Do you sense he's there?"

The man felt himself being affected, and harshness is just another way of expressing emotion.

"Ever since that preacher shark come through the valley you've been locoed; he backed every damned bit of sense clean outen you."

She shank as though he had struck her.

"Every word will be writ down in the book of judgment. Don't say them things. They'll be writ down against you."

He was too young to know that she needed all his tenderness, and nothing but tenderness, to help her through the lonely waters that seemed to roll after the going away of little Hally.

"Git busy. Git busy. That's what's the matter with you."

He turned away with long, rangy strides, but paused to fling one more discomfort at her.

"Wood-pile's low again. Seems

like you jest eat wood."

"I washed to-day, Jared."

There was something pathetically childish in her straight, curveless figure and the heavy braids of pale gold hair hanging down her back. She turned spiritlessly to their apology of a dwelling. Her husband had been too busy in the hard working year that had passed since they became nesters in the Sulphur Springs to get at the dwelling. He'd found permanent water, he'd built his corrals—they came first—then the barn, a good, primitive structure of adobe and log, but the house was just a straggle of sacohuisto grass, flattened coal oil can and packing box that only strained out the worst of the weather. A dry wind was swinging up the valley, now, that ruthlessly shriveled her pathetic pleadings for a garden, the bit of red geranium and some zinias that were her woman's reach out after palpable beauty.

"What's the use of struggling and striving. We-all are going soon."

In spite of her sense of the futility of effort, she laboriously piled the evil stove with fuel, that rewarded her unmasterly interference with plentiful smoke and soot.

"It do seem plumb possessed to-night, and Jared's a mite riley, now. Lou baby, don't you begin."

But Lou baby persisted in being cross after her nap. Some crumple in her rose petalled dream so ruffled her serenity that she refused to be comforted, to the great detriment of the dinner.

Jared came in before it was ready.

"Some women are plumb shiftless," he sneered, but with the ready fingers of the frontiersman, used to turning his hand to anything, he began instinctively to straighten out the dinner, frijoles and jerky, but frijoles and jerky can be burned.

Sandy stood with the pink and white dimpled crossness in her arms, but her eyes were lit with far away lamps, the carping of her husband fell on ears attuned to an inner choir.

Her aloofness only added a flick to his irritation, for underneath his irritation lay a bleached and dragged feeling that perhaps she saw true.

"I'm going up the canyon for fence posts to-morrow. I got my permit from the forest ranger."

"Going to be gone all day, Jared? Don't seem like as if I could be left alone all day. Can't I go with you?"

"Ain't you got nothing else to do 'cept dog me? You'd jest hinder me."

She made no effort to combat his decision, but went on wistfully:

"It's queer what I hear when I'm here alone. Sometimes there comes a little scrapey noise at the door, and I shut my eyes and dream—like it's some woman running in with her apron all wet across the front where she's been washing, and she'll snatch up Lou baby and say: "Why, Sandella Hillyers, ain't you red up yet?' I can hear her laugh and say: 'I'm plumb pert this morning. I got my light bread in already.' And I'll show her where that sassy zinia poked its head up, lifting that big lump of dirt. And she'll talk and I'll talk. Then I open my eyes and there ain't no one. I look out and there's nothing stirring, only them dancing heat jiggers and the sotos, and if I look wide, I can see the mesquite all green down the valley, but nothing moving, all achey still. Don't you never feel empty, Jared?"

The girl and boy, for they were nothing more, stood staring at each other, he wholly mad with work and responsibility, and she a little mad from loneliness and misery.

"I don't know nothing 'cept I've got to git off before sun-up and git them posts."

He flung himself on the bed and was breathing heavily in a moment.

She stood there aching over him.

"What's the use of cutting, Jared? They don't need no posts in the New Jerusalem, for the walls of the city are four square and pure gold."

Suddenly she threw her hands high. "He's a-coming! He's a-coming to save His lambs. Jared, my husband, I can't have you among the goats."

She moved as one in a daze, the toddler at her heels hindering her every movement, but she did not seem to notice the impediment.

Believing the glowing reports of a self-seeking land agent, Jared Hillyers and his wife had taken up their one hundred and sixty acres in the Sulphus Springs Valley, and were homesteading it out, a land drenched by sodden summer showers and baked by blistering suns, utterly unfitted for uncapitalized humanity. Jared had toiled like primeval man, and been fortunate considering, for he'd found water at sixty feet, he'd cleared out brush, grubbing and digging; he'd planted the clearing with sorghum and beans. The rains had come and things had leaped into life, but the human energy expended had been enough to build cities; it had left him a working mechanism only, shorn of uplift, his only desire to fall to sleep and get up and work again.

The unardored morning found Sandy's spirit all dropped from her high isolation of absorption.

"Mebbe I only dreamt I saw Him. I ain't done right to Jared, shutting him out of my thinking and by not working harder. Mebbe I can get something really done to-day."

The nip of early frost in the morning air made her shiver as she went about her tasks, hampered perpetually by the lack of effectual equipment. She had been used to better things."

"Seems like Jared never gets no time to fix up here."

Jared came in fretting to get off, and resenting even the slightest impediment in the going.

Her complaint met him.

"You promised to git at things here, and now you-all are gitting fence posts. I reckon I know what that means."

"What does it mean?" he snarled at her, his unseasoned fierceness making him bitter.

"It means you-all are a-going to build fences, and you promised to fix here." Her voice trailed unaggressively. "I'm tired of living this way. Lou baby don't look plumb peart. If she should be took like Hally, I don't know what I'd do. Mebbe we'd have kept Hally if we'd bedded him warmer."

Jared's heart had been raggedly torn with the father ache over the loss of his little son, but her complete breakdown under suffering wore him to the raw.

"I'll git at the house when I git good and ready. If you-all wasn't so puny and snivelling we wouldn't flag trouble like we do. You are treating me like I was a-setting down on you. Ain't I drove plumb crazy now?"

"Jared, I do feel sorry for you working so hard."

"A hell of a lot you care."

"Jared, don't." She covered her face with her thin fingers and the tears slowly trickled through.

"All you care about is preaching and praying. If you'd quit soul saving and git to work, things would go different." He flung out of the room in bitterness of heart.

Lou baby, responsive to atmospheres, set up a dismal little cry, and Sandy went to the child automatically, but she stopped half way, and stepped out of want and misery as out of a cast off garment, her face transfixed.

"It's come, like the preacher said it would. It's the call."

She blew out the lamp; their breakfasting had been so early that lighting had been neccessary, and stepped to the back door in an outreach of emotion. The king had risen and the morning miracle tipped with sun, binding all the detail of her ordinarily sordid surroundings.

"It's come. It's the call. I said if I saw Him the third time I'd know it was the call."

A thin light played in and out among the gnarled bodies of the giant soap weed, those silent apostles of the desert's inviolateness.

"I ain't no choice. It's the voice of Him in the wilderness. Didn't the preacher say He'd call and them as was ready 'd hear it and be took to

His bosom. I'm a-coming! I'm a-coming!"

She flung herself on the ground in an abasement of supplication.

"I can't have Jared damned. He's mine even if he don't love me no more. But the preacher said we'd have to leave everything for the call." Here the impact of her decision brought her to her feet. "I reckon I must go. Mebbe I can do Jared more good there than here."

She began feverishly to make preparation. Eighteen months' old Lou baby was toddling about the room, opening and shutting up again, then bobbing erect with a chuckle, her constitutional serenity having surmounted contending inharmonies.

"There's one thing that's scaring me so I can't swaller. Am I too late? The preacher said we only had two weeks to git our ascension robes ready in, and the two weeks are up to-day. Can I make it?"

She talked it out with no ears but Lou baby's attentive, and Lou baby was too absorbed in her own "bubble water" to accord that perfect flower of courtesy.

Sandy opened a long chest and made upheaval until she found two sheets; these she hacked into the semblance of a long garment and began sewing with excitable fingers. She was too downed in haste to take notice of Lou baby's occasional cataclysm of catastrophe.

"Lou baby, your mother's going to treat you poison mean, but she can't help it, honey."

Lou baby's starry glance rayed out no commerce with treachery, it's pale blue trust a replica of her mother's own. Her plump hand had discovered a corn dodger and there was something fundamental and indigenous in the relation of Lou baby's hand to corn dodgers.

Sandy ran to the corral and caught up an old work horse, next to disabled; him she hurriedly saddled. She led the horse round to the front of the shack.

"Git in there, Tim, and mind Lou baby. Git back, you-all can't track me."

The old dog rose rheumatically, his mind bent on following at any cost.

She shook him in her eagerness.

"Can't you-all understand? You've got to take care of Lou baby until her father comes home. The varmints is too thick to leave her alone. Jared won't feel all alone if he has Lou baby with him at the end."

Tim was trying hard to understand, and Sandy patted the shaggy head. He gave up and walked in dejectedly where she pointed.

Sandy gave not one lingering look, but mounted her old horse and lashed him toward the mountains, all smoky soft with pines in the distance.

The long evening shadows were lacing themselves in intricate patterns all down the little draw in which the cabin stood, as Jared, work weary from his hard day, the reins lying in listless fingers, walked the fagged horses into the corral. He didn't even glance toward the house, but began unharnessing at once.

He eyed his haul of the day critically.

"With what I got already, that'll git two more acres of beans under fence. They're sound and dry. Git along, Bill."

He opened the gate and let the horses through into the pasture, suddenly he wheeled and looked at the cabin for the first time.

"There ain't no light and there ain't no smoke. She gits shiftlesser and shiftlesser, and me so tired it's hard to be caught living."

His long legs took him to the cabin in a few strides, but the night curtains had swung down so rapidly that its doorway was cave black.

Darkness and blankness that hurt leaped out at him. The raucous scratching of his match intensified the stillness, and the lamp he lighted only seemed to bring out the utter unconcern of the wife-empty room. It was not until his eyes became focused to the light that he discovered Lou baby fast asleep, tear stains on her dim-

pled face pillowed on old Tim, who blinked, but kept perfectly still, save his old stump of a tail wracking welcome.

"What's she got her tied up for?"

Lou baby's unresisting rotundity was made fast to the four-poster.

His eye leaped to a scrap of paper pinned to the foot board of the bed.

A smothery choking band tightened round his throat. He tried to fight it off as he read, but it only knotted the harder.

"This is the only way, Jared. Don't think it is because I don't love you that I go; it is because I can't have you go down to the everlasting pit. I am going to stand by His right hand and cry and cry till he lets you in. The call has come. I seen Him three times. We will never meet again, Jared dear, but at the resurrection. —Sandella."

He groped like a man stricken blind, and the lump that grew in his throat swelled until he could not swallow. His mind whipped back into the past, but the thought he touched beat the breath out of him.

"If I told her I'd fix the house, she wouldn't have went."

He rushed out, calling into the night.

"Sandy! Sandy!" But only stillness and the empty reaches of unpeopled blackness rolled back at him through whirling spheres of isolation.

He crashed through some heavy saccaton up to a small hillock that commanded a sweep of the valley, peaceful in night majesty.

"They's folks down there somewhere's. But God! They don't know me, nor me them."

He turned feverishly toward the house.

"What's Tim barking at? Mebbe she's come back."

Tim announced the fact that Lou baby had waked, that was all.

Lou baby's whimper changed and the small human bundle clung close when he held it in his arms, her inventions in expression transposed into the joy chord.

With the finality of despair Jared never contemplated finding Sandy and contesting the issue. She was gone and he'd never see her again, and the suction of her going made an empty space that drained him dry.

"Sandy wasn't brought up this way. No wonder she come to be wore out and me always on the peck."

Someway, in the days that followed that two acre fence did not get started. Day by day, loving bit by bit, he began at the house. He made adobe and put up walls, a cupboard here, a shelf there until it really began to look like a home, crude and primitive, but still a home.

"I reck that's about her hand high. She'd have liked it that way. I'm coupled out so all fired long it takes one to study and to figure it all out."

Winter set in early. The nights came frosty with a bleak nagging wind that tweaked each last leaf from the cottonwoods.

There came a night when Lou baby would not drink her milk. Jared noted this fact with a sickening certainty that the one warm human thing that belonged to him would go away and leave him as Hally and Sandy had done. His doubt palsied him as the small fingers closed round his and clung. The cooey baby noises had all ceased, and but for the clinging fingers she lay still.

"I don't see how she can like my knobby fingers."

But she did. Her baby rose-leaf hand curled into his and clung.

"It do seem she's quieter-like when she's a-holding 'em."

She was too quiet. Her small body lay limp with two high red spots on either cheek.

There was bleakness and bitter cold outside, and the crawling cold inside, for Jared hated to unclasp those clinging fingers even to keep up the fire in the great new fireplace dominating the room.

The man kept vigil that night, the long hours only chilling certainty as to to the outcome.

"There ain't nothing alive that wants to bide with me."

* * * *

Sandy's absolute belief in her call and her conviction of its sufficiency had blinded her to the fact that she knew nothing of any specific objective for her flight. The preacher had waved his hand largely and said he and the chosen were going up to the highest and there await "the coming." So Sandy literally picked out the highest mountain in her scope of vision and accepted that as unquestioningly as she did his promise of heavenly flight, so for the mountains she made with a fury of despatch that was completely beyond old Daniel's power of accomplishment.

But Daniel's condition and the increasing difficulties of the way, she was equally unconscious; she was unaware even that she was torn and bleeding from the roughness of her going, her absorption making her oblivious of the common precaution of choosing her trail.

She made for her mountains, the mountains of her choice, taking whatever obstacles intervened with the ardor of the heaven chosen.

Night seemed to drop over her something smothering and baffling. She fought it off as long as she could, lashing Daniel remorselessly, but the dark sponged out her mountain, and the heavy branches of trees snatched at her, unseen antagonists.

She dismounted stiffly, the night chill biting in.

"I've got to give up gitting any set place to-night, but what difference does it make? If He could find me way down there in the saccaton, He sure can find me here easier. It's closer up."

Daniel was complaining audibly in his distress, but her exaltation overrode all tangible earthly evidences.

"Mebbe He'll come now, before I can git ready."

Her eyes were fixed on the spot where the glow in the West had lingered longest in anticipatory excitement.

"He's a-coming! He's a-coming! His chariot is nearly here. I'm ready, Lord, I'm ready! Hally, mother's almost with you."

She put on the long white garment of her hasty construction and waited in momentary expectation of release.

"Here I be, Lord! Here I be!" her voice in plaintive iteration piped reed thin through the heavy night silence.

All night long she called and waited.

Daniel accomplished what she did not, for the morning found her still alive, drugged by the stupefaction of some time and eternity mistake somewhere.

"I counted the days, just like the preacher told me to; yesterday was the day."

The sun arose and found her seated there, listless hands in listless lap, beside her dead horse, unknown miles away from where she lived, alive and with no plans for living.

"I wonder if the Lord come and didn't find me. Mebbe the chariots was full and it was too far to come for one little woman. But——" her mind began sifting—"the preacher said as how the chariots 'd set the earth on fire and all the wicked world would git burned up." Her hand slipped to the good brown earth and rubbed it over.

"Nothing ain't burned a mite, as far as I can see." Her eye inventoried rolling hill on hill jeweled in morning splendor.

Suddenly the truth cut, ripping the scales from her eyes.

"Jared always said that preacher didn't know nothing, that he was just a-talking to hear himself talk. If he was wrong about the 'Coming' why ain't he wrong about everything? And I run away and left Jared and Lou baby."

She rose to her feet, looking about her in abject confusion. Giant juniper and pine in peaceful aisles, cloistered in passionless isolation, her mountain still bluely aloof, the skurrying of squirrel things all about her, but nothing to help her to life issues.

"Jared don't want me no more. He's

plumb sickened on me. Where am I to go if he don't want me?" Her desolation broke her down. "Mebbe I'd better be staying in the mountains. I can't be long in finding Him with nothing to eat." Nevertheless she turned her feet instinctively in what she thought to be the home direction.

Life is tenacious, as Sandy found out, and not so easy to step out of, for night found her circling aimlessly, but vitally and achingly alive.

"I'd better make up my mind to die, for I reckon that's what I'll have to do. But don't be too long about it, Lord."

She put on her ascension robe again for warmth, not in expectation for her unelastic mind had accepted failure and dismissed all later fulfillment.

She thought she was through with life, but a choking sob clutched at her throat, and her knees knocked so she could hardly walk, when she saw through the heavy timber in the far-away, a small glimmer of light that humanely beckoned.

Being night and a strange country it wasn't easy to make for the light, unseen ravines intervened. She would lose it completely as she scrambled down one declivity, to catch it again as she made the next ridge. The ridges were endless. Suddenly, without warning, the light leaped out at her, a thing alive. A dog barked furiously near by.

"What you barking at, Penny?"

Bright whiteness flooded blindingly from a door dashed open, and a small woman was silhouetted against the glow, peering out into the dark.

She gave a scream at sight of the white figure.

"It's a ha'nt," but she continued volubly under her breath, "I reckon I'd be almost glad to see one, I'm that lonesome."

"No, I ain't dead, but my horse it."

Sandy came forward timidly, and the woman gave a second look. She screamed again, but this time from access of joy."

"It's a woman. I ain't seen a woman for three months." She ran out and literally dragged Sandy in.

"Where did you come from? What you doing? Where be you going? You're plumb tuckered out. Are you alone?"

She waited for no question to be answered, but ministered to Sandy as though she were a little child, feeding and warming her before the great fireplace.

She needed it. Presently Sandy opened her mouth to speak.

Mrs. Littlepage stopped her.

"You ain't going to tell me nothing until to-morrow. Into my bed you hustle this minute." She took off Sandy's shoes, the firelight playing on her silver hair, and warmed Sandy's cold feet in her palms.

When Sandy opened here eyes, the noonday sun was streaming into the open door of the cabin, also odors of spice pinks and late asters, and a gallant, gaudy bunch of zenias poked their sturdy heads into the very room.

Her hostess pounced on her.

"I'm so plumb full of talk I'm bubbling like a bean pot. Goodness, I'm afraid you're awake." She patted Sandy's hand lying on the blocked in counterpane. "I've been cat-foolin' all morning for fear of waking you up."

"How good you are to me." Sandy's eyes stood full.

"Its just self-seeking, my dear. I never had no daughter." Mrs. Littlepage's bright eyes were misted, too.

"You don't know nothing about me."

"I know all I need to, except how long I'm a-going to keep you. I've got you for a spell, anyway, for Mr. Littlepage's gone to town with the team with apples, and he's slow as Adam's off-ox. He'll be back before Jordan's froze over, but not much sooner." The small white haired woman sniffed her impatience.

Mr. Littlepage was certainly slow, but his wife was glad of it for once, for time was all too short for the young and old women to talk. Mrs. Littlepage had theories for everything, but only on one subject did she seriously upbraid Sandy.

"No man-body ain't fitted by God

Almighty to take care of a baby. I shut my eyes and see him a-fumbling with her buttons and gitting 'em all wrong, and my fingers do certainly itch to git a-holt of 'em."

"He's plumb handy, Jared is."

"Handy or no handy, his fingers ain't built right."

Sandy talked it all out, her hand in the older woman's. The gush of their talking was an artesian stream that flowed ceaselessly night and morning.

When Mr. Littlepage did come, big and serious and awkward, it was only to hitch up and be off with another load.

"My apples is early this year. I've a order for a load in Tombstone."

Sandy understood the primal necessity of the money earning where money is so scarce. Emotion is never vendible, so no matter how her heart gnawed she had to wait and think things over. The painful conviction grew and grew that Jared did not want her back, and yet she ached for the feel of Lou baby in her arms and knew that Jared, even though he were jarred by her shortcomings, was what she wanted more than anything else in this world or the next.

* * * *

Night had fallen before Sandy could get there. That old shack held heaven with Lou baby and Jared there, and so to be met by the shock of an unfamiliar fence, almost made her turn back. She ran her fingers along only to have them penetrated by the thorn of the ocatilla, but the minor hurt was nothing to the wave of stinging bereftness that washed over her. They were gone. She stood there a second.

"I can look in anyway, and see who is there. Mebbe they could tell me where they've gone."

She had to find the gate; that took some fumbling; then straight to the lighted window she went, sending its path of gold into the blackness.

It wasn't anything like her house, neat walls and a big fire, talking and chirping into a tidy room. Suddenly her eye fell on the silent figure of a man, his head buried on his outstretched arms directly under the lamp. That shock of wiry gold hair was certainly Jared's, and that long, loosely jointed body. She called his name, but the man didn't stir. Some sudden realization of his smitten loneliness bore in upon her and she ran breathlessly, not stopping until she was on the floor beside him, with nothing but his name to say, repeated over and over again.

The deep light that kindled in Jared's eyes was re-birth to the woman.

"Sandy!" His arms went round her with a force that hurt.

"Dear, I was all wrong in going away. Jesus come right down here through the saccaton to comfort me and tell me Hally was all right, and that He was loving him, but I didn't see clear. I was all wrong. I reckon we'll wait together, dear, for what comes."

The man's deep contrition was hard to put into words.

"If you-all will jest try me once more."

"I kept thinking that mebbe you did not want me back."

The look that swept over his face was answer enough. Suddenly his present woe withered him.

"Lou baby ain't what you might call —peart." He choked telling her.

She flashed to her feet, but Jared caught her, and with clasped hands they leaned over the bed together.

The sweet, even breathing of a child sleeping the relaxed sleep after strain, the good sleep that makes new was what had come to Lou baby.

"Her fever must have went out as you came in."

Jared was on his knees by the bed, and his shoulders shook with the hard, dry sobs of relief that unstrung. She dropped beside him, and they never knew how long they watched that sweetest sight in all the world, the deep sleep of a little child.

There was much for her to look at in the morning, and her cricket chirp

of enjoyment was gayest fanfare of music to Jared's ears.

"Jared, that fence frightened me so, I thought you was gone and somebody else lived here, but my zinias 'll have a chance to grow."

"I've watered them every day."

"Jared.'

The tinkling rill of her talking stopped for a moment only to trip on again. Jared lingered in the doorway, his eyes hungry for every sight of her and Lou baby tucked in womanway by the fire.

"Ain't it warm and cozy? How come you to git that shelf just right? Jared Hillyers, ain't you never going to work—it's two hours past sun-up?"

He gave a little whistle of pure light heartedness.

"I reckon I'll git at that two acre fence now."

The morning hours droned happily along.

"I'm so happy I just feel like keeping still and hugging everything."

She took it out on Lou baby, who cooed in response, her first coo.

Along about noon a farm wagon drew up outside the fence, and a spry light figure was seen busily descending.

Tears were streaming down Sandy's face, but she sat with her eyes tight shut until Mrs. Littlepage walked in.

"Sandella Hillyers, what's the matter with you? Didn't you hear me a-lighting down?"

"I've harked to that scraping sound so often when they wasn't a soul, I just wanted to see how it felt to look up and see you."

They were clasped in each other's arms, rocking gently back and forth and crying as women will. Sandy's were tears of pure joy.

"Jared wants me, and now here's you."

THE FIGHTER

Yesterday I failed and fell;
Yesternight I spent in hell;
But, though failure bar my way,
I will fight again today.

Though my hand be shaking still,
Thin my shout and sick my will,
Though past weakness stalk anew
I will see the battle through.

Thoughts that seemed long since suppressed
Goad me, leave no calm nor rest.
Still uncowed by doom or doubt
I will fight the battle out.

Failure dogs me like a friend,
Failure waits me at the end.
But, though forced against the wall,
Glad I fight and glad will fall.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

The Splinter Mark

By Adah Godsman Learned

IT WAS a cold evening in late November. The wind whistled and sighed around the house and floundered about in the drifted snow.

In the big sitting room I was attempting to keep my face warm before a grate fire while my husband was deeply absorbed reading in his study. As the wind fought its way through the street, whole gusts of it seemed to find access into the cold, dark corridors of the old house, and now and then would bang a squeaky, rusty-hinged door and carry the echoes out into the storm. The window curtains moved restlessly and the closed shutters strained and struggled with their fastenings. I could hear leaf after leaf of my husband's book turn as if mechanical. I was cold and lonesome. Hoping to arouse myself, I threw a heavy coat about my shoulders and went down a dark hallway to the kitchen for wood.

Returning with my arms full, I pushed the big door shut with my foot, not entirely closing it, and crossed the room to the fire, my teeth fairly chattering. Dropping my burden I straightened up just in time to see the door slowly swing open and a little cripple boy hobble in, supporting himself by a single worn, little crutch, which looked as if a splinter had been pulled loose all the way down.

Naturally, I was surprised, if not startled, to see the child, and wondered how he had entered, for I was sure every door was bolted. For the moment I could not find my tongue, and by the time I had, he started towards the fire, caught sight of me and fled into my husband's study.

Forgetting how cold I was, I hurried softly to the door and looked in. My husband was quietly reading before his grate—and there was no one else in the room.

I gasped and paused a second, uncertain whether to say anything or not. Finally, deciding that I had imagined what I had seen, and knowing that Albert would probably laugh at my notion, I wasted no time in closing the door into the hall, and sitting down so that I could watch it, I tried to interest myself in my magazine.

About three weeks later, Albert and I were toasting ourselves before the study fire. There was no light in the room except the conflicting shadows caused by the fire in the sitting room, mingling with those on the study walls.

Glancing up from a bit of verse which he was reading, my husband paused, his mouth still open, and stared toward the door. I turned and looked also, but seeing nothing, again faced the fire.

"Didn't you see anything?" he curiously asked.

"No," I replied, with a surprised raising of my eyebrows.

He looked at me a second, his face seeming a shade paler.

"Did you bolt the doors?"

"Yes," I calmly answered. Neither my husband nor I were inclined to be very nervous. He passed his hands over his eyes and relapsed into his usual silence, poetry forgotten.

When winter was over, spring brought house cleaning time. The first two floors were finished, and with broom and dustpan I had mounted the ladder leading to the attic. The windows were almost darkened by years of spider industry, but it did not take the broom long to produce light.

Apparently, no one had been there

for years. A neighbor had told me that before our coming the house had been empty for a very long time, and that as far back as her mother could remember, only an old gentleman had lived here.

The attic was full of old trunks, boxes, chests and stands, with many drawers. Subduing my curiosity, I swept and dusted till everything looked fresh and clean. As the windows were fastened tight I was unable to admit any fresh air.

I looked around, wondering where to begin. In the corner opposite stood a low trunk, probably about three feet long. Beside it, on the floor, were two little wooden soldiers. An odd feeling gripped my heart. It would be a desecration to open it. Yet something prompted me to do so. It was not locked, and I raised the lid and looked within.

As I had thought, it was full of little worn toys, but on the very top I nearly reeled—on the very top lay a little crutch with a splinter wound all the way down.

WHERE?

Where are they gone—the fairies?
Once I saw, all on a moonlight night—
In golden glory lay our sleeping world—
But I saw, there in the gleaming stubble—
Owl and squirrel long gone—ring after ring
Of little folk a-dancing silently.
There in the garden where the roses dreamed;
A feast was spread, of wondrous, dainty fare.
I hid beneath an oak tree, and I heard
In the low branches dark above my head,
Whispers and laughter, all sweet melody.
Sparkling silver-green, the tiny forms
Gathered around me, fearing not; they knew
I loved them, and to me they told strange tales
And things of magic, things indeed more real
Than worlds that sleep at night can ever know.
And then—and then—I went away, and learned
The things of daytime—all my fairies fled.

The moonlight gleams upon the stubble now,
The roses dream, the branches of the oak
Are dark and still,—and I am all alone—
Where are they gone—the fairies?

SARAH HAMMOND KELLY.

In Search of the Moon

By Gertrude Orr

MRS. LAMBERT listened in alarm to the slamming of the door and the quick footsteps on the stairs that announced her niece's home-coming. Something had happened, that was certain, for Catherine, in one of her periodical moods that took her through the depth of despondency had left the house that morning with listless, and dragging, steps.

"I wish to heaven that some one was fitting up an expedition for the moon," she had declared passionately, as she lingered an instant on the porch, her eyes fixed on the distant mountains. There was a frosty edge in the air that whipped bright roses into her cheeks and the farthest line of mountain peaks were white with new fallen snow.

Mrs. Lambert had watched her with troubled eyes, for she read rebellion in the girl's heart from the defiant tilt of her head as she set out for the office where eight hours of routine work awaited her. She laid down her sewing now, and pushing back her glasses she followed her niece upstairs.

"Well, did you find your expedition for the moon?" she called out cheerily, as she knocked, then pushed open Catherine's door. She stopped amazed, on the threshold, for the pretty room, usually so neat, was topsy turvy. Drawers had been dumped out in the middle of the room and dresses had been hauled out of the closet and heaped up on the bed. In the midst of the confusion was an open trunk, which the girl had dragged from her closet, and which she was packing rapidly, choosing clothing from the disorderly assortment before her with an appraising eye.

"Not for the moon, but for Panama," replied Catherine abstractedly, her voice half-muffled as she leaned over the trunk. "We leave at ten o'clock to-night for Los Angeles and will catch the steamer on Tuesday."

Mrs. Lambert sat down suddenly, and a warning cry was all that prevented her from smashing the best hat that Catherine snatched out of her way.

"Catherine Tillman," she gasped. Then indignantly she inquired, "And who may be 'we,' if I may inquire?"

The girl straightened up, and turning around, she faced her aunt for the first time.

"Mr. Macey, his little girl, and I," she replied quietly, but her cheeks flushed suddenly and there was a shadow under her eyes of sombre gray.

Her aunt stared at her with round, unbelieving eyes, and her mouth drew slowly into a hard line.

"And in what capacity do you go," she inquired, with a coldness that sent a shiver down the girl's back.

"You shouldn't ask such a question, Aunt Martha," she replied quietly, after an instant's silence. "Mr. Macey has decided that he will get out his year's report while he makes the trip south. So of course he will have to have me with him, or one of the other stenographers from the office. And besides, a woman is needed to look after Margaret, his little girl."

"And what of his wife?" asked Mrs. Lambert, with a hardness that sent another shiver down Catherine's back.

If this was the way in which her aunt took it, her own gentle aunt who had mothered her since she had been left an orphan years before, what would the world say, the indifferent world that was ready to greet anything

unconventional with a cynical smile and raised eyebrows.

"I don't care, I can't stand it," she broke out passionately. "I might as well be dead and under the sod as bored to death. What do I get out of life? To work at eight in the morning —a tedious routine without a bright note in it—back home at five—sit around and sew or read, and then go to bed at nine."

"You seem to forget that I work constantly to make home pleasant for you," interrupted her aunt. "And there have been plenty of men who have tried to be nice to you in a nice way, until you frowned them off."

"They bored me to death," retorted the girl. "Sleek and stupid, all of them—those nice young men—that is, all except Howard," and her eyes softened as she spoke his name. "But he's too busy making a name for himself," she went on with a harsh little laugh. "He hasn't time to come very often, and of course when he marries it will have to be a girl of wealth and position who can help him with that famous career."

She sank down beside the trunk, sitting cross-legged, her eyes dreamy, as she thought of the man who had been her playmate in the old days, but who had seemed to be growing away from her in these past few months. Royal good times they had had until she had gone off to a boarding school and he to college to study law. For a while they had exchanged letters filled with the enthusiasm of the experiences which were crowding into their lives. Then, as the new life claimed them more fully for its own, they had drifted apart and letters grew infrequent, then ceased.

"But I thought we were back on the old basis when Howard came back from law school," thought the girl, and there was a sob in her throat as she remembered those first glorious months of the summer just past when they had renewed their old friendship which had promised to ripen into something richer and fuller. She was at work in an office that she might not be such a drain upon the slender resources of the aunt who was caring for her. He was building up a law practice and had seemed to find in her companionship an inspiration, until suddenly he began to work so hard and constantly with the growing demands upon his time that his visits had grown fewer and then infrequent.

Catherine had not realized what a place he had filled in her life until he had dropped out. She had few amusements, and she moped about the house until there had come a fever in her blood which had threatened to consume her and drove her on until anything seemed preferable to this languid existence which was wearing her out.

"You haven't answered my question," came her aunt's voice, interrupting her reverie with a suddenness that made her jump. "What of Mrs. Macey?"

"Every one knows that they separated several years ago," replied Catherine, slowly. "She made life miserable for him with her constant suspicions of everything that he did. She has a tongue like a whip and a nature as sour as vinegar. And now, just to spite him, she refuses to divorce him, or let him get a divorce."

"Catherine Tillman," gasped her outraged aunt. "I never though to live to the day when I should hear you speak of a good woman in words like those, or defend a man of Jim Macey's reputation. Do you know what the world will say when it hears that you have gone off on this trip with him?"

"I don't care what the world says," retorted the girl, her temper flaming up. "I'm sick to death of this place. People don't live here. They just exist. Day after day the same old story, a little work, a lot of food and more sleep. As for Mr. Macey, he never has addressed a disrespectful word to me in all the time I have worked in his office. If my conscience is clear, the word of the world doesn't matter."

She wondered if her words sounded as unconvincing to her aunt as they did

to her own ears. There was a load on her heart as she remembered the half-smile on Macey's face as he stared at her, first amazed, then frankly joyful, when she had snapped up his laughing offer to take his chief stenographer to Panama with him. In the office their relations had always been most business-like, but out on the ocean—— The girl shivered a little as she wondered if she trusted him or herself for that matter, as much as she was assuring her aunt that she did. There was red blood in her veins and her youth was crying out for the heritage of love and pleasure that had been denied her.

"I wash my hands of you here and now," said her aunt, and her silk dress rustled angrily as she rose from her chair. "For twenty-four years, Catherine, I have devoted my life to you, and to think that now you should contemplate this disgraceful, this unspeakable thing——" Her voice broke suddenly and she hurried from the room.

Catherine rose quickly from the floor and took a few quick steps as if to follow her. Then she stopped, with clenched hands and her head thrown back.

"No," she said aloud, defiantly, "I won't give it up. I won't stay here and become petrified. Out there, there is no telling what may happen. And I am old enough to take care of myself. I've wanted adventure and the opportunity dropped into my hand. The adventuress can't taste life, of excitement, without running risk, too."

Hastily she brushed the mist from her eyes and continued her packing. She did not heed the dinner gong, and by eight o'clock she had snapped shut the fastenings of her trunk and donned her suit and hat, ready for traveling. She sighed impatiently as her glance at the clock told her that it was two hours before the train would leave. Her heart was pounding noisily, and there was a lump in her throat as she looked about her room with its dainty hangings of cretonne and wondered when she would see it again. The tears threatened to brim over and she went hurriedly downstairs.

For a moment she hesitated in the hallway, wondering if she should speak to her aunt, then realizing that she would lose control of herself in another minute she resolved that she would write a note of farewell instead of trying to say painful words, and opening the door, she ran quickly down the steps. In her haste she collided with a man who was hurrying up the walk.

"Well, this is a pleasant welcome," he said breathlessly, straightening his hat with one hand and steadying the girl with the other, and Catherine laughed hysterically as she recognized Howard Lewis. It was too much for her over-strained nerves, and the arms of the man about her were all that kept her from sinking to the ground as she laughed and cried alternately.

After his first surprise, Lewis waited patiently until the gale had subsided and the girl, with sudden realization of her position, had withdrawn herself from his arms and fumbled for a handkerchief. Silently he handed her his own and waited until she had dried her eyes.

"And now suppose you tell me what it's all about," he said quietly. "You came out the door as if the devil himself were after you."

Catherine was glad of the darkness that hid her cheeks, suddenly hot, and her voice shook as she tried to answer him lightly.

"Perhaps he was," she returned. "Anyway, I'm glad you came to-night, Howard, for I'm leaving for Panama at ten o'clock."

Lewis stared at her, trying to read her face in the dark, then he whistled slowly.

"Panama," he repeated. "This is pretty sudden, isn't it, Catherine? With whom are you going?"

"Mr. Macey has decided to get out his annual report while he is on his vacation, so he is taking me with him to do the work and to look after his little girl," replied Catherine. She felt suddenly that she would scream

aloud if she had to repeat that story again, and turning away abruptly, she went down the walk and turned on the street towards the depot.

An instant Lewis stood there motionless; then he hurried after her. "My machine is right here," he said, catching her by the arm. "Let's have one more ride before you go. I'll land you at the station in plenty of time for your train."

Catherine hesitated, then obeyed the pressure on her arm and stepped into the low runabout. For a while both were silent, as Lewis turned the machine towards the west. The air was brisk and exhilarating and the frosty stars were brilliant in the heavens above.

In fifteen minutes they had left the city, and turned off into quiet roads that headed towards the foothills across a stretch of plains. Lewis let the machine out, and as they flew over the road, the load seemed to lift from Catherine's heart. She stole a glance from beneath lowered lids at the man beside her, and suddenly she spoke as if in answer to an unuttered reproach.

"I'm mad for an adventure, Howard. I couldn't go on just existing any longer. All through the spring and summer there has been a song in my heart and a fever, a wanderlust in my blood. I wanted to go to the moon or at least to get up into the hills that were calling me. I couldn't pick up a magazine without seeing pictures of distant lands, and every book that I read was filled from cover to cover with stirring events. I was bursting with energy—and each day that I left home it was with the hope that something would happen that day, that just around the corner I might find the Adventure."

"And because it didn't come at once you lost faith and thought to take fate in your own hands, even at the peril of ruining your life," interrupted Lewis.

Catherine stared at him, wondering at his tone, and a quickened pulse sent the blood to her cheeks. Could it be——

"If it's adventure that you're looking for," the man was saying, "you've found it—for you're kidnapped."

His eyes never left the road that was flying under them, but in his face as she leaned forward in amazement to look at him, Catherine read determination.

"But, Howard—the train," she half-protested, then as the man paid no more attention to her than to let out the machine a little more, she leaned back in her seat, holding fast to her hat as the wind whipped her hair in tendrils across her eyes.

For half an hour Lewis drove on in silence, which the girl did not interrupt; then as they came in sight of a little town half-hidden among the rolling hills, he slowed down, and the machine with a hum of the motor started on the upgrade. The clock in the town hall struck ten as they turned into the quiet streets, and Catherine half-exclaimed, then fell silent again.

For the first time Lewis turned to look at her, but she refused to meet his eyes, staring straight ahead of her.

"Well," he said quizzically, "you've missed your train, and Macey will think that you lost your nerve at the last minute. How do you like being kidnapped?"

The girl maintained an obstinate silence, and he leaned over and touched her hand.

"Are you really sorry that you have missed that train?" he demanded tensely, in a new tone.

Reluctantly Catherine lifted her eyes and as she met his she shook her head involuntarily.

Lewis drew a sudden breath of relief, then he laughed gaily. "So it's adventure you're wanting, milady. Sure, it's what we're all wanting. I've felt the fever, too, this summer, but because I was thinking and planning for the future I shut my ears to the call of the hills. I was working and working and saving and hoping. Why, you must know that it was for you I was hoping, Catherine, and to think that to-night I was just in time——"

He stopped as the girl turned from

him with a quick gesture of shame.

"Oh, don't think I can't understand," he said softly, bending over her. "I was wrong. I thought that you would understand my silence, and I couldn't be with you much without fear of breaking into the words which I thought should remain unsaid. I wanted to have more to offer you, but if you're willing to put up with a little——"

He turned the machine down a dark street before he spoke again.

"Around the corner," he said quietly, "there is a minister who makes a specialty of run-away weddings. And then to-morrow we could get two horses and a camping outfit and hit off into the hills for a few days. After that, of course, it would be work again and hard work." He half-laughed. "It wouldn't be like Panama or a trip to the moon."

He stopped the machine in front of a frame cottage where a lamp burned brightly in the window. Jumping out, he ran around and opened the door for Catherine, holding out both hands to her.

"Remember that you are kidnapped," he said, gaily threatening. "Will you come willingly, or must I carry you in by force."

"You are very sure of me," said the girl, half hesitating, then at his hurt exclamation, she put her hands into his and stepped from the machine into his open arms.

"I don't believe it was the moon I wanted after all," she confessed with a little catch in her voice. "I think it was just a honeymoon—with you."

THE DESERT'S RESURRECTION

Just yesterday the hills were brown and bare;
All dead and lifeless as the gleaming sand;
No sign of vegetation anywhere,
But withered, scorched and burned on every hand.
The earth was parched and cracked and fissure-rent,
The dull hills glared, all desolate,
As if of all their desert beauty spent,
And blasted by the mocking hand of Fate.

No kindly flowers bloomed on yonder rise;
No blossoms nodded in the noonday sun.
There were no grassy slopes to greet the eyes;
No poppied mesas as of fine gold spun.
The ridges were a waste of barren soil,
On which a cloudless sun threw piercing rays;
As if, in hellish glee, it would despoil
The land of all its bloom-embowered ways.

And then a little raincloud swept the sky,
And sent the moistened drops to kiss the earth;
Then came God's magic hand to beautify
And clothe the hills with all their precious worth.
The mesas leaped to life; the range birds sang
Their songs of joy beside the flood-swept stream,
The whole wide land to living beauty sprang,
And waked the desert from its wintry dream.

E. A. Brininstool.

Zoela

By H. P. Holt

JACK STURGISS lay back on the hard floor of his prison and peered up at the glinting stars that shone through the cracks in the roof. He had never noticed before how beautiful they were. Four hours more of life: the natives had said they would kill him at dawn.

There was one big star that twinkled tantalizingly—he must have noticed that fellow before, on some still night when he was sailing in the South Seas with a light heart and a fairly easy conscience. He wondered vaguely if he would ever see that tantalizing star again after it passed that crack; and he wished now that he had taken more notice of it when he had better opportunities. After all, one does miss a lot of opportunities in life. But had he? No, he reflected, at thirty-eight he had a fairly crowded record to look back upon. There were not many things he had omitted. He fell to reviewing scraps of his life —schooldays, pearl fishing which some people call poaching, cattle punching, looting episodes in the world's back-waters, copra trading, which had its exciting side. Sometimes he had been skipper of boats belonging to other people. At times he had had to sail before the mast, partly because it was a good opportunity of removing from a region which was becoming unpleasant. On occasions he had been master of his own craft, sailing whither he liked, generally with a crew of his own kidney. Once it was a typhoon which robbed him of his vessel. An impudent Japanese warship bored a hole in another, but under the circumstances he did not see his way clear to claim compensation.

Ah, those were good days. What did the loss of a ship matter? His luck always brought him out on top again. The Japanese nearly had them though. It was better, however, to spend five days in an open boat in the fog than to be put into prison for a very indefinite period. He lived again through some of his best times. It was on this very island, four years before, that the typhoon hurled his wounded vessel without a mast left standing. There was some unpleasantness then with the natives—one of them got shot. They had to stop there some time. That was how he came to have a rudimentary knowledge of their lingo, although it was not altogether unlike that spoken on some other islands in those lattitudes. He remembered the ill-temper the islanders displayed on the shore when he and his companions, growing weary of the place, sailed away on the largest boat they could find. It was not much of a craft, anyhow, though it did fetch a good price in Sydney as a curiosity. He was sorry he did not stop to say good-bye to Zoela. Poor girl, her husband was beating her to death when he first met her. He could not bear to see a woman ill-used, so he threw the native into the river, from which the brute never returned.

The big star peeped through another chink further on, and Sturgiss smiled at it: it was quite an old friend.

Some people, 'way back home, might have called the death of Zoela's husband murder, but it was only a fortunate accident; she told him afterwards that the brute had beaten his first wife to death. It was merely retribution. Funny ideas some of these people seemed to have. Zoela never

regarded it as an accident; she appeared to look upon herself as his slave after the incident.

Those brown eyes of hers were wonderful. He could see them now, shining like oval diamonds in the moon. Bah! she was only a savage. He saw her yesterday, after they had dragged him six miles over swamps and hills. They held a nigger court-martial over him and condemned him to death, chiefly because he was a white man, and incidentally because he and a couple of half-caste hirelings had nearly got away to his small cutter with a little collection of pearls which the natives had gathered. Dishonest traders would have given the islanders very little for them. Anyway, the natives swarmed out from the undergrowth and cut him off. When it was decided to kill him at dawn they burst out into savage laughter, and she laughed too. So much for a woman's memory. The women—dozens of them—stood around and jeered as he lay trussed up on the ground. Some spat on him; others struck him. Zoela kicked him in the ribs with her bare foot while the sun shone in her jet-black hair as it had done four years previously while he looked into her dark brown eyes, and they laughed as they played together like two children.

He had now given up struggling to twist his hands out of the tight thongs which held his arms behind his back. These devils knew how to truss a man up. His feet were not bound, but he was powerless. For the twentieth time he went round the walls of the wooden hut, examining them inch by inch. He would have been no more securely imprisoned had he been at the bottom of the sea with a ton weight on his chest. There was a sort of door, but it was fastened with great wooden piles; outside were two black-hearted guards armed with long spears. He had amused himself for a time harrowing their feelings by making unpleasant references to their personal appearance, their future, and their ancestors; but even that form of diversion palls when one has but a few hours more to live.

He lay back again on the floor. It was less comfortable than standing, because his wrists were painful, but he could see the stars better that way. He got on the track of the big fellow again. How would they kill him? Darts, probably. They considered that method provided the maximum of sport.

"Bah, the dirty beasts," he ejaculated. Death did not frighten him. It was the indignity of being killed by niggers that hurt worst. It must be within a couple of hours of dawn now. He remembered thirty years ago when he was a nipper——

There was a sound at the doorway. They could not be coming yet. Something grated softly—ever so softly. He held his breath and leaned his head forward, listening intently. Again the same noise. It might have been a rat, yet it was too furtive. He was going to call out, but some instinct forbade him. He could only crouch and strain his ears. For a minute the noise stopped: it seemed like an hour, and then the grating was continued. Slowly the rough wooden door was lifted open. Jack Sturgiss felt a curious sensation in the region of his heart. In the dim moonlight he saw a figure which came towards him with the stealth of a panther.

"Sh--s-s!" He barely heard the sound. His own lips seemed strangely dry.

It was dark inside the hut. A hand felt for his shoulder and slid down his arms. A moment later it was severing the thongs with a knife. He felt the cold blade as it touched his arm. Steel knives are rare in the South Sea Islands. He remembered he gave one to Zoela because it seemed to please her. He stretched out his freed hands and one of them was grasped firmly. Together they crept towards the door. He got a fleeting glance of the two dark sentries sprawling on the ground and sleeping heavily, but his companion hurried him quickly away, holding his hand as an anxious mother

takes hold of a child, until they were under the shade of the trees.

"Zoela," he said softly.

"Do not speak yet," she answered in her own tongue. "They will kill both of us if we are seen." She pushed her way through the undergrowth and pressed forward over a semblance of a track. He stumbled after her—she appeared to know every inch of the rough way—for an hour until they joined a broader path.

"We must go a long way round," she said, "but if we hurry you may get away."

"Where are you taking me to?" he asked.

"The sea," she replied, never slackening her pace.

"To the cutter?" asked the man, his confidence growing at every step he took.

"Not your boat," said Zoela. "I stole away when the sun went down and put the juice of a root in the sentries' drink to make them sleep. Then I went to the place where your boat was. Our men have pulled it far up the beach away from the sea. It would take ten people to float it. But I found one of our boats, far away. That is all I can do," she concluded, simply.

She must have been walking eight or nine hours. There was nothing he could say. In silence and semi-darkness they hurried on until he calculated that they must be about eight miles from the hut.

"Zoela," he said at length. "I thought you did not know me last night."

"My father's eyes were on me," she answered. "He recognized you. Had I not laughed and kicked you I should have been watched, and at dawn——" She broke off abruptly.

A pale light was creeping over the horizon as they emerged from the trees onto the silvery beach. It was the hour at which he should have stood as target for their devilish little darts. A native boat, fitted with a rough plaited sail, lay on the sand—an uncomfortable, ungainly-looking craft, but one that would ride through half a gale. She helped him push it into the water. The sun, shooting up over the brink of the sea, played on her raven hair as he had seen it do before. The corners of her mouth were drooping. Tears came into her brown eyes. Suddenly she turned, and, running like a deer, plunged into a maze of stunted trees.

"Zoela," he called, "come back." But she had vanished. He climbed into the boat. There was fruit and water there—enough to keep him alive until he reached the mainland or was picked up. She had done her part thoroughly.

"And I have heard men declare that women have no sense of gratitude," he said aloud as he hoisted the rude sail.

An hour later his craft was merely a speck at the point where the sea merges into the sky. Zoela, standing on the peak of a hill, watched it until it vanished.

Ah-Foo, the Fortune Teller

A Story of "Old" Chinatown

By Marion Allen

IT WAS Chinese New Year, and the smoke of countless fire-crackers filled Chinatown.

Squatted near a Joss house, his hands folded in his voluminous sleeves, his yellow face gleaming weirdly in the half light, sat Ah-Foo, the fortune teller. He was listening to the slip-slip of the feet of the Chinese who thronged the streets. Above his head flapped orange and green banners, lit by the glow from hundreds of colored lanterns. Shortly after midnight a fellow countryman, dressed like a coolie and walking with a slight limp, approached.

As he came within reach, the fortune teller made a dart and seizing his hand, peered into the palm, holding it close to his near-sighted eyes. He began to read the newcomer's past, and his sinister whispers seemed to terrorize the other. The fortune teller was urging his companion to something from which the other drew back. Ah-Foo's tone grew menacing. He appeared to threaten his companion, who at last, with a cowed look, apparently yielded, and started hastily in the direction of the old Osborne place, which, like many of the early San Francisco residences, was just outside the Chinese quarters. The Chinaman stealthily approached the house and opened the back door with a key and entered noiselessly.

* * * *

Elsie Osborne was giving a unique entertainment in the form of a Chinese luncheon. It was a pretty scene. The guests, clad in gorgeous Chinese garments, exclaimed over the queer, varied menu and the Oriental decorations. Oddly shaped bronze urns sent out writhing ribbons of scented smoke while the subdued lights shone on the waxen petals of the Chinese lilies and the rich embroideries on the table. Elsie Osborne in imitation of the Chinese women, wore her hair tightly coiled and bound with jeweled bands, while on her arms and ankles were bracelets of jade and semi-precious metals. His wife's extravagance in dress and carelessness in money matters was a source of frequent worry to Jerry Osborne. She had little knowledge of practical affairs. She had been allowed to assume no responsibilities during her girlhood, and since her marriage, Lee Sing, their Chinese cook, had managed the housekeeping for her. If it were not for the latter, Jerry Osborne often declared, they would be bankrupt, but their cook was a model of economy, and kept their expenses down with his careful buying. He handled the housekeeping funds, paying the bills from the money allowed him each month. Elsie simply looked over the receipts—a detail which her husband insisted upon. Jerry Osborne was at present out of the city on business, so that his wife had no check on her love of entertaining.

After the guests had gone, Elsie's sister lingered.

"You have given a great many luncheons while Jerry has been away. How can you afford it?" she said, abruptly.

"Oh, Lee Sing manages," said Elsie easily.

"Lee Sing cannot provide menus like yours on the money you give him."

"But he does," said Elsie.

"My dear, he cannot. I know the minimum cost." She broke off as Elsie was abruptly summoned to the phone, and the conversation was not resumed.

Nevertheless, her words had made Elsie uneasy. She recalled later that she had not seen the bills since her husband's absence. Hitherto Lee Sing had always presented them promptly. It seemed strange, but of course it was alright. Nevertheless, it was with an undefined premonition that she sought her cook.

"Sing, where are the bills? I have not seen them."

"Bills not all paid," said her cook, smoothly. "I not have money enough."

Mrs. Osborne was startled. "What do you mean, Sing? Bring them to me at once." She looked at the totals. She was five hundred dollars in debt. Such a thing had never happened before. "Sing, how dared you!"

"Too many parties," said her cook shortly.

Elsie Osborne was overcome with remorse. It was all her fault. What would Jerry say? She had promised him to be careful. Why had Lee Sing not warned her? If she had only known that she was going over her allowance! She looked perplexedly in her cook's bland, open countenance. Tears came to her eyes. "Sing, how could you? I have no money. I will have to tell Mr. Osborne that I have gone over the allowance."

"You no tell him. I fix it up."

"How can you fix it up?" asked Mrs. Osborne hysterically.

"I borrow money. I got fliend in Chinatown. He heap lich."

Mrs. Osborne stared. It was an extraordinary idea. She could not accept, of course, but it was kind of Sing. After all, it was partly his fault. On second thought—Elsie hesitated—if she let Sing borrow the money, Jerry need never know about her extravagance. She could pay it back herself. She would economize. She pondered a minute. "Sing, will your friend wait until I can save the money?"

"Oh, yes; he wait long tlime," said the cook confidently.

Elsie Osborne's hesitation was over. She disliked borrowing, but it was from a rich Chinaman, she reminded herself, a friend of Sing's—and no one need ever know.

"Very well. You may borrow the money," she said impulsively.

A curious gleam came into her cook's eyes as he shuffled hastily away, as if afraid his mistress might change her mind.

* * * *

Chinese New Year was nearly over. Here and there the lanterns flickered out. Only the big lamp in the window of Ah-Foo, the fortune teller, gave out a steady gleam. The police were accustomed to see it burn into the early morning hours, for here came a stream of visitors. Among the frequent callers was "Big Jim," so called by the police who employed him to give them secret knowledge of what went on in Chinatown. "Big Jim" had done much to spread the fortune teller's fame, and had openly vowed that he undertook no enterprise until Ah-Foo had read the future in his palm. None guessed the real object of his visits, nor that the two were partners and played cleverly into each other's hands. "Big Jim" consulted with the fortune teller and then told the police just what he chose them to know, and no more.

They paid high for his information. "Big Jim" learned what raids they planned; what men they sought; what snares they laid; and it was this knowledge, passed on to the fortune teller, that enabled him to read the future with such marvelous accuracy. In Chinatown, Ah-Foo was credited with the gift of second sight, and his power was enormous. He had hatched another plot that night, and his last visitor was Lee Sing, whose face wore a crafty, sinister expression very different from the frank, child-like one which Elsie Osborne knew next morn-

ing, when he approached her and tendered the borrowed money.

"You take money, Missi Osborne?"

Now that she had decided to accept, Elsie Osborne saw no reason for procrastination. "Of course I will take the money, Sing," she said, gaily.

"You give me leetle piece of paper with writing on?"

"Oh, Sing, surely that is not necessary."

"My fliend, he know you honest, but he want just one line. He say he can't bleak lule."

Elsie Osborne laughed. It seemed too absurd.

"What is your friend's name, Sing?"

"His name," he was watching her anxiously now, "his name, Ah-Foo."

"It sounds familiar."

"Oh, no, you not know my fliend," said Sing, quickly. "All China names sound same."

Elsie laughed again and scribbled a line. "Here is my I. O. U.," she said lightly. "Now go and pay every bill, Sing."

That evening as she awaited her husband's return she was in her gayest mood. The bills were paid; she owed no one, except Sing's "fliend." Elsie Osborne had one of those faces stamped with that look of non-comprehension, a lack of understanding of evil, of which only a severe experience can rob some natures and is at once the joy and despair of those that love them.

Jerry Osborne ran up the stairs, waving a packet boyishly over his head.

"Oh, a present, Jerry?"

He handed it to her with mock ceremony and watched her childlike delight as she counted five one-hundred-dollar bills.

"It's a little extra money, dropped down on me from the skies. It has been owing me for years. Never so surprised in my life."

Five-hundred dollars! It was the exact sum she owed. Now was the time to tell him, but he arrested the words on her lips.

"I'm going to buy you those new furs you wanted."

"Oh, Jerry, you mustn't."

"Nonsense!"

"Oh, I can't let you. You see——" She hesitated. She wanted the furs dreadfully. She closed her eyes and in imagination saw herself in them. The picture was too entrancing.

"Jerry, you must not spend it on me."

"Well, whom else should I spend it on, I'd like to know. I wish I could give you more pretty things, but you are happy, are you not, Elsie?"

"Happy!" She caught his hand. "You know I am happy, Jerry, every minute."

Gradually as he continued to argue, her protests grew fainter, then ceased. She allowed him finally to persuade her. The furs were bought.

She wore them afterward at a little dinner they had at a restaurant where he began to tell her about a false passport which had gotten through the custom house. He launched enthusiastically into the details, but his wife hardly heard him. She was admiring her furs in the mirror opposite. Jerry was always talking about his business. She did not like to hurt the dear boy's feelings, so she had a way of letting her mind wander. It was not until she caught the word "Chinaman" that her attention was attracted.

"What did you say, Jerry? A Chinaman?"

"Yes, dear; you see, this man whom I am after is a rich Chinaman."

A ridiculous thought flashed through her mind. "What is his name, Jerry?"

"Ah-Foo."——"Elsie!" His wife had turned pale.

"A pain came in my side. I'm all right now." She smiled wanly in his anxious face.

On the way home he questioned her tenderly. "You will let me get the doctor?"

"Oh, no, Jerry. I'm all right now."

"But why should you have a pain like that? It might come again."

"Nonsense." She forced a laugh.

They were approaching the house

and her husband began to fumble for his keys. They were not in his trouser pockets. He searched hurriedly through his clothes. "Elsie, my keys are gone!" He tried to hide his nervousness. "My desk key is with them. I brought home important papers——" he broke off. "I was sure I put them in this suit before I changed my clothes when Lee Sing——"

But at mention of their cook's name his wife burst into hysterical tears.

The following day Jerry Osborne, collector of the port, sat in his office awaiting the arrival of Ah-Foo. He meant to deport him. He had obtained yesterday positive proof of the Chinaman's guilt. It was in the big bundle of papers he had brought from home that morning and which was now locked in his safe. His fright last night had been nothing. He had found his keys on the bedroom floor where he thought he had carelessly dropped them. Except for this sudden indisposition of Elsie's his mind was at rest. He must telephone her soon. Meanwhile his mind ran over Ah-Foo's curious history. The Chinaman had bought the return passport of a fellow countryman in China. He had assumed the name of the original owner, Ah-Foo, and had slipped through the custom house. He had become a fortune teller and with his crooked dealings had amassed vast sums of money. He had been suspected by the Secret Service men of many crimes, but so far they had never been able to prove anything. Ah-Foo had outwitted them each time. Jerry Osborne had not liked some of the tales they told about him. A clerk entered. The old sinner was here now.

"You sent for me?" asked Ah-Foo.

"Yes."

"You see me alone?"

Jerry Osborne motioned away the clerk. "Don't try any tricks, Ah-Foo, I warn you. If you have anything to say before I sign your deportation papers, say it quickly."

"You not sign those papers."

"That will do," said Jerry Osborne, sternly. "None of that talk. Your passport is a genuine one, but it was never made out to you. I have the proof in my safe."

The Chinaman gazed at him balefully. "You show him."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," said the collector, angrily. "I'll show it to the proper authorities."

"You never show it to any one," said the Chinaman in level tones. "That proof you speak of—it is stolen. My agent borrow your keys last night. His name," he paused dramatically—"his name, Lee Sing."

The collector sprang to his feet with an oath. Lee Sing! His keys! In two strides he was at the safe. It was true. His cook had turned traitor. One paper was missing. It was the evidence against Ah-Foo. The collector went white with rage.

"Do you think the loss of that paper will stop me, you yellow dog?" he said furiously. "I'll send you over the road."

"You not put me in any prison." The Chinaman was fingering a small card. Now he laid it softly before Jerry Osborne. It was a photograph of a paper with a single line of writing and a signature:

"I OWE AH-FOO $500.
"ELSIE OSBORNE."

The words danced up and down before the collector's eyes. He made a blind rush at the Chinaman. Ah-Foo slipped by him and pressed the button on the wall.

"You rang for me, sir?" The clerk stood at the door, staring at the distraught face of his chief. The collector motioned him away. He saw the whole diabolical plot. The proof was stolen—he dared not prosecute. Ah-Foo would give the story to the newspapers. It would make fine reading. His wife in debt to a Chinaman!

They had somehow played on her credulity. She had known part of the truth last night. She must be suffering cruelly at this moment. He took down the telephone. Ah-Foo sprang

up, for the first time his calm deserting him.

"You talk to police!" he said, shrilly.

Jerry Osborne looked at him, slowly. "Not this time," he said quietly; "but I'll get you yet!"

The Chinaman waited for no more. His face lighted for an instant with a look of evil triumph. Then with his usual impassive bearing, he turned, and the slip-slip of his feet was heard down the corridor.

Ah-Foo had won once more!

THE FIRST VIOLET

'Tis early spring—
  Down by the stream
The pussy willows gayly nod—
  And waking from
  Its winter's dream,
A violet breathes its pray'r to God.

As low beneath
  The leaves it bends
Its head—in fragrance sweet and rare—
  To Him from whom
  All love descends,
It breathes upon the evening air.

ALICE PHILLIPS.

The Faculty Club, University of California.

Berkeley Films

By a Berkeleyan

Illustrated by Author

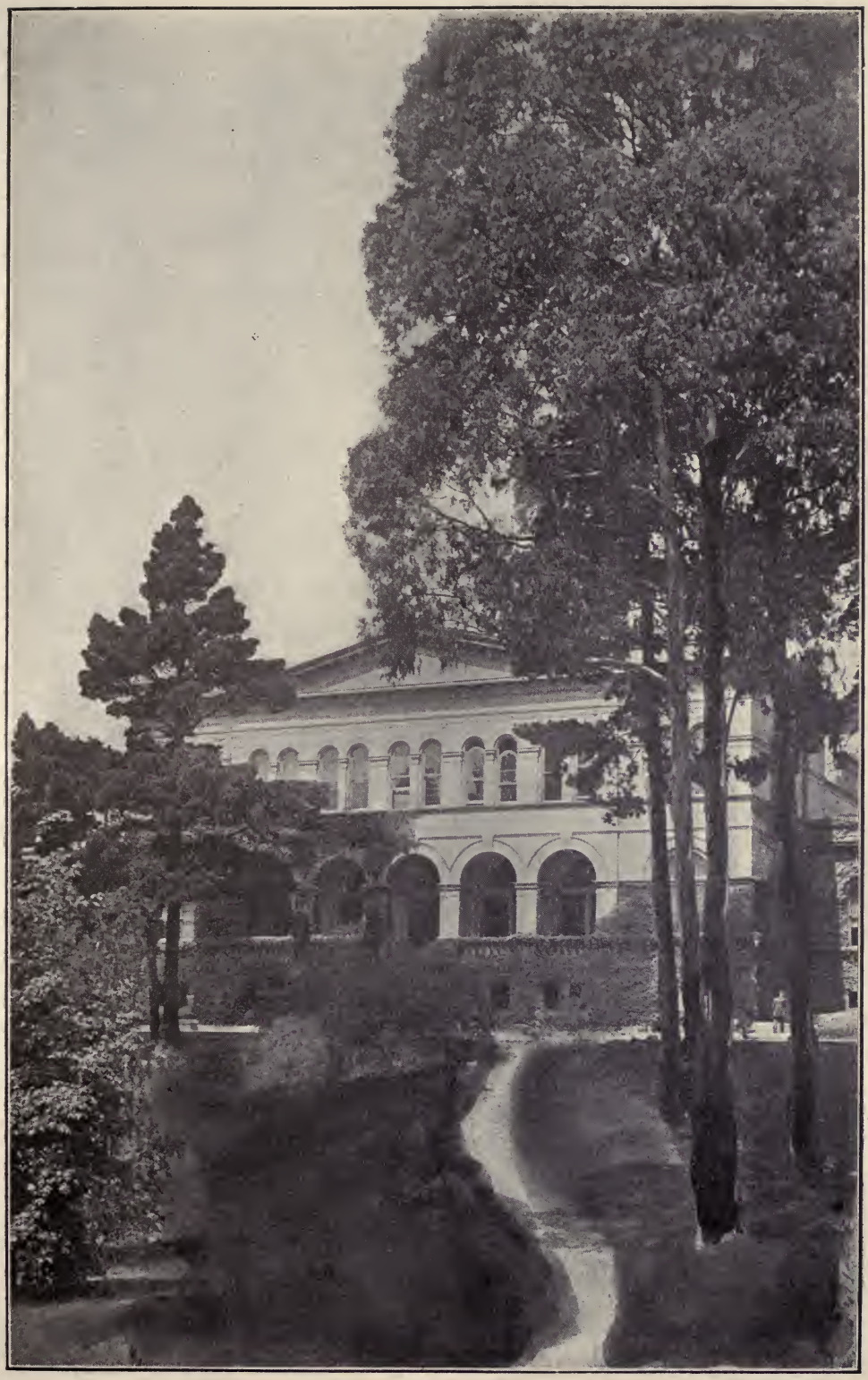
THE daily party of "personally conducted" visitors was being led through the grounds and buildings of the University of California. As they entered the vestibule of the great granite hall which holds the library, they noted a young lady sitting on a low stone bench by the side of the corridor.

She was a charming college girl, with wide, gray eyes and the daintiest of complexions. And her costume rivaled the plumage of a tropical bird.

Her blonde hair was covered with a scarlet hat or cap, which was of so shapeless a pattern that it was difficult to give it a name. Its cloth was caught up at one side by a scarlet rosette, from the center of which there sprouted a parrot's wing, still of the same striking color. She wore a long coat of a pronounced check pattern. The deep collar was of black velvet; the silk lining, prominently displayed, was striped black and green. This coat was thrown back to show the white costume. Down the front of the waist there ran a row of little round red buttons.

The scarlet hat, the scarlet buttons, the checkered coat, with its silken lining—all conspired to catch the eye. And the young lady bent above a set of printed notes entitled, "Economics 152—The Household as an Economic Agent—Statement of the Cost of Living."

"What a picture that girl made with her brilliant costume, sitting on that green stone bench!" said one of the



The stately eucalyptus trees

Under the Berkeley oaks

visitors as the party ascended the marble stairs leading to the reading room above.

"The environment of these college girls ought to incline them towards the picturesque," answered his friend. "It is impossible to walk across the campus without noticing a score of striking combinations of line and color."

Let us take that answer as our text. In the course of this sketch we shall seek out a few of those beauty spots. We shall ramble beneath the palms and pines and along the narrow paths and winding drives, snapping our camera and dwelling on the pictures as we go.

* * * *

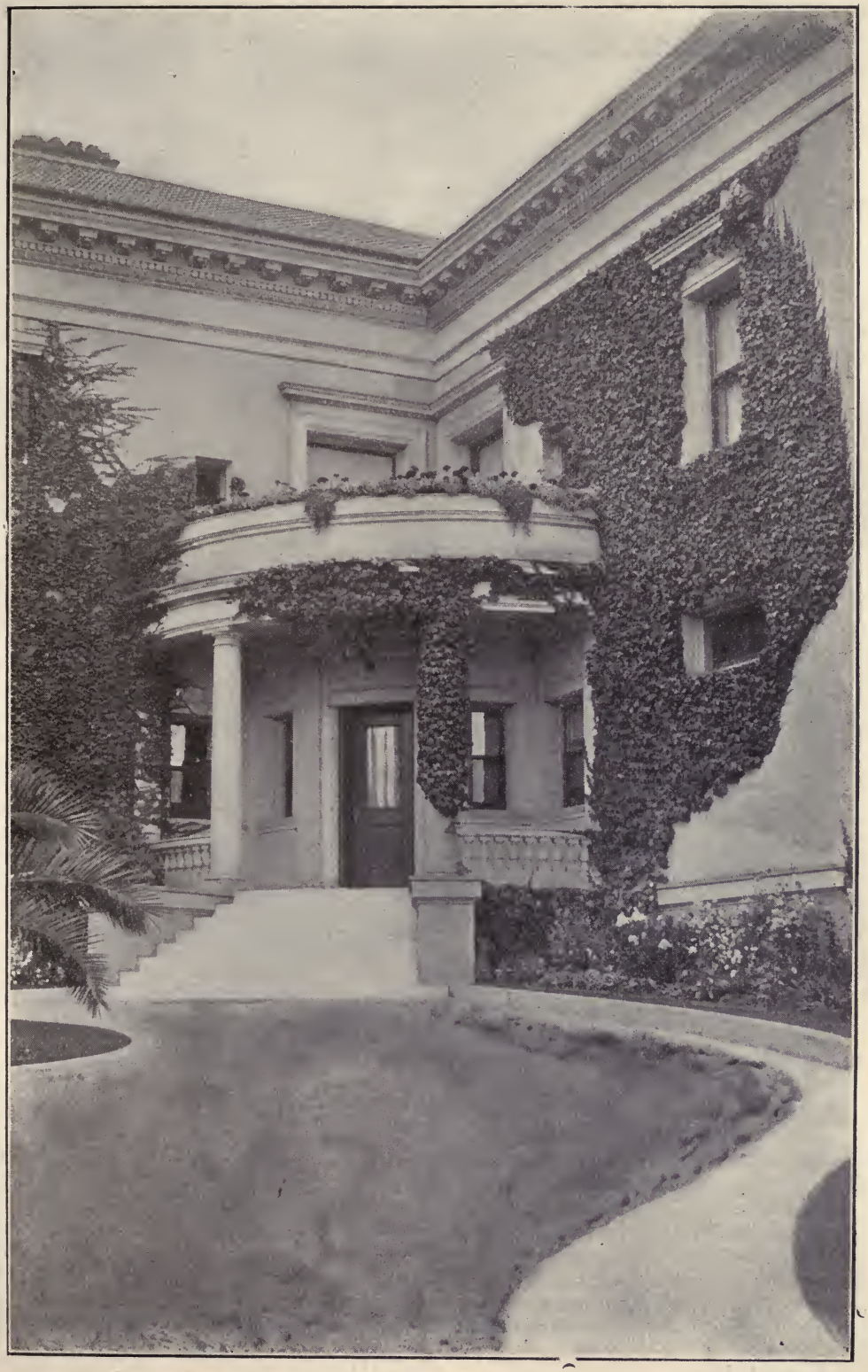
There are oaks on the Berkeley campus, marvelous old oaks, twisting their gnarled limbs into many a quaint design—and, being live oaks, they are always covered with leaves, and in the shadow of those leaves there stands a marble bench of a rigid and high-backed pattern, and on that bench a visitor may sit and contemplate a statue erected in honor of two victorious football teams.

The bronze figures of two players, posed on the summit of a six-foot column, face westwards towards a little bridge, across which comes the path leading from the railway depot. It is when the visitor crosses that bridge that the college campus begins to open out before him.

Two little creeks recede to right and left. Near their junction there stands the grove of oaks. Beyond them lies the drill grounds. Further on are the college buildings.

The eye glances from the bridge to the oaks, from the oaks to the statue, from the statue to the drill ground, across which may be seen white granite halls against a setting of dark green. They tempt us on.

A graceful marble structure, peeping through a grove of pines, is a very happy combination, for each element provides what the other lacks. A pine tree is stately, its long bundles of needles are graceful, but a grove of pines is very sombre. Now intro-



The President's home, automobile entrance

A glimpse of a fraternity house

duce a marble edifice, and its brightness supplies the element the pines lacked.

Perhaps the visitor drifts across the drill ground and through the botanical garden, along a winding way leading beneath the trees and through shrubbery, until he comes to the building dedicated to the Department of Mechanical Arts.

It is a high, brick building with yellow walls. Its lofty front, of a severely classical design, is checkered by the shade of trees. From the arched entrance a spacious passage leads to the central court.

Within, the picture is exceedingly complex. The broad central court, surrounded by workshops and offices and lecture halls, is more than one

Chemistry Porch, University of California

The President's home, University of California

hundred feet long. It is sheltered from end to end and from side to side by a great arched skylight. Within it the bulkier equipment of the department has been installed. The pavement is littered with pumps and tanks and electric motors.

At one end a great black standpipe rises forty feet above the floor, while from its base there radiates such a tangle of tubes as only a hydraulic engineer could puzzle out. The casual visitor carries away a lasting impression of a very business-like department.

There is a portico before that building—a five-arched portico, reached by a twisting flight of granite steps—and each of its arches is overhung by vines and is matched by a great arched window behind it. The stone balustrade is concealed by creepers. Leaning over it, one may look down into a little valley, where lies the botanical garden.

There we can descend to ramble beneath the palms and dragon trees. From beneath their shade we can look back at the picture the Mechanics' Building makes, lifting its high front from the summit of its little hill. Were some member of a party of "personally conducted" visitors to write a metrical description of that edifice, perhaps his verses would run in some such fashion as this:

"The noonday light fell on a hall;
Its classic front rose wide and tall.
There blew no breath of breeze.
We stood and watched it, one and all.
The arches high, the yellow wall,
The granite steps, across which crawled
The checkered shade of trees.
The trailing vines that crept above
Round arch and balustrade now wove
A tapestry of green.
Their leaves and tendrils glossy bright,
Sparkling beneath the radiant light,
In all their grace were seen."

Which proves that the poetic art has declined a good deal since the days of Sir Walter Scott.

But if on leaving that building we turn in the opposite direction, up toward the hill instead of down to the garden, a very few minutes will bring us to where a dark, rough rock juts out from the earth. One face has been cut and polished to make a place

for an inscription: "Founders' Rock."

This inscription keeps in remembrance the story of how a site was selected for the university.

One afternoon, over forty years ago, a little band of enthusiasts was exploring the foothill region which faces the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay. At that time that district was uninhabited and unsettled, save for an occasional sheep farm. The members of the party were seeking a location where a State university might be planted.

They took their stand on a rough rock which outcropped almost at the base of the heights. Before them, two little creeks, shaded by oak and beech trees, meandered down, uniting a quarter of a mile below. Two miles beyond, the broad waters of the bay stretched gleaming beneath the glory of the afternoon sunshine. Beyond the water there rose a high, rugged ridge on the right, separated by the Golden Gate from the San Francisco hills on the left. Nothing stood in the way to obstruct the view. At that time no towering groves of eucalyptus or pine had been planted. The eye had clear sweep down to the bay, across its expanse, and out through the entrance, which lies directly opposite the rock on which the founders stood.

As the party rested there, they observed that the little streams below them enclosed a roughly triangular area, sheltered by the hills, shaded by the oaks, warmed by the western sun. It was obvious that this triangular area at the foot of the hills, bounded by those creeks, was the site for which they had been seeking.

To-day, descending from Founders' Rock, we may follow the bank of one of those streams to where it abruptly changes its course from west to south. In the bend thus formed there stands a magnolia grove.

The picture might be described as a harmony in green. The trees are green, the bushes are green, the very ground is covered with the deep green of tangled ivy.

It is a small and closely sheltered nook, protected on the north and west by trees which shadow the ravine—the native growth of oaks and beeches,

Sweet girl graduates

Bacon Hall

supplemented by an occasional cypress and poplar. On the east, it is shaded by a low hill which rises perhaps fifty feet, and the slopes of which are planted with pines. Between creek and hill there lies a little level expanse, where the ground has been covered with ivy, except as gravel walks intersect it.

That area is perhaps a hundred yards long by fifty wide, and in it stands a double line of magnolias, supplemented by palms and dragon trees.

Above the lesser shrubs droop the great white blooms of the magnolias, so smooth and cool and white! The magnolia, with its limbs branching from the very ground, and its broad leaves matched by its immense white blossoms, impresses one as a shrub rather than a tree—an immense shrub from some land of giants. It was Joaquin Miller who wrote:

"The broad magnolias blooms are white,
Her blooms are large, as if the moon
Had lost its way some lazy night
And lodged here till the afternoon."

What a quiet, sheltered, sleepy nook that is on a warm summer afternoon. Occasionally the drone of an electric car drifts in from the northern boundary of the grounds, less than a hundred yards away. Perhaps the sea breeze brings the sound of trans-continental trains, rumbling and hooting along the shores of the bay, two miles to the west. But noises from the outer world only filter in between the trees. No need to note them.

That little corner illustrates the method which has been followed in laying out the grounds. The plan has been to preserve the native charm of the place, and to add to it whatever may seem desirable. The oaks and beeches have been carefully preserved. They are especially numerous and picturesque near the confluence of the two creeks. Just west of that point a small grove of eucalyptus was planted to serve as a windbreak against the stiff summer breeze from the bay. Half a mile east, this grove is opposed by a much larger one, placed at the very foot of the hill, just where the steeper slopes begin.

The aim was to encircle and protect by trees the central space between the creeks, keeping it clear and in it placing the buildings. To accomplish this, other groves of pine and eucalyptus were added where desirable.

But another factor entered into the problem; the rainy season in California is only about four months in duration. January, February, March and April are the months when the precipitation is heavy. During the rest of the year copious rains are the exception rather than the rule. The result is that, in the summer and fall, the grass withers and dies; the landscape becomes desolate. Every year the broad, open space in the heart of the university grounds assumed a dusty and forlorn appearance. Of course, this might have been remedied by lawns watered by irrigation. But water for the purpose is scarce, and the expense would have been heavy. About ten years ago a number of acacias were planted in the bare space. Their brilliant green foliage has served to mitigate the situation.

And every February those acacias blossom out into great masses of golden yellow fluff.

In such fashion crudities have been smoothed away. But when an institution has been planted in what was originally a wild environment it is bound to preserve a rural tone which is characteristic and distinctive. The rural tone which still hangs about the

A freshman at the gate, University of California.

University of California can be appreciated best if we turn our steps towards the creek which runs along the southern side of the grounds. We can trace it back into a canyon carved deeply in the hills. Up this canyon runs the road to the swimming pool.

It is a quiet, shady road which leads up Strawberry Canyon. Always on the right there lies the deep, cool ravine of the creek. The stream bed, fifty feet below, is almost hidden beneath its tangle of twisted live oaks.

On the slope above the road, at first the tall trunks of eucalyptus trees rise smooth and bare, interspersed with dense dark evergreens. But that grove is quickly passed, and a colony of live oaks climb the hill, growing smaller and more stunted as the slope rises. Presently they give way to a long, prim triple line of cypresses. Here the road plunges into the ravine

to where a little basin has been hollowed out. Thus the way winds along amid the trees until the swimming pool is reached.

The spot is sufficiently rural. All around it stand the trees. Above it rise the gently rounding heights—bare in places, or clothed with oaks and brush where channelled by ravines. Cattle pasture on the open slopes. A mile away and far above looms Grizzly Peak, overlooking everything from its height of two thousand feet.

As the pool is "reserved for the faculty and students of the university," it has been fenced in the most business-like fashion. Twenty-two strands of closely barbed wire are strung, one above the other, at intervals of six inches. The posts are bent backward at the top. The place may be considered as fairly well protected from trespass.

Here it was that a camera lover came one day, seeking for a view worth publishing in the college annual—the "Blue and Gold." And he found a good one!

The camera was placed on the very margin of the water. The picture showed the white concrete borders of the pool converging V-like toward the middle ground, and pointing toward the higher hills, which made a background. There was such a happy combination of bright lines and deep shadows, of pond and slopes and groves, all combining to produce a single harmonious effect, that the picture was the most artistic of all appearing in the college annual.

It is half a mile below the swimming pool that Strawberry Creek, having escaped from the hills, broadens its course to form a miniature valley. A flat shallow basin, sheltered by the ever-present live oaks, lies by the side of the stream. Tucked away in a quiet corner, there stands a log cabin. This is Senior Hall.

Senior Hall was built about eight years ago, when the idea of "senior control" took hold of the university. It affords a center where the members of the graduating class may meet,

A hillside home, Berkeley, Cal.

get acquainted and formulate their policies.

We can glimpse it down a winding lane, at the end of which there rises a great, broadly branching pine tree. Beneath the shadow there rests a long, rectangular log cabin. And everything about it is exceedingly log-cabinny.

The interior is a long, roughly furnished room, with narrow windows, a great table, and no chairs. The walls are the logs themselves, with no attempt at finish or ornamentation. Against them a few bearskins are nailed. The roof beams and braces are the natural trunks of trees. A series of low benches run down each side of the table. They are made from semi-circular slabs, the rough side below. Likewise, the top of the table is built from similar slabs. Round tables stand in the corners. They are cross-sections, sawn from a six-foot trunk.

At the far end of the room is the great brick chimney with a fireplace six feet wide.

The dim light and dark brown logs and massive fireplace and wild looking bearskins combine to produce a picture which is certainly consistent. It seems as though we stood in a hunter's lodge within the depths of some great forest on the flanks of the Sierra Nevada.

The man who planned Senior Hall must have been one who sighed "for

a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade." With its backwoodsy tone, it affords a welcome contrast to the more sophisticated halls which surround it.

A hundred yards farther down Strawberry Creek the miniature valley is at its best, and the Berkeley oaks at their most picturesque—or so they seem to the writer. How these old trees twist their gnarled limbs about! What intricate patterns they trace! What multitudinous ramifications of twigs and tendrils they outline against the sky!

It is only a hundred yards farther to where, at the time of writing, they are busy erecting the latest addition to the structures which ornament the campus. Like many of the more expensive features of the university equipment, it is being provided by private donation. I refer to the campanile or clock tower.

The steel skeleton is already in place. The pneumatic riveter has finished its work. The placing of the white granite stonework has already begun.

What a monument that tower will make when complete, rising three hundred feet from a base already more than three hundred feet above San Francisco Bay. Just as the nearby city of Oakland is dominated by its City Hall, so Berkeley will be dominated by the campanile—a glittering white shaft three hundred feet high and thirty-one feet square.

It must be a strange jumble of impressions which the casual visitor to the State University carries away. He sees so many different features, so many striking contrasts, all within a very limited space. The palm trees and the roses and the vines—the towering groves and shadowy ravines—the classic halls and granite masonry—the feathery acacias, the tall trunks of the pines, the winding roads down which the long battalions, fifteen hundred strong, come marching—he may see them all in just ten minutes' walk. A thousand delightful scenes present themselves to any one with an eye for the picturesque and a love for the beautiful.

So far we have neglected to notice that feature which every visitor, casual or otherwise, is most anxious to find. I refer to the Greek Theatre. It lies beneath the mingled eucalyptus trees and cypresses which stand by the side of the road to the swimming pool. There a natural depression in the earth was found, just the size and shape for an open-air auditorium. In it a replica of an ancient Grecian theatre was built.

It is an impressive place. A stage more than a hundred feet long, a columned wall rising forty-two feet above the stage, a capacity for an audience of ten thousand—such figures give some idea of its proportions. The gates stand open, and visitors may enter freely. They carry away a lasting impression of the great stage, the mighty wall, the vast semi-circular sweep of the benches.

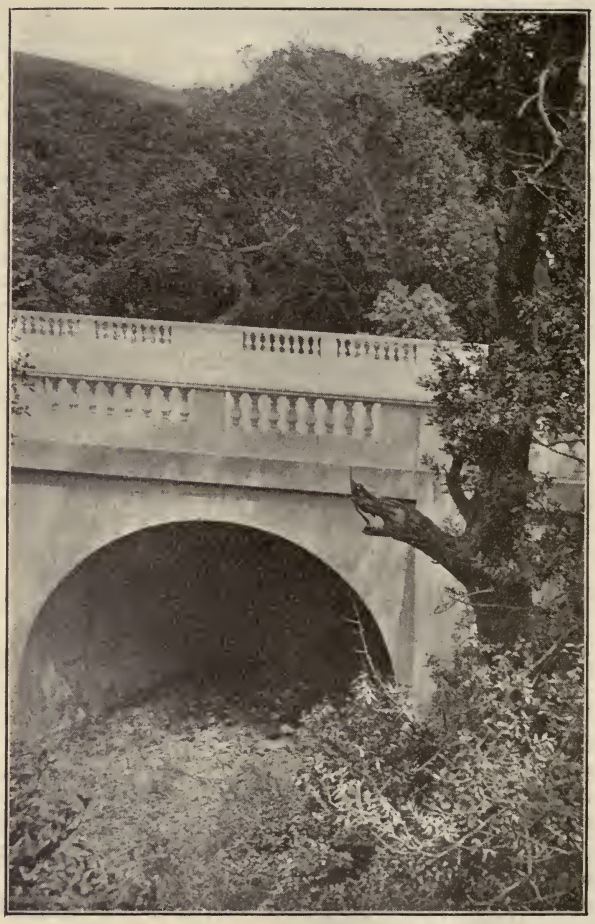
The Greek theatre is more than spectacular. It is one of the most useful parts of the university equipment. Every week it is in demand; perhaps by some popular professor whose class has grown beyond all bounds, overflowing every other available auditorium on the campus. Or some ex-president or prospective president of the United States comes to Berkeley to give a course of lectures. And then there are the public days of the university—charter day, graduation day, and what not.

And the place is in demand just as often in the evening. Perhaps some popular actress wishes to present a great drama—Grecian or Shakespearian. Or perhaps the students present a Greek tragedy or a drama of their own. And then there are the rallies.

What is a rally? In this case, it is a wholesale gathering of the students, with a bonfire and plenty of speechifying, all for some definite purpose. That purpose may be to work up enthusiasm over athletics. And every year there is the Freshman Rally, when the incoming class is welcomed into the student body. Let us conclude

this rambling series of sketches with a picture of the Freshman Rally.

It comes early in September. The first feature on the program is the collecting of wood for the fire. All afternoon the men of the Freshman class are busy. A wagon is borrowed for the work. To the tongue they tie a heavy rope. Fifty men take hold. They make the rounds of the business houses of Berkeley, requesting donations of empty packing cases, refuse lumber, or anything that will burn. As soon as the wagon is loaded, it is rushed to the theatre. The wood is piled on a circular spot of earth, left before the stage in the very center. Meanwhile other loads are being accumulated at different points by other bands. Back the wagon goes; up to the theatre again with another consignment, and so on. Before sunset they have heaped high a veritable mountain of wood and brush.



The Sather bridge

That evening it is hardly dark when spectators begin to gather. Motor cars from San Francisco and Oakland, powdered with California dust, rumble over the bridge, dart around the curving road leading into the trees and come to a stop beneath the dense branches. The grove is illuminated by the glare of the lamps. The capricious lights show the long white columns of eucalyptus trees, reaching upward to a curved tangle of twigs and limbs. Beneath these the crowds ascend the dusty paths leading up the slope to the entrance.

At eight o'clock the students arrive; or rather the men students, for this is a man's affair. The lower part of the theatre, below the diazoma, has been kept clear for them, and there they gather. First, the freshmen file in, hands on shoulders; then the sophomores, the juniors and last the seniors. The long, twisting lines wind their way in, dim and uncertain beneath the faint light.

As soon as all are assembled, the pile is fired. The flames commence to sputter and crackle, and dance from point to point. A few more minutes and the fire is in full blast. The darkness of a starlit night is turned to the brightness of day.

What a spectacle it is! The roaring bonfire leaping as though it sought to reach the clouds, a thousand men re-

clining before it, six thousand spectators ranging in a series of vast, semicircles, rising tier on tier.

At first no speechifying is possible. The roaring of the flames, the crackling of the wood, the rush and rattle of an occasional landslide in the pile of fuel, drown all ordinary sounds. But, as the fire subsides, the speakers rise.

Their mission is to hand down university traditions, to put the newcomers in touch with university spirit. The dominant note of the evening is senior control, its significance, and the importance of maintaining its present powers and standards. "Do as the seniors tell you," they say.

As the speechmaking goes on, the fire dies down, the flames fade away, only great heaps of glowing embers remain, from which spurts an occasional little yellow blaze.

And then the boys line up and lock arms, four abreast, for the "serpentine." Across the stage and back again they go, skipping from right to left, from left to right, out through the broad entrance and down the slope, between the tall, dark columns of the trees; past where at the foot of the hill the Chemistry Building lies sleeping, wrapped in its robe of dark green ivy. Down the road they dance, from right to left, from left to right, until they reach the long steps of the gymnasium. There they rest; and, as they rest, they sing:

"All hail the Blue and Gold!
Thy colors unfold
O'er loyal Californians
Whose hearts are strong and bold."

The great clock in the tower above them toils the hour of ten. The song is finished. The students rise. The Frenshman Rally is over.

As the freshmen talk it over, they say:

"It was good to be there!"

The Navaho Indian Blanket

By George Wharton James

Author of "Indian Basketry," "In and Out of the Old Missions of California," "In and Around the Grand Canyon," "Wonders of the Colorado Desert," "Through Ramona's Country," "Indian Baskets and Their Makers," Etc., Etc.

THE DISCOVERY of the art of textile weaving has perhaps added more to the comfort of man than any other single discovery he has made. What should we be without the manifold products of the loom!

It is a habit of the white race to accept as their own, and as if they had originated it, everything that they enjoy. Few look back to origins. It is seldom a white man or woman's complacency is disturbed by the knowledge that every known stitch used to-day by the white man, or produced upon his most perfect and intricate looms, was in use on the American continent centuries, possibly, before Columbus was born. By this I do not mean to infer, as some critics have supposed I did, that the art of weaving was invented by the American aborigine. I do not say that, for I do not know. But it is a well known fact among American archaeologists that every known stitch is to be found, in some form or other, in the fragments that have been dug out of prehistoric graves, or in the basketry and other weaving of this country.

It is supposed that the Navahos learned the art of weaving from the Pueblos, but this is scarcely a proper stating of the facts. The Navahos brought with them from their former northern habitat, a rude loom, upon which they were able to weave their crude fabrics of cedar bark and other woods.

When they settled in Arizona and New Mexico they found the Pueblos with a better loom and far finer products of their skill than they themselves possessed. Their covetousness was of a practical nature, and ere long some brave warrior stole both loom, material and weaver, and perforce, or *con amore*, learned from him, or her the improved methods. But it was not until the hated Spaniard came, and brought sheep with him, that the art of Pueblo and Navaho weaving really blossomed out into its real glory. Both Pueblo and Navaho were willing to be civilized and Christianized as far as learning the taste of roast mutton and the use of wool in weaving, were concerned, and beyond that many of them never went, especially the latter.

Then the Navaho women quit weaving baskets and took up with blanket weaving, and it was not long before they rivaled, and then surpassed, their Pueblo teachers, so that when first traders braved the long trail over the prairies and crossed the deserts to Santa Fe, they found Navaho blankets of wonderful weave and exquisite coloring. Then came the *Gringos*, under General S. W. Kearny, and when the officers returned to the East, they brought with them blankets that were so closely woven as to carry water, and the colors of which, made from native dye, were fadeless and beautiful, harmonious though striking, and with designs that astonished by their originality, artistic quality and marvelous variety.

Investigation showed that many of

Figure 1—Weaving the Navaho in the winter hogan.

these blankets were woven by Navaho women from a certain cloth—a kind of baize—they had bought from the Mexican traders, known as *bayeta,* which is simply the Spanish for baize, and that they had taken this different-colored bayeta, unraveled it, and then respun and rewove it into the blankets they so much prized. In respinning, they sometimes redoubled, or even trebled the thread, and thus made a heavier blanket than the original baize. The closeness of the weave was found to be owing to the vigor with which the aboriginal weaver wielded the *batten,* a broad stick of mesquite or other hard wood, with a thin, rounded edge, which she brought down with great force and vigor upon each row of weft as it was put into place.

It is not necessary in this article to describe in detail the Navaho loom. Suffice it to say that Figs. 1, 2 and 8 give accurate representations of it. It is a rude contrivance, made by the woman weaver herself, with a few poles, a couple of rawhide *riatas,* or strong ropes, and her heald-rod, batten stick and comb. In the winter she sets it up in the *hogan.* and in the summer time either under a shelter of brush, out of doors, or under a good-sized shade tree (Fig. 2.)

Naturally, the earliest products of the loom were much more simple than they became later, when the weavers developed their artistic tastes, and began to emulate each other in the inventive quality of their designs. These earlier styles took the form of simple rows of color, placed either haphazard, according to the whim of the weaver, or in alternation so as to afford a regular and pleasing break in the monotony of one color. As some of the earliest work was undoubtedly done for the chiefs, and used by them as personal blankets, the style has come down even to this day, of making chief's blankets, or *honalchodis,* in plain stripes. Fig. 3 is a very fine specimen of this type. This is an ex-

Figure 2—Weaving in the summertime under the shelter of a shade tree.

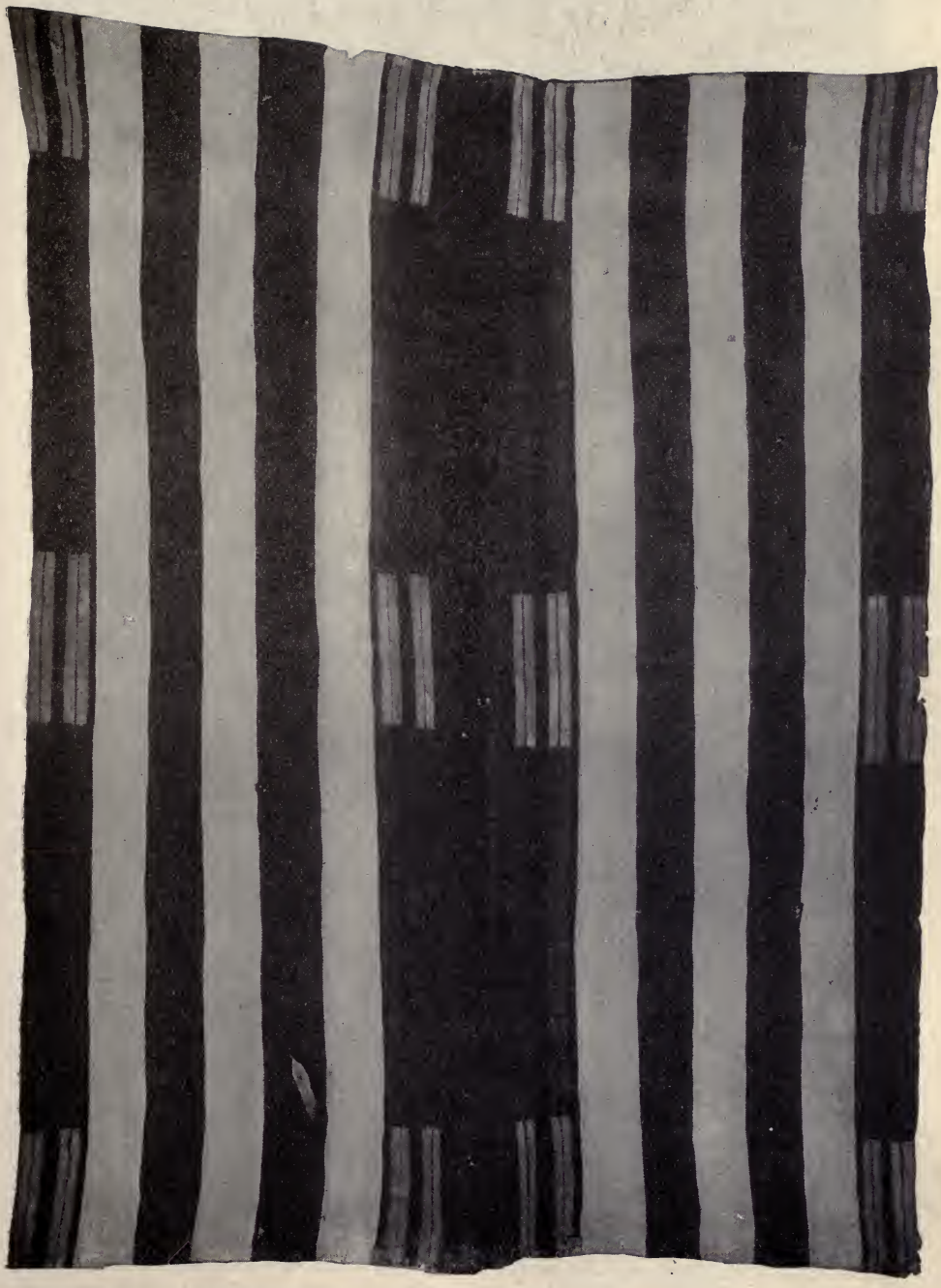


Figure 3—Valuable blanket now in the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

Figure 8—Tuli and her loom.

ceeding valuable blanket, and is now in the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Here design is apparent in the broad center stripe, broken by the six introductions of short stripes of white, while the bands alternate regularly, with a band top and bottom, corresponding to the one in the center. This particular blanket was made of *bayeta,* but as modern methods have prevailed, bayeta is no longer imported; therefore bayeta blankets are no longer woven. But blankets equally as good as this are made to-day of home spun yarn, home dyed, after being cleansed and deodorized by the Navaho weaver herself. Naturally there are great differences in the work of different women; some are lazy and careless, and their character shows itself in their work, so that any one with half an eye can see that it is poor. On the other hand, many of the weavers take great pride in their care, neatness, cleanliness and skill.

Their wool is thoroughly cleansed before dyeing and spinning. These are carefully done. Then the weaving is done with a conscientious skill not surpassed by any worker in any sphere. The results are immediately apparent in superior blankets that are eagerly bought up by the traders and sent out to their best customers.

Fig. 4 is of an entirely different style of weave, though also made for wear as a wrapping blanket. It will be noticed that the chief's blanket is woven broadside on. This is so that the design shall be wrapped around the chief's body, rather than that it shall "stand up"—perpendicularly. In Fig. 4 the design is more complex, and is woven the other way. This was of native wool, native dye and native preparation throughout, soft, yielding, pliable and admirably adapted for a personal wrap, or a sleeping blanket that would cling to the form and thus keep its wearer warm.

Now and again the traders of to-day

Figure 4—A wrapping or sleeping blanket.

can pick up old blankets of this type, and they are eagerly sought after by connoisseurs.

While in the early days there is no doubt but that the men were the weavers, as well as the women—for among the Pueblos it is the men who are the weavers—in due time the men seemed largely to leave this occupation to the women. Now and again, however, a man can be found weaving, and, what may seem most singular of all to white readers, is, that the men weave practically all of the women's dresses. Fig. 5 is of such a dress in my own collection. It, however, is not a Navaho, but is of Zuni weave. Zuni is one of the historic pueblos of New Mexico. This is a rare blanket, of fine and beautiful weave. The borders are in blue and diagonally woven. The apparently curved line is in deep green, and the band containing the serrated diamond figure is in dark red, the diamonds being in blue, outlined with dark green and the inside square of red. The corresponding band is of the same colors. The lighter center band is of a lighter red. The general effect is beautiful and harmonious; the dyes native and unfading, and the weaving even, smooth and good. Now and again a trader will be able to secure a blanket of this type, and he seldom allows such a chance to pass him by.

Of an entirely different type is the blanket shown in Fig. 6. This is a Hopi ceremonial squaw dress. Those who know much of the Hopis, and indeed of all the Pueblo Indians, are aware that they have a multitude of ceremonies for all and every imaginable occasion. In these, the women take part as well as the men, and at such times they are as anxious to appear well as are their more civilized sisters. For countless centuries the Hopis have grown cotton, and the traditions of the elders renders it imperative that, in certain women's ceremonials, the body of the dress or blanket shall be of cotton. Hence the white of this dress is of home grown, home prepared and home spun cotton, the design being worked in with native dyed yarn, or Germantown, in black, red and green. Merely to enumerate the ceremonials in which these blankets play an important part would occupy several pages of this magazine, hence I must refer the interested reader to some of my books in which these descriptions occur.

Fig. 7 is of a type of blanket that to-day, perhaps, is one of the most popular in the market. This is a pure native black, white and gray, made without any dye whatever, the gray being either the wool from a sheep recently introduced among the Navahos, which has a beautiful silver-gray color, or made by an admixture of black and white. This type of blanket fits everywhere, as the colors harmonize with any and every color-scheme imaginable. They make excellent portieres, lounge or sofa covers, table-cloths, automobile blankets, as well as rugs and bed-covers. For a smoking-room, billiard-room, sewing-room or office they are incomparable. Of late years the Navahos have developed this blanket to a high degree. It is growingly popular. The designs are as many and varied as there are blankets, for it is seldom that two can be found that look anything alike. Where these are woven by an expert, who takes pride in the originality of her design, in the cleanliness of the wool, the care with which she spins both warp and woof, the fineness and yet hardness of her woof threads, and the thoroughness with which she "battens down" each row of weaving, they are as perfect blankets, and as much to be desired as any that were ever woven.

And when, as is shown in Fig. 8, the weaver is born with a genius for color and design, the result is a colored masterpiece that is at once a joy and a satisfaction. The little girl, Tuli, is one of the best weavers of the tribe, and yet she was not ten years old before she was making blankets that astonished experts by their striking designs and perfect harmony of color. It is impossible in an article of

Figure 5—Rare blanket of Zuna weave

Figure 6—Hopi ceremonial squaw blanket.

Figure 7—The most popular Navaho blanket made.

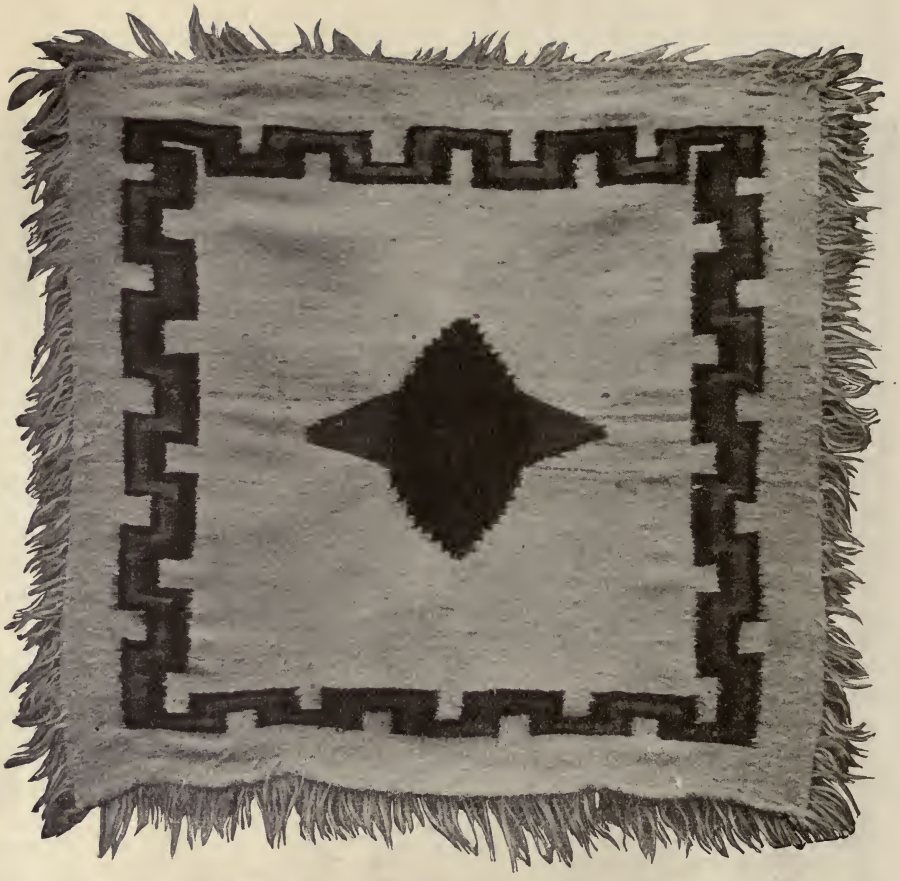


Figure 9—Made by the widow of the war chief Manuelito.

this nature to show any of the colored specimens. Suffice it to say that there are now scores of weavers on the Navaho reservation who are master artists, and that every successful Indian trader makes it his first business to engage and secure for himself all the work of such masters. Blankets made by these women always command a high price, for their superior design, color and weave render them highly desirable, and the demand for such blankets to-day far exceeds the supply, in spite of the fact that more and better blankets are to-day coming from the looms of the Navahos than ever before in their history.

Of this type, though the main body of the blanket is white, is Fig. 9. This was expressly made for me by the widow of the last great war-chief of the Navahos, Manuelito, and is just enough touched with color to be striking and pleasing in its effect upon the eye.

Now and again the trader meets with an unusual blanket such as that shown in Fig. 10. This is of lightning design, but instead of being woven directly across the blanket, the weaving is filled in so as to follow the zigzag of the design, in a most cunning and skilful fashion. How the weaver keeps the design is beyond me, but I have seen this done on several different occasions.

Even more singular and rare is the type of blanket shown in Fig. 11. This is known as a Yei blanket, a Yei being one of the sacred divinities of the

Figure 10—An unusual blanket of lightning design.

Navahos. When the first of these blankets was made, there was tremendous commotion among the Navahos of the region. It was deemed a dreadful sacrilege. Councils were held to discuss the matter, and the trader who had bought the blanket was ordered to remove it from his office wall, where it was hung. He refused, and for a time it was deemed that his life was in jeopardy. But he was a fearless and obstinate man, and resisted all the pressure brought to bear upon him, though among the Navahos the discussion still went on, and a shooting scrape arose in which one man lost his life. Only a few of these blankets have been made, and they are highly prized by those who have been able to secure one.

Another peculiar blanket is represented in Fig. 12. Here is a double blanket, the design on one side being different from that on the other. In weaving this style there are as many as eight different healds used. Dr. Matthews, a great authority upon the Navahos, deems this their own invention. Anyhow it is a wonderful tribute to their skill that they could imi-

tate, even if they did not invent. There are but few weavers who know how to do this work, and it is very seldom that one can be found.

Closely analogous in character of weave, color and design is a blanket known as the Chimayo. This, in reality, is not a Navaho weave. The Chimayos are Mexicans, inhabiting the Valley of the Rio de la Santa Cruz, about twelve miles from Espanola, on the narrow-gauge line of the Denver & Rio Grande Railway. These people have always been expert in blanket-making, and because of the superiority of a particular type, their blankets were soon sought even in Mexico, where many other towns were engaged in the art. An old Chimayo is a blanket to be desired, as the number is few and the price high. Modern Chimayos are good, but, unfortunately, cotton warps and Germantown yarn have taken the place of native dyes and woolen warps. Fig. 13 is one of the simpler of the old style, the colors be-

Figure 11—Highly prized Yei blanket

Figure 12—Most difficult blanket woven.

Figure 13—A Chimayo blanket.

ing white, black and blue. Though the design is as simple as are the colors, the effect as a whole is pleasing.

Thus in a cursory way have I discussed ancient and modern blankets. There are more being made to-day than ever, and as the people of the United States realize their vast superiority over any of the products of foreign looms, or of our own machine-made rugs or carpets, the ability of the Navahos will be taxed to the utmost to meet the ever-increasing demand. The quality of those that are made vary, of course, but as good blankets come into the hands of reputable traders to-day as were ever woven. And as I have before remarked, the wise trader sees to it that he binds to himself one or more of those weavers whose blankets he can always rely upon.

(EDITORIAL NOTE.—This article was written by Dr. George Wharton James, the well-known authority on the Navaho Blanket, whose comprehensive and beautiful work on the subject has just been issued by McClurg & Co., of Chicago, entitled "Indian Blankets and Their Makers." This book contains 32 full page plates of blankets *in colors*, and over 200 other illustrations.)

MY MOTHER

I need my mother as the years wear on;
I need her comfort, for the dreams are gone;
I need her tenderness, her smile of cheer,
Her arm about me as the dusk draws near.

Would she her visioned form might show to me,
Her place of radiency I long to see;
The music of her voice her joy to tell
Would be love's living message, "All is well."

Oh, just the blessing of her hand in mine!
A soft kiss in the dusk to be a sign
That mother lives and loves in God's high trust,
Though many wilding flowers hide her dust.

LILLIAN H. S. BAILEY.

Exposition of the Justice of the Day of Vengeance

By C. T. Russell

Pastor New York, Washington and Cleveland Temples and the Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

THE whole world are Gentiles, according to the Scriptural presentation, except the true followers of Christ, and the loyal-hearted Jews who are still God's people under their Law Covenant. In classing the great mass of Jews and of professed Christians as part of the world the Pastor meant no unkindness; but declared that to understand God's dealing in the present time, nominal Christians, or mere professors, must not be confounded with the "little flock" who have responded to the Gospel Call, "Gather My saints together unto Me, saith the Lord; those who have made a Covenant with Me by sacrifice"—self-sacrifice. (Psalm 50:5; Romans 12:1.) If we recognize these saintly Christians of every nation and denomination as being the one true Church, "whose names are written in Heaven," and if we recognize all others as Gentiles, we shall be getting the eyes of our understanding into true alignment with the mind of God as expressed in the Bible.

Thus seen, God is not merely calling nations to war, to battle, as nations; but in a more particular sense the call is to this Gentile class irrespective of national boundaries. And it is worthy of note that throughout the Scriptures the great masses of India, China, etc., are comparatively ignored. Because they have not come into particular contact with God's Messages they are not so particularly included in the judgments, chastisements, troubles, foretold to be coming upon the earth at the close of this Age. In other words, unintentional ignorance of God is not a crime to be punished, but a defect to be corrected in due time by the blessings of Messiah's Kingdom.

Wrong Thoughts of God's Wrath.

When thinking of the wrath of God coming upon the world, we are not to think of the Almighty as having exercised great patience for centuries and finally losing His temper and wreaking vengeance upon His creatures. Such a thought might be gathered from some of the expressions of the Scriptures, because of adaptation of language to human comprehension, and more or less loss of the true sentiment in translating and through the mental glass of the translators.

In any event let us remember that this wrath of God and the judgments coming upon the world are wholly different from the legends—namely, eternal torture, etc., at the hands of demons, taught us by our creeds. Instinctively, a part of the dread we have of death in every form—by war, famine and sickness—is the fear of that eternal torture nightmare thrust upon us from childhood, inculcated by all the creeds of Christendom, but without Bible foundation when the latter is properly translated and rightly understood.

Furthermore, we should remember that while God has foretold the trou-

bles of the Day of Wrath for centuries and indicates that He will have to do with their precipitation upon the world, nevertheless elsewhere He also shows us that these troubles really come from ourselves, that they are the outgrowth of human wrong-doing, and that these dire penalties of sin would have wrecked our social and religious fabric long, long ago, had not Divine Providence forefended us—holding back the storm of human passion and avarice, and permitting it to come only now, in the end of the Age, at the time when Divine Providence has Messiah's Kingdom in full readiness to take control. Just as soon as the storm of human passion shall have taught humanity its needed lesson and shall have liquidated the long-standing accounts, Messiah's Kingdom, with a clean slate, will be inaugurated.

Accounts Yet to be Squared.

In Jesus and in His saintly followers throughout this Gospel Age, the world has had God's Cause of Righteousness and Truth, more or less clearly manifested. Every persecution against these members of the Body of Christ is a crime against God and against righteousness. Of such sufferings the Apostle says, If any suffer as a Christian, let him glorify God on this behalf; for the spirit of glory and of God resteth on such.

As a blessing rested upon all the Lord's faithful people who have suffered unjustly, so correspondingly a Divine curse, or penalty, has rested upon all persecutors of these, their responsibility being gauged by the degree of their knowledge, and their punishment proportionate. On the books of Justice, however, God represents that the lives of all His faithful ones cry out for vengeance; and that while mercy comes to all mankind through the sacrificial death of the Saviour, this does not alter the fact that Justice calls for punishments for crimes more or less wilful and therefore not included in the Savior's atonement.

Thus it was in the end of the Jewish Age, which may serve us as a pattern, or illustration of the ending of this Age. St. Paul, writing of that time, says: "Wrath is come upon this people to the uttermost, that all things written in the Law and the Prophets concerning them should be fulfilled." Notice, however, the vast difference between these Bible judgments and the eternal torment judgments falsely declared by every one of our creeds, which indirectly tell us that every Jew at death goes to eternal torment because he is not a Christian.

But the Scriptures declare that the punishments upon the Jews which culminated in the destruction of Jerusalem in A. D. 70 were, some of them, for sins committed long before. Notice Jesus' words, "The blood of all the Prophets, which was shed from the foundation of the world, shall be required of this generation; from the blood of Abel unto the blood of Zacharias, who perished between the Altar and the Temple."—Luke 11:50, 51.

Wherein was the justice in exacting all that of the people living in the close of that Age? We reply that those people had far more responsibility than all who preceded them. They had a great Light amongst them, shining from Jesus and the early saints. In their treatment of these lightbearers, crucifying them and variously injuring them, upon that last generation of the Jewish Age "wrath came to the uttermost."

The Recompenses of Zion.

The Bible intimates that similar aggregations of punishment are to be expected in the end of this Gospel Age. The great Time of Trouble, or Day of Wrath is the "recompense of the controversy of Zion"—the saints, the true Church. For eighteen hundred years Jesus has prophetically declared that the Kingdom class would suffer violence; and the violent have usurped the place of the true by force.

All the while, the violent have outwardly been posing as the True Church of Christ, while the saints of God in

every epoch and in every century have suffered—"as deceivers and yet true; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things." (2 Corinthians 6:8-10.) "Heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ" (Romans 8:17), they have been counted "the filth and offscouring of the earth," "of whom the world was not worthy."

But the sin of their persecutors must be liquidated, even though the persecutors themselves will all eventually be forgiven. From this viewpoint, the "Time of Trouble such as was not since there was a nation," and which is now beginning gradually to be consummated, will be the squaring of God's accounts with the world, preparatory to handing the Kingdom over to Messiah for the blessing of all.

As illustrative of this principle, note the lesson of Revelation 6:9-11: The cry is, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" The message for all these martyrs of Jesus was, Wait a little season, the vengeance will come, but not until all of this class shall have experienced their share of "the sufferings of Christ."

To these martyrs the suffering brought polishings of character, testings of faith, Divine approval and an increased glory on the spirit plane as members of the Bride of Christ—the blessings to be given to them in the First Resurrection—the chief Resurrection, referred to by our Lord in Revelation 20:6. Then will be accomplished the binding of Satan; and then Messiah's Kingdom, with all its blessed and uplifting influences, will bless the whole world with the long-promised "Restitution of all things which God hath spoken by the mouth of all the holy Prophets since the world began."—Acts 3:19-23.

Modern Persecutions Differ.

We do not say that the persecutions of the last members of the Body of Christ will be literally cutting their tongues out, by literally burning them at the stake, by literally crucifying them or beheading them, as was done with some of the other members of the Body in the past. In our day there is a more refined process often used. Some are gibbeted by the pulpit, some are "roasted" in the public press, some have their tongues cut out in the sense that their words are misrepresented, and that they are denied a hearing. And yet there are things in the Scriptures which seem to imply that there may be a literal assassination and destruction of God's faithful people in the end of this Age, as well as a figurative one. But the Lord's grace will be sufficient for them; and the more they shall suffer for His sake, for the Truth's sake, the greater will be their glory and station in the Kingdom.

Who shall be punished for these crimes against the Saints of God? We answer, Babylon; and Babylon signifies what is to-day known as "the Christian world"—a very anomalous term; for the world has no identification with Christianity nor Christianity with the world. The so-called "Christendom" of our day corresponds exactly to the Jewry of Jesus' day. The Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, were banded together with the Sadducees and the Herodians, the worldly and infidel politicians. Their object was one, namely, the perpetuation of their own institution, regardless of God's arrangement. So here the civilized world, misnaming itself "Christ's Kingdom," is intent upon the preservation of the great Babylon which it has constructed, and willing to do anything to avoid its foretold destruction.

Hypocrisy the Greatest of All Sins.

Taking into account the persecutions endured by God's saints throughout this Gospel Age, there must be a heavy account on the book of Justice to be settled. Saintly Catholics, saintly Presbyterians, saintly Baptists, saintly Methodists, saintly people in and out of all denominations have suffered; and Jesus' words still stand

true—namely, that whosoever would give to the least of His followers even a cup of cold water would not fail of reward, and that injury to even the least of these would be punished.

Are we asked what are the special sins of our day? We reply that here, as in Jesus' day, hypocrisy is the greatest of all sins. There were thefts, murders, adulteries and injustices of various kinds in Jesus' day; yet while denouncing all these in spirit He practically ignored them all in His denunciations of the hypocrisy of the religious rulers of His time. We believe that His judgment of so-called "Christendom" to-day is the same.

There was a time when the world ignorantly thought that the kings of the earth were ruling as part of Christ's Kingdom. There was a time when men really believed that their everlasting destiny was in the hands of the clergy, Protestant and Catholic, and that unless they had the good offices of these in baptism, marriage, funerals, etc., they would be eternally tormented; but that day has passed—a more enlightened day has come.

Our Bible is better understood; the clergy are no longer deceived. They know that the word Sheol of the Old Testament and the word Hades of the New Testament represent the state or condition of death, into which the whole world goes—good and bad. They know that these words could not represent torture or fire in any sense of the word. They see God's character more clearly; they perceive that the kingdoms of this world are merely political institutions permitted for a time, waiting for the glorious epoch of Messiah's Kingdom to bring in the New Order of Things.

But notwithstanding this knowledge the Divine character is still blasphemed. The kings of the earth told during the "dark ages" that they were the sword of the Lord and servants of the Church, have not been undeceived. Hence the Czar of Russia, the Head of the Greek Church, believes he is working out a Divine destiny; the British under King George are equally convinced that they are working out a great destiny as God's Kingdom. The German Kaiser is similarly deceived into thinking that he is the sword of the Almighty, as indicated in his reported proclamation to his army in Poland.

These false doctrines of the "dark ages" are bearing a terrible fruitage in the present war. Similarly, the teachings of eternal torment, misrepresenting and blaspheming God's character, are bearing an evil fruitage. Millions of people are being turned away from faith in a God of Love and from faith in the Bible as His Message by the most monstrous blasphemies of the "dark ages." I charge the responsibility of all this against the sects and creeds of Christendom.

A great fraud, a great hypocrisy, you say? I answer, Yes; the most astounding the world has ever known. Two hundred thousand professed ministers of God and Christ are standing before the world to-day telling the legends of the Dark Ages and seeking to hinder the people from coming to a knowledge of the Truth, meanwhile receiving the people's money and reverence. Does not such hypocrisy, such blasphemy against God, such deception of the people, such keeping them in darkness, deserve a great punishment?

What shall we do, do you ask? I answer: Be honest! Be true! Come out of Babylon. Stand free from all such slandering of the Almighty God and His gracious provisions. Stand for the Bible, the Truth, the God of Love and Wisdom, Justice and Power. "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you."

"Martin Luther's Works."

The English-speaking world has never had a keener interest in Germany and the Germans than it has at the present moment. In all the popular magazines, in all the more serious periodicals, even in the daily press, we are confronted with articles and essays on the German people, their ideas and aspirations. Many of these articles naturally emanate from sources that are unfriendly. Nevertheless, it is certain that the Americans, at least, are making a serious effort to understand the spirit of Germany, and the views of Germany's great thinkers. We are reading of Frederick the Great, and Von Moltke of Treitschke, Bernhardi and Nietsche, of Bismarck and William II. But the man who really wishes to know the German character must go far back of the XVIIIth and the XIXth Centuries, and seek it in the greatest German, Martin Luther.

There is probably no man that has ever lived about whose life and opinions so great a literature has been produced. In 1909 an incomplete list of Luther literature comprised over two thousand titles, including more than 200 biographies in ten different languages.

All who are really interested in German yand the Germans, and who would like to know something of this greatest of the Germans at first hand, will welcome the announcement that a ten volume translation of his most important works is shortly to appear, published by the A. J. Holman Company of Philadelphia.

The translation is the work of a group of scholars who have been devoting years to the study of Luther and his times, and each volume will be provided with an introduction and explanatory notes. This great task has been undertaken with a view to exhibiting the true Luther and the whole Luther, in all his many sided activity. The first volume will appear in April, and will be followed shortly by the second and subsequent ones.

The A. J. Holman Company, Philadelphia, Pa., will be the publisher.

"The Anti-Trust Act and the Supreme Court," by William Howard Taft.

Nothing could be more compact and more free from the superfluity of legality than the introductory chapter in which the author historically defines the terms "restraint of trade" and "monopoly." Illegal restraints of trade, it is shown, have never been held in the common law to include those restraints which are now called reasonable—that is, restraints merely incidental to the carrying out of a legitimate purpose. Between these and restraints which are primarily intended to restrain there exists a perfectly clear and workable distinction. Monopolies, the author points out—contracts, that is, between two parties to restrain the trade of a third—have always been illegal, and no question as to their "reasonableness" can rightly be raised. The Sherman Law simply restored the original status by making monopolies indictable. A similar kind of reasoning is used to determine what combinations of labor are legal and what are illegal.

Besides applying these principles to concrete cases, Mr. Taft illuminatingly discusses the function of the courts in interpreting laws, the decisions of the Supreme Court under the Anti-Trust Act, and the actual effects of the enforcement of that act. On the whole, the Anti-Trust Act has been thoroughly tested and not found wanting. Whoever desires in earnest to make up his mind in earnest about the efficiency of the Sherman Law may well be advised to read Mr. Taft's book first.

Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

"The New Clarion," by Will N. Harben, author of "Abner Daniel," "Pole Baker," etc.

In "The New Clarion" one smells the pungent paper-and-ink odors of a rural printing shop; one is entertained by its humorous amenities, delighted by its leisurely ways, stimulated by its more or less pretentious air of rattling busy-ness. For "The New Clarion" tells the fortunes of a young editor who wants to do something real in the rural field. Howard Tinsley, after a bitter quarrel with his father, a narrow religionist, is on the point of going West to seek his fortune when Abner Daniel, as friend of Howard's broken-hearted mother, intervenes. Abner buys "The New Clarion," and, keen as he is on a horse-trade, finds he has something to learn about the newspaper business. Meanwhile Howard, who has thrown himself into his work in the flush of a new freedom, becomes implicated in a murder. Circumstantial evidence growing out of his hot-headed quarrel with a drunken, abusive farmer binds him tight to the crime. It is than that Pole Baker and Abner Daniel unite their rare talents in behalf of their common friend—Pole, who is "sort o' good at a big, bold, quick-shot sort o' bluff," and Abner, who understands to perfection the art of "wheedling a chap along with lazy, offhand chat." Exciting as the result is, there is little smack of the detective story, but rather a fine savor of human nature in the account of how these two, by a combination of worldly and unworldly wisdom, drag a confession from the true criminal.

Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

"Highways and Byways in California." (New Exposition Edition), by Clifton Johnson.

This volume is offered with the needs and interests of the visitors to the Panama-Pacific Exposition in mind. Always an entertaining writer, Mr. Johnson presents in this book much that is distinctly valuable for the California tourist. There are chapters on the characteristic, picturesque and historically attractive regions of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Nevada and Arizona, and a chapter on the Yosemite National Park. There are also notes giving information as to automobile routes. The work contains in all sixty-four full-page halftone plates made from photographs taken by Mr. Johnson.

Decorated cloth. Illustrated. 12mo., $1.50 net; postage extra. The Macmillan Company, New York.

"When Bugles Call and Other Verses," by Elizabeth Powers Merrill.

The common emotions, the touch of which "makes the whole world kin," is the fountain of these songs, which enter with exceptional insight into the feelings and experiences of others through personal knowledge, an unusual keenness of vision, and a thoroughly individual interpretation of life.

Paper boards; 12mo; $1.00 net; by mail, $1.10. Sherman, French & Co., Publishers, Moston, Mass.

"Through the Grand Canyon from Wyoming to Mexico," by E. L. Kolb. With an introduction by Owen Wister.

Mr. Owen Wister has pronounced this one of the most interesting narratives of adventure ever written about

the West. In it is described the first trip made successfully through the Grand Canyon with camera. The dangers and risks of the journey, the wonders of the country and of the wild life, seen with the eye of an artist and made vivid for the reader—these, the themes of the different chapters combine to make a work of fascinating interest. The illustrations, of which there are many, are exceptionally fine.

Decorated cloth, 8vo, $2 net; postage extra. The Macmillan Company, New York.

"California," by Mary Austin.

There have been books about California before, but none of them written with so real an appreciation of its wonders as this one in which the grandeur of the State has been so vividly presented. Mrs. Austin's volume will serve as a guide to the many tourists, who are visiting the coast during the present exposition, a guide which is neither formal nor stilted, but interpretative, replete with beautiful descriptions of beautiful spots. Mr. Palmer's colored pictures are a splendid supplement to the text.

Illustrated in colors by Sutton Palmer. Decorated cloth, 8vo, $4 net; postage extra. The Macmillan Company, New York.

"The Great Grey King and Other Poems Old and New," by Samuel Valentine Cole, author of "In Scipio's Garden and Other Poems," etc.

This book reveals an intimate and friendly association with nature in all her moods, and a delicate insight into the gentler processes of her work, but still more striking is the greatness of her vision when turned toward the mighty forces exerted through aeons of time—the constructive imagination interpreting the careful deductions of the scientist.

Paper boards; 12mo; $1.00 net; by mail, $1.10. Sherman, French & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

"A Captain of the King," by Chester L. Saxby.

The scene is laid in Palestine in the time of Christ, and the lazy, careless, Oriental life makes a most effective background for the indomitable little hero. The pathos of the story pulls at the heartstrings, the while we cry "Bravo!" to the sturdy little figure trudging alone toward its goal. It is, indeed, a tale "to be read in the quiet of the evening and to close with a sigh and a smile."

Paper boards; 12mo, $1. net; by mail, $1.10. Sherman, French & Company, publishers, Boston, Mass.

Queen of the Pacific

1906—A Prophecy Fulfilled—1915

By Marion Taylor

She sits upon her lonely hills,
  So desolate and sad;
She, who had laughter on her lips,
  Whose every look was glad.

Her noble head is bowed with woe,
  Her pride in ruin lies,
No longer joy within her heart
  Nor light within her eyes.

By earthquake shaken, rent and torn,
  All soiled and marred by fire—
A sight to make the angels weep,
  A theme for lute, and lyre.

But only for a moment crushed!
  Disaster ne'er can bring
Defeat to her whose soul is strong,
  Whose faith is on the wing.

So, Phoenix-like, our Queen will rise,
  Dismantled tho' she be,
And reign again triumphantly
  Beside the Western sea.

Front of house from the garden

See Page 301.

MAR 31 1915
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BRET HARTE

VOL. LXV San Francisco, April, 1915 No. 4

Our sod house in May, the first year.

Homesteading in Western Canada

By P. F. Boutz

PIONEERS! What a thrill accompanied the word when, in my girlhood, I read of the pioneers of old Tales of pioneers had a great fascination for me. It seemed that it must have been a wonderful thing to penetrate a forest and explore an unknown land. The log cabin, made of timber hewn by the man of the family and built by himself, with what assistance his wife could give him; the huge fireplace, filled with blazing logs, on a cold winter night; the hand-made furniture; the simple meals and clothing; truly, life in such surroundings would not be very complicated.

Then there were the pioneers of the

Hauling poles with which to build the stable.

prairies, with their schooner wagons; several families together moving on to the "Land of Paradise," which, alas, always lies ahead of us. Their first homes were "dugouts," which, as the name implies, is a house dug in the ground and covered over. Surely that would be a pleasant arrangement. To "keep house" would be a small matter; there would be endless days when one might wander over the prairie, weaving fancies as highly colored as the wonderful prairie flowers; when the cold winds came, one would be snug and safe in the warm "dugout."

In those days only the pleasant side of pioneering captured my fancy. I did not think of the many crevices in the log cabin which would admit the cold winter winds and snow; the large fireplace, with its cheerful blaze, was very necessary to keep the occupants of the cabin from freezing.

The "dugout" would be warm, doubtless; but the walls and floor were of dirt; dust and dirt, therefore, would flavor the simple meals; and there would also be a thick layer over everything when the winds raged; snow, perhaps, would bury the inhabitants when the blizzards came.

In my later days the discomforts of pioneering have come home to me very strongly. I myself have been a pioneer; not in the region of log cabins or "dugouts," but of sod houses, "shacks" being the commonly used name for the varied assortment of habitations to be found on the Canadian prairies. Nearly all of the first "shacks" were of sod, built when the railway was only a dream; a little later, some were built of lumber, hauled many miles, and are "ten by twelves." A larger house would have been a very expensive luxury, and not many homesteaders can afford luxuries.

Our homestead being sixty miles from town, we built a sod house. We were from a State where adobe houses are used, so the sod house appealed to us; besides, we could have two rooms, where the expense of a lumber house would have made it impossible to have more than one room.

The sod house was built in the autumn and left to settle during the win-

Helping our neighbor to dig his stable out of the snow in April.

ter, while we lived in town. The settling process is an important one in a sod house, as many people found to their sorrow. Our house was left with a space of eight inches open above the doors and windows. By spring it had settled until the sod was even with the tops. We had to cut an inch or two from our doors every year for the next four years.

We built a tiny room onto a friend's "shack" in town, and by using three layers of paper and keeping a fire, we were comfortable, but oh! the weather! It was our first winter in Canada, and it was one which lives in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. And we had lately come from a warm climate.

The snow came in November, and I had my first sleigh ride. It was such a novelty that I enjoyed it greatly; but I had enough before spring. It kept snowing all winter, and the snow was four feet deep on the level by March. The drifts were immense. Some days I walked to the office for the mail, but after being caught twice in a blizzard, which came up suddenly, I preferred to wait until some one else went after it.

In April we had to come to our homestead so that we could get in the time necessary to receive a patent.

I shall always remember that journey. We had a light sled with a deep wagon box. The blankets and one mattress were placed in the bottom of the box; bedsprings, with another mattress, were tied on top, and a baby carriage on that. We had rather close quarters with two women and three children, and a man driving. However, we kept warm, which was the main consideration.

The snow was still very deep, and the trail was built up five feet or more. There had been several thaws, so the trail was cut badly from the heavy loads that had passed over it. Sometimes it seemed impossible to keep from upsetting. Once we met a load of wheat, and had to turn out into the soft snow. The sled tipped, and I expected we should all be pitched headlong into the snow. By throwing ourselves to the upper side, and with the assistance of the men with the wheat,

The stable completed

we were put to rights and continued our journey.

We had a good team of horses and hoped to drive through in a day. There were plenty of stopping places along the road; but the tales told by men who had stayed overnight at these places were enough to daunt the bravest. One man declared that his bed was so "lively" he had to hold his blankets!

It was after one o'clock when we reached the place where we were to have dinner and give the horses a long rest. The dinner was very good. The place was owned by a German, and his wife had a wide reputation for her excellent cooking.

We had been in such close quarters for so long that we were glad to stretch our tired limbs. We were glad to start, however, when the horses had rested, as it was getting so late we feared that we were yet doomed to brave the perils of a stopping place, and that fate overtook us.

We were ten miles from our destination when it began to get so dark that we could not see the road. It was even worse than what we had gone over, so it was decided to stay all night at the next stopping place, which was near at hand.

At this place there were two buildings. One was used by the family and the other was a bunk house where the "stoppers" slept. The bunk house was turned over to us, though we noticed there were two men there for the night. We learned afterwards that a bed had been made for them on the floor of the dining room.

We took our own sheets and tucked one securely over each bed, covering the pillows, then put another on top of us. We crawled in between them and slept soundly, as we were too tired to think of possible strange bedfellows. Next morning we rolled the sheets tightly and wrapped them up. We found nothing on them, but certainly felt better because of our precaution.

The next morning we started early, and soon reached our homestead. We stayed with our neighbors that day, as our stove had not arrived. The loads had gone ahead of us, but the roads had been so bad that the stove was left

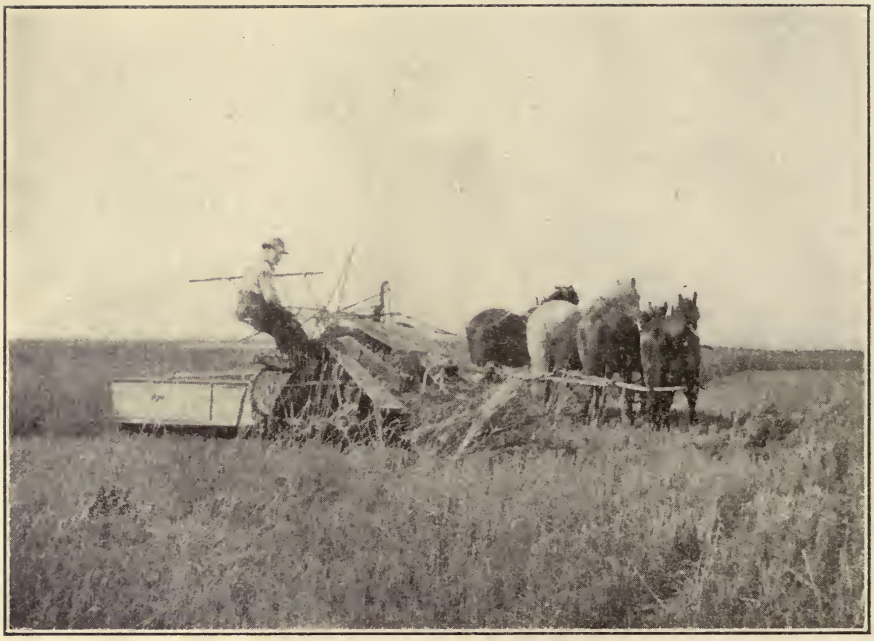
My first sleigh ride

half-way out. It was brought that evening, so the next morning the men took a load to our new home and returned for us. The roads were so bad that it was late afternoon before we arrived at the shack. It was only half a mile from our neighbor's place, but we had to just zigzag over the prairie to keep from going into a drift that the horses couldn't get out from; even then, we were stuck once, and when we got out we went through the snow into water. When we finally reached the house, we were cold and wet, and the house was in the same condition. The snow had drifted in all winter, and had almost filled the rooms. It had been shoveled out only the week before. We soon had the stove up and a fire going, but we had to put sheets up on the walls around the beds to keep the bedclothes dry. In a few days the grass and flowers began to grow on the walls, so we had green grass while the prairies were covered with snow.

It was a very cold spring, and we had snowstorms till the first of May. The snow melted very slowly, so it was the 10th of May before seeding began. Even then it was necessary to drill around the low places, as they were filled with snow. The summer was wet and cold, so it was small wonder that the wheat was frozen. After it was threshed, it had to be hauled sixty miles to town, as it was necessary to lay in the winter supplies and money was scarce. Very little was left after the expense of threshing and hauling, but we managed to exist.

We have never had so much snow since that first winter, but I have seen snowstorms, and heavy ones, in every month of the year except July, so the Irishman who said there were only two seasons, winter and July, was almost right; though the past summer was very long and very hot.

We have had very stormy and severe weather other winters, however, but for only a short time, when my second baby was born. One of the neighbors went for the doctor, twelve miles away. When the doctor arrived at noon, a blizzard was starting, and it was the next afternoon before he could go home. He could not return on the third day, as he had promised,



Cutting the wheat crop.

because it was 60 degrees below zero, and the livery stables would not let their horses out. For the whole week it was never above 50 degrees below zero, and on two occasions it went to 64 degrees below.

Our well was almost dry, so my husband had to take the stock to the creek a mile away, and cut a hole in the ice so they could drink. We have never had such cold weather since, for which we are thankful. It seems that the longer one lives here the more one feels the cold. At least it is my experience, and many people tell me it is their own.

We had been here three years before a railway came to our district, and our nearest town was only two and one-half miles away. During those three years, however, we tasted deeply of the life of the pioneer. The mail came out once a week, and we were over two miles from the office. In the busy season I usually went after the mail. As the horse could not be spared, I walked. I always started immediately after dinner, hauling my baby in a small express wagon. It was a hard trip, but the joy of getting the long letters from home was sufficient recompense. I usually glanced hastily over the letters while I rested; but the rest could not be long, as the trip home seemed harder when I was tired. There was a small store at the postoffice, so we could get some of our groceries there. They were piled around the baby in the wagon.

Sometimes, when the horse could be spared, I rode to the office on a stoneboat. This is a simple arrangement of boards to form a sled, and is still used for hauling water short distances. In these days it was the common mode of traveling, as buggies were very scarce. I have seen a woman go to the postoffice with a big ox hitched to a stoneboat. She drove ten miles, and the ox trotted along almost as fast as the ordinary farm horse. We had to balance ourselves carefully on the stoneboat, because otherwise we were liable to take a tumble when the stoneboat struck a gopher or badger hole.

Often we would see a horse and an ox hitched to a wagon. One man drove a large ox, a small cow and a

Hauling in poles from the river for the construction of homes and fences.

smaller calf to a wagon. We had bought horses, but lost all but one. We got three oxen and used them with our horse to the four horse machinery.

If we wanted to visit a friend, four miles away, we went in the wagon and drove two oxen. By starting early, we usually managed to arrive in time for dinner. There was very little pleasure in such a mode of travel, so we did not go visiting often.

Oxen were very common in those days, as they were cheaper than horses and do not require so much care and feed. Very heavy poles were required for the sod stables. These poles were hauled from the river thirty miles away. It was a common sight to see several men going together, with their ox teams for poles. The trip occupied four days, but immense loads were hauled.

The majority of our English acquaintances were not farmers, and their neighbors had a great deal of amusement over the way they did their work. An Englishman was plowing one day when a neighbor drove up. He was allowing his "cattle" to drag the plow about wherever they wished to go. The neighbor asked him why he did not lay his land out and break it in strips.

"Oh," answered the Englishman, "it makes no difference really. It must all be plowed anyway."

One Englishman was trying to teach his young oxen to "gee" and "haw." Another man who was watching him one day heard him say: "Gee, there, Buck." Buck "geed." "Oh, excuse me, Buck: I meant 'haw.'"

The second summer we were here we had a new neighbor, a mile away. Her husband worked in town part of the time. They had no horses and no well, so my husband hauled water for her in a barrel. When the barrel was empty, the children rolled it over to be filled. Mr. H. bought two cows that winter, and as they had no stable, he left them in ours. In the spring Mr. H. went away to work, so Mrs. H. had to make the trip twice a day to milk the cows. This was very tiresome, so as soon as it was warm enough, Mrs. H. decided to take the calves home. She and Wesley, six years old, came over

one day and took the calves out of the stable. They started away, each holding to a calf's rope. The calves were glad to get out, so away they went across the prairie, Mrs. H. and Wesley hanging on to the ropes. It was so intensely amusing that we laughed until we were exhausted. Finally we were able to get out and help, and the calves were taken home with no further excitement.

It is a good thing we have had even small matters to amuse us. The people on isolated homesteads are decidedly thrown on their own resources for pleasure. In the summer there is a picnic now and then. The winters are long and cold, and even in the villages there is not a great deal of amusement. Although one may live near the town, if there are small children it is impossible to get out at night. The days are very short, and the evenings long; reading and writing seem about the only thing left to occupy the time. Men and women are social beings, however, so even reading grows monotonous at times.

There is a great deal to interest a person who reads. It is very natural that we should study the conditions which seem to prevent the farmer from making a living wage; this also includes a study of Canadian politics.

Farmers are usually considered prosperous when the crops are fine. This is not a foregone conclusion, however. The high rate of interest and the cost of materials, labor and living here is entirely too high for the farmer to become prosperous at present. When the crop is good the price is low, even below the cost of raising the wheat. It will need to be grown at a much lower cost than is now possible before there is much prosperity for the farmer.

However, we have always been told that adversity is good for the soul. Perhaps, when success crowns our efforts, we shall value it more highly because it was so hard to attain.

Doubtless the pioneers of old had more trials and hardships than we, who are the pioneers of the present day, can realize; they had no railroads, but they were not troubled with freight rates.

Perhaps they often felt that they had failed, just as we feel; it is the generations which come after who reap where their forefathers have sown.

A man of my acquaintance always comforts himself and others, when everything seems to go wrong, with the question: "What difference will it make to us a hundred years from now?"

Not every one can accept whatever comes so cheerfully; but we may some day be able to laugh over our pioneering experiences, remembering only the pleasant things.

JEHOVAH

Can my intense, impassioned prayer go plainting keen and clear
Through myriad miles on miles of unknown mystery and plead
So Thou, great God so far away, shall hear?

Can my unsteady, incoherent whisper, eager speed
Amid the thousand million gleaming worlds, and at Thy throne
Tell Thee, great God so far away, my need?

And can the grief that in my inmost thought I dare not moan
Find out its unlit path from my heart, freighted down with fear,
Great God so far away, and touch Thine own!

RUTH E. HENDERSON.

View of Casino, upper terrace and swimming pool.

VILLA MONTALVO

Country Home of Senator James D. Phelan in Santa Clara County

By Josephine Clifford McCrackin

IT IS NECESSARY, when writing the description of Mr. Phelan's country homes, to mention the county in which the place under consideration is situated, so as not to confound the one with the other. And after a day spent rambling through the grounds and passing through the halls, the corridors, the courts and the apartments of Villa Montalvo, we find another difficulty to overcome. How can a description be made to present to the reader even the faintest semblance of this place!

It should be in poetry, I know; and in Spanish. And if the works of Juan Perez de Montalvo (1620-1638) could be consulted, we might find in his poetical effusions the words to describe this grand estate named in honor of his ancestor. But I could not write in rhyme, even though I could read Lope de Vega and Calderon in the original; and I aim simply to become a faithful chronicler.

A difficult task to condense in the space of only a few pages material that would fill a volume.

The territory, half way between Los Gatos and the Saratoga Summit, lends

itself as naturally to the reproduction of a Roman Tusculum as to the creation of the Buen Retiro of the Spanish courtier. And though the name Mr. Phelan has given this possession leans toward Spanish exclusiveness, as emphaized in its courts and corridors, there is at least one terrace, on the east front of the building, that mirrors the joyous atmosphere of sunny Italy, and has caught a flash from gay Versailles, under the reign of the Louis. Two marble Sphinx, the graceful head of each said to be the portrait of some court beauty, and placed on the body of the lion-cat by the sculptor, a celebrated artist of the day, in revenge for some fancied slight by the fair ones. Mr. Phelan brought these rare sculptures from Paris, and here they guard the broad steps that descend from the terrace to lawn and flower parterre below. This, however, alone recalls the grace of the French in sculpture or in gardening.

Villa Montalvo reflects the serene spirit of classic Italy, whose art-love and inbred art appreciation is shared by Spain and her people. The wide porch on the front, with tiled floor and supported by Ionic columns, a marble balustrade between, is Italy. A group of easy-chairs, of lounges and reading tables, conveys the American idea of love of comfort; but the severely classic lines of the antique, in a marble table brought from Greece or Italy, hold in check American irreverence and American levity. But when you approach the main door you feel that you are entering Spain; the Spain of the Hidalgos, of the Conquistadores, of Ferdinand and Isabella and of Columbus the Genoese. For Mr. Phelan, native son of California, searched through all Spain for every trace of the threads that wove from the old world to the new, from Spain to Mexico and California. And before telling of other treasures he brought from there, I want to speak of one particular precious volume in his library, Biblioteca de Antores Espa-

A corner of the library

Living and music hall

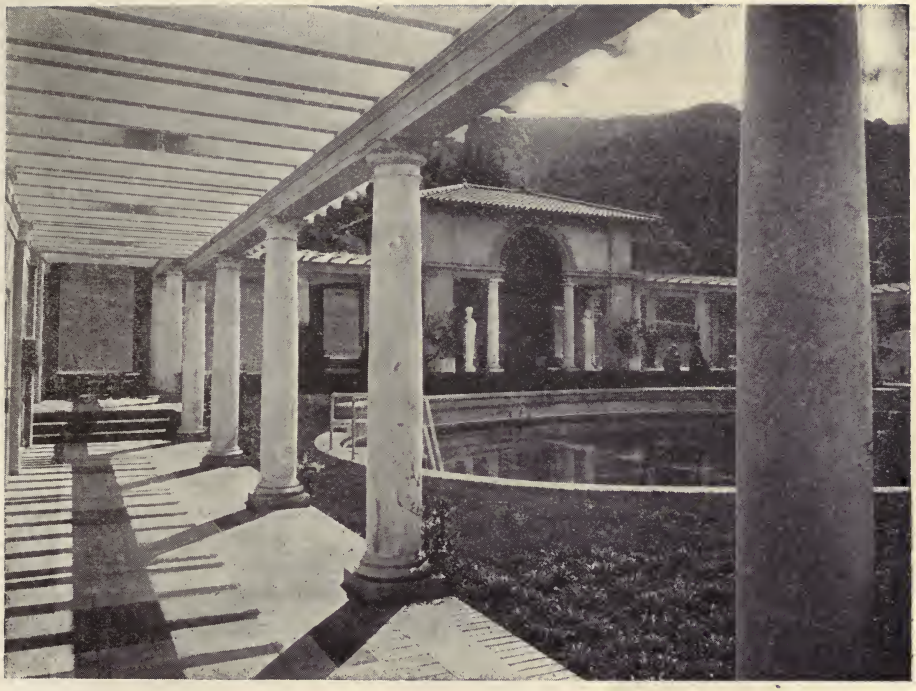
Trellised dining loggia

Spanish doors, one hundred years old, purchased by Senator Phelan at Granada, Spain, and used as main entrance.

noles (Tome X C de Colecione.)

Early in the sixteenth century Ordonez de Montalvo, in the "Sergus de Esplanadian," writes of California, using the name—which he originated, and which here for the first time appears in literature—in a fabulous account locating this country to the west of the Indies, near to the Terrestrial Paradise, rich in gold and precious stones, of great beauty, and wonderful fertility of soil. The country, he wrote, was inhabited by Amazons, who rode griffins when they went forth to war, and who slew all the male prisoners they took in battle. And in the forests of California lived the wood-nymphs.

A splendid description of our splendid land; and Mr. Phelan has honored the writer in the splendid nome he named for him. In the Spanish



Casino and swimming pool from pergola.

Tiled loggia on north side.

Court, in the patio with the fountain in the center, you may dream a day-dream of Montalvo, when this passage of his writing has been translated to you. The court is enclosed on three sides by pillared porches, on which open the long arched windows that characterize the entire grand building. The story above is finished in the red brick tiles of Spain, the red tile roof overhanging wide Spanish casements. Lawns surround the fountain; everywhere are vases brought from Spain, in which grow plants native of that country; and the water jugs, white, and of graceful design, give the finishing touch to the Spanish color of the court.

The fourth side of the court is open, and you look upon a picture such as you may not see again in a life time. Words are tame and prosy, and they can only tell that from the court three broad steps lead up to a low marble enclosure at the foot of a bronze group, above which looms a marble tablet with inscription. Slender Ionic pillars are the support for the arch vaulting over the following inscription:

M D X X I
Know
ORDONEZ DE MONTALVO'S
Fame
Did He not see
In fantasy
Our California grow
Out of Old Spain
Conferred her name
Foretold
Her Gold
A Paradise
For eager Eyes
His dream came true
For me and you
M C M X I I

The bronze group is not an antique; it was not brought from abroad; it is the work of a California artist, J. J. Mora. It is really a wall fountain; the beak of a griffin spouts the water, and on either side of this great fabled bird stands the figure of an Amazon, in the full panoply of war; and beneath the bronze basin of the fountain, the wood-nymphs that Montalvo writes about, are sporting in the forest.

To the right hand and the left, marble stairs lead to the next terrace, where the swimming pool lies basking in the sun. A sheet of water 60 feet across, mirroring the bamboo and the flowering shrubs that stand in white tubs on its marble rim, and throwing back, picture for picture, the pillars, the columns, the pergolas and porches, the bronze figures standing as sentinels, and the marble Hermes guarding the Dancing Faun beneath the temple roof. To be sure, this roof is of red tiles, as is the roof of the entire building; but the arch and the pillars proclaim it a temple, and it holds precious things beside the bronze Faun. Of the five white doves it held, two have flown away; and you may see them where they have perched not far off. And if you happen to have lost two white doves in a forest fire, you do not speculate as to whether these are the birds sacred to Aphrodite, or belonging to the flock of which some were fixed in the stars; but you simply stretch out your hands and cry "Come back, Paloma!—Polly, Paloma, come home—oh! come home." before you discover that this is only a pretty conceit, and the doves are not real.

To the left of the swimming pool, where you see the heavier Doric columns, supporting the porch, are the dressing rooms for the swimmers; but from there, clear around to the right, runs the pergola, with lighter pillars where there is nothing to support. But above fountain and temple and swimming pool the territory still rises, and you look up to steep wooded heights from the Spanish court. The ground, however, does not climb these dizzy heights at once; and at the foot of the hill, on the west of the building, is a stage, with footlights and electrical effects, and the audience will find seats in the natural amphitheatre rising from the lawn. Shrubs have been planted to mark the auditorium of

The patio looking towards the upper terrace.

Corner of patio and fountain

Main entrance terrace and loggia.

this Greek theatre; rare shrubs, for among them are the Santa Cruz Mountain manzanita, the toyon bush, and the wild lilac of California.

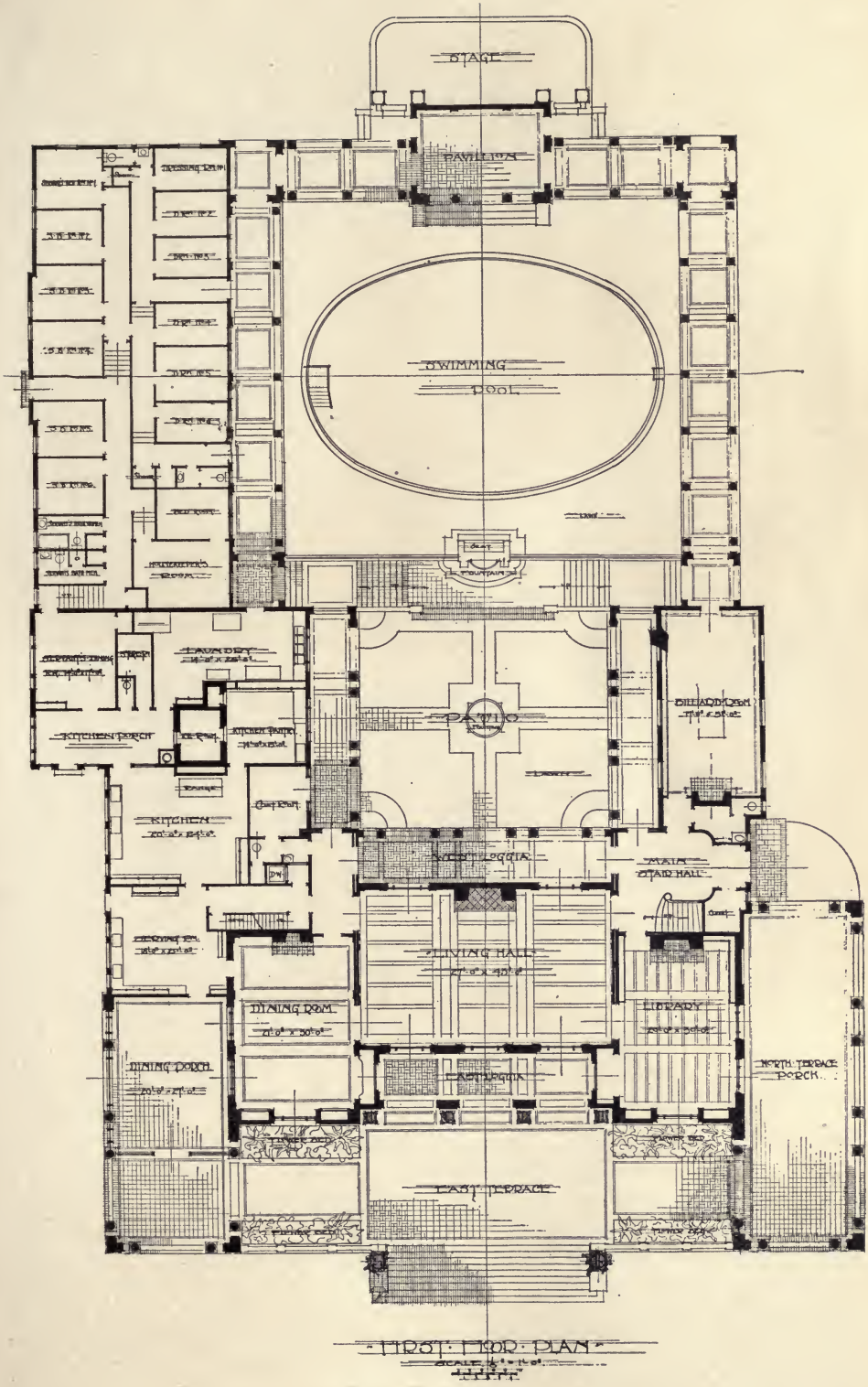
II

For full effect we must enter the house by the main door, the door that Mr. Phelan brought from Spain. For from every part and portion of its provinces, Grenada, Seville, Valencia, come the works of art, the paintings, the wood carvings, the rugs, carpets, hangings, fruits of the looms of old Spain, stored by this representative Californian within the classic precincts of Villa Montalvo.

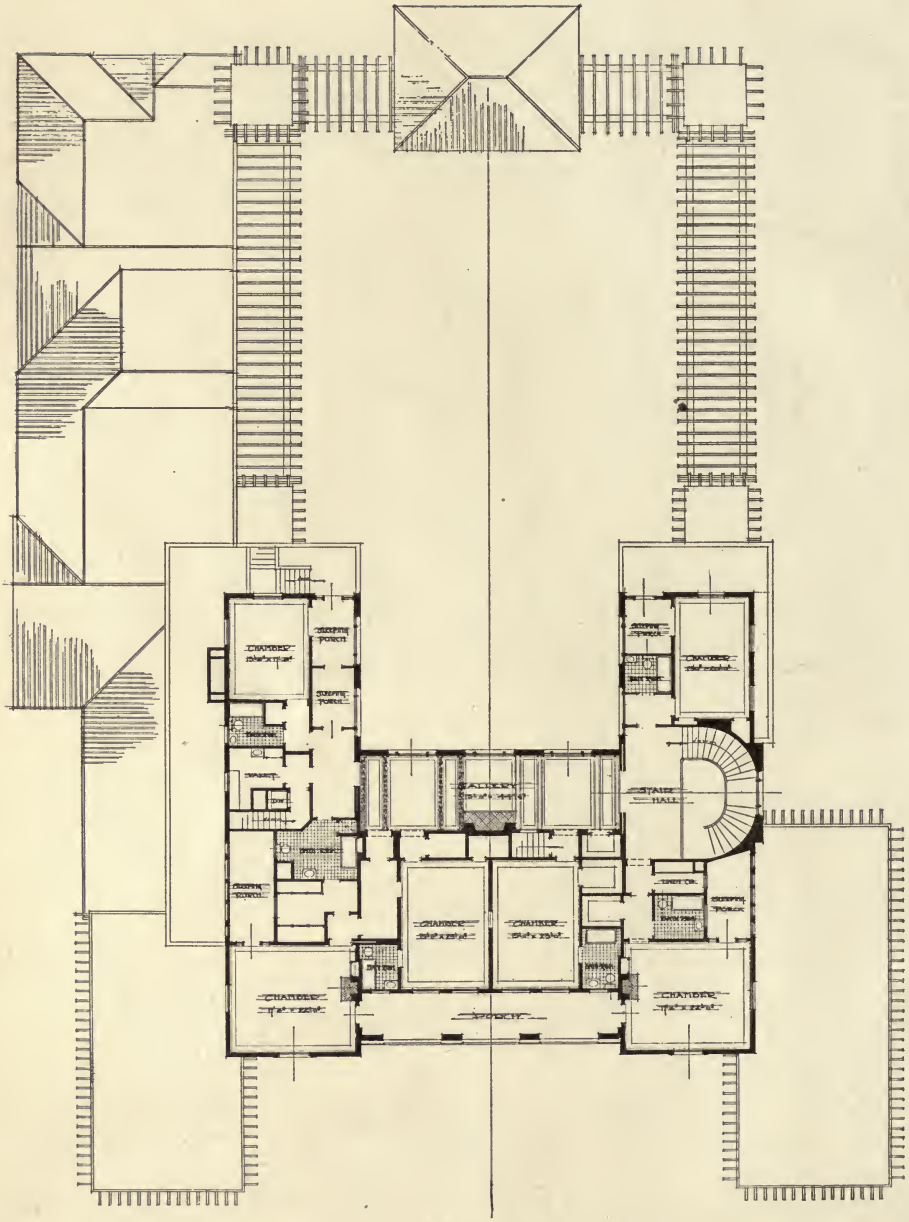
Blackened and deepened in tone through the lapse of centuries, this exquisite, yet boldly executed piece of wood-carving represents the period of Spanish history that interests us Californians most, for the portraits of Ferdinand and Isabella occupy the center of the door, the provinces united by their marriage, Leon, Castile, Aragon and Navarre, represented in the quarterings of the coat of arms displayed between them. Columbus is there, and some of the Conquistadores, grim of face, in cuirass and helmet. Princes and dignitaries of the Church of Rome, poets and classic writers of the period, and navigators, whom to honor it was always the policy of Spain. A full history of Spain, written in portraits and pictures on the panels of a door that for centuries had graced the portal of a palace in Grenada. On either side of the entrance are urns and vases brought from Spain, some of ancient design and workmanship, some of modern origin.

And when the door is opened you wonder for a moment how you came to be transported to the Alcazar, for Alcazar, I am told, is the Arabian for palace, and all of Villa Montalvo reads like a page from Arabian Nights.

Royalty has been seated in the chairs of state that stand in conscious majesty within the lofty hall; velvet



First floor plan.



Second floor plan.

and gold-wrought broidering speak of the house of sovereign lineage whence these state-chairs came. And though the ancient treasure chest, the lid and sides of which show the same exquisite carving we admired in the great door, is priceless, its nearness to the chairs of state seems like an irony of fate, for both are empty.

But look above; the hall is lighted by one great window on the half-way landing of the staircase sweeping upward, and in the stained-glass picture we recognize Cabrillo's vessel, the San Salvador, in which he found his way to California, to San Diego Bay, in 1542.

Later we will ascend this staircase,

built of yellow Georgia eucalyptus, built on such generous scale, in this house of generous proportions, that in ascending you still fancy that the velvet your foot touches must be a carpet from the Arabian Nights, that gently raises you.

How did we get into the library of this bewildering house? But here we are; and our bewilderment grows with the progress we make. Book cases of Circassian walnut, tables of dark English oak. It is needless to speak of the books on the shelves; James D. Phelan made the collection. But although my eyes skimmed lightly over classics and ancient writers, they rested more understandingly on the works of Ambrose Bierce. Every cushioned easy-chair, all the latest methods of lighting, the deep fireplace, its mantle bearing priceless antiques on which smile down the modern California artists in color, all proclaim this the favorite place of "foregathering."

You may study classic marbles and bronzes through the length of these halls and apartments, and you may stop always to admire a Robinson and enjoy one of Virgil Williams' color-bright compositions. Jules Tavenier found his grandest subjects in the grandeur of California nature; and altogether we must acknowledge that Mr. Phelan has selected the best. Rix, Peters, Latimer, Pages, Sparks, Mathews, all are represented, and "there are others." Hopkinson Smith, and still others. For instance, a poster brought from Seville in 1913, announcing a bull fight, and executed in original as well as artistic style. Not only the bull fight is pictured in most alluring colors, but the senoritas with their caballeros on their way to witness the sport, while a corner of the curtain across the entrance is lifted and reveals the black-clothed figure of a woman, some kind of praying reformer, a very kill-joy in looks and bearing.

Though the poster-artist may be unknown, the artist who painted these two other portraits in Seville will live forever in his works. Mr. Phelan is pictured as Sheik, Noel Sullivan as toreador.

Since I am not permitted to write a volume, I cannot name singly art-treasures that came from buried Pompeii, and represent Greece, Spain, Italy; and though I am not art critic, I can at least admire what appeals to eye and sense of beauty in common mortals. For instance, these chairs of ebony and rosewood, brought from Spain: A stately sofa, rich in inlaid gold, the royal purple of its velvet covering resplendent still as when it left the halls of the palace it has graced. Tables of rarest wood and classic design; you may follow from salon to dining room, from drawing room to garden room, and still find something never seen before. And there are dining rooms and drawing rooms for all seasons and occasions, but even the smallest of these it would be hard to describe adequately in their attractive details.

Nor can the grounds be described till a volume shall be written; the whole is on so grand a scale. Even the views, that range from San Francisco Bay to the Bay of Monterey, embracing Mount Diablo, Mount Madonna and Mount Hamilton, with San Jose and the Santa Clara Valley. And as you pause now and again on your way up to the reservoir with its constant surge and splash of water, you see a big piece of Paradise immediately at your feet, for Paradise is made up principally of beautiful flowers.

When you see the map of the marvelous irrigating system employed here, you wonder no longer at vine on pillar, or green hillsides that meet the forest. And soon there will be deer to gaze at you as you stroll through the grounds, and elk will find a home in the forest above.

The famous Easter sunrise service conducted each year on Mount Rubidoux, Riverside, California. At the last service five thousand "pilgrims" assembled there.

Mount Rubidoux Easter-Dawn Pilgrimage

By W. W. Robinson

THE MOST picturesque Easter service ever seen in the world! Such is the unique "sunrise pilgrimage" to Mount Rubidoux, the humpbacked mountainette at Riverside, California. Six successive Easter mornings have witnessed the gathering of thousands of "pilgrim" idealists who, in assembly at Rubidoux's cross, greet the sun's rising with service and song. This custom has become a permanent one, religious but creedless, a typical expression of that romantic idealism which has been so observable a characteristic of Southern California's life. Though local, the institution is attracting a universality of attention.

In the mind of Jacob Riis, the concept of this pilgrimage had its inception. Frank Miller, of the Glenwood Mission Inn, was enthusiastic over Riis' suggestion and developed the idea; and the Easter-dawn journey and service became an actuality. The "Master of the Inn" has yearly fostered and directed the picturesque custom.

* * * *

It is Easter morning in Riverside—at about half-past four by a hundred alarm clocks. Not the faintest gray

glimmer of dawn; a gibbous moon is still mistress in the West.

But Riverside is astir. Every hotel is sending forth its throng of pilgrims. For these guests, the pilgrimage has been begun probably the day before, when they left Los Angeles by automobile to bowl through sixty miles of oranges, or when they started from San Diego to motor along one hundred and twenty-five miles of Pacific surf, of verdant mountain, of blazing poppy-field. At the Glenwood, the pure notes of a bugle—in "Joy to the World"—have aroused the sleepers at four. Coffee and sandwiches are being served in the "Adobe" to each departing pilgrim. Out of each garage is coming a roaring stream of yellow-eyed machines. From a thousand homes the town folk are stepping out into the streets, Rubidoux-bent, out into the softness of the moon's radiance.

The early morning is brisk, but one has no need of an overcoat. The sensuous fragrance of orange blossoms faintly titillates the nostrils. Rubidoux, black, solitary, silent, lifts up its unwieldy form, elephant-like, along the westerly city limits. Up the zigzagging, writhing, mountainside road, flash the head-lights of ascending automobiles. Let one imagine a tortuous, swift-moving serpent, cyclopean in size, with luminous spots marking changeable rings on the blackness of its body, and he has pictured the Rubidoux trail, with its moving dots of innumerable auto lamps.

The majority of mountain climbers reverence the pedestrian traditions of all religious pilgrimages and prefer to make the ascent by foot. Thousands are climbing upwards on the graveled, boulder-edged road.

It is five-fifteen, and the pilgrim host is assembled on Mount Rubidoux's summit, among gray, strewn rocks, or about the rough, wooden cross erected to the memory of the California missions' founder, Fra Junipera Serra. Every face is turned expectant toward the East, toward the Box Springs range of blue-black hills and the farther Sierra Nevadas. Down in the valley and gradually losing its aspect of dark vagueness, lies Riverside, a mottled city of gray homes, of indistinct stretches of orange groves, with a scattering of lonely church towers, here and there a building of distinction, the whole characterized by a confusion of tree-forms—eucalyptus, cypress, pepper. The pilgrims have seen the dark blue of the Eastern heaven merge into tawny gray, the latter hue blushing into tints of brown—golden brown; with the glimmer of the dawn they have seen the moon lose color and swing low in the West. Now, over Box Springs appears a faint pillar of gold, premonitor of the sun's rising. And with the fullness of light, a mist-veil of soft translucence is thrown over the city below; it clings in the low places, hovering and loitering among the groves—this whitish breath of the

The giant cross on the summit of Mt. Rubidoux, Riverside, Cal., erected to the memory of Fra Junipera Serra, the founder of the California missions.

morning. Not a shred of cloud to speck the canopy above.

That impalpable, golden torch takes on a new strength of color in the East, and now the first blazing light-shafts leap out over the darkness of mountain ridge. A dazzling corruscation—and the pulsating rim of the ruler of day lifts itself over the hilltop.

It is the unforgettable moment—the Easter sunrise miracle!

Synchronously, there sound the melodic notes of a cornet, in the "Holy City." Out over the shimmer of the valley thrills the clear message, and at its conclusion five thousand pilgrim voices peal out the hymn, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory." Following this, the invocation, the Lord's Prayer; and a responsive reading appropriate to the mountain-top place of worship and to the resurrection day of the Christ. After a solo, "Hosanna," De Witt V. Hutchings, well known to every Mission Inn patron, steps out on "Pulpit Rock," and in tones of resonance begins the reading of Henry Van Dyke's "God of the Open Air," that poem so fitting, so full of a fineness of beauty and sentiment. Sonorously, effectively, those words of inspiration are flung out into the vivacious air. There is not an inattentive pilgrim; the audience is as silent as the gray-cheeked boulders. The occasional lines:

"And so, on Easter Morn, His victory won,
Breaking the mortal bars that seal the tomb,
In a fair garden filled with flowers abloom,
The risen Jesus met the rising sun,"

verses of effective appropriateness, were composed for the 1913 Easter service when Henry Van Dyke read the poem himself, thereby establishing the permanent place of honor in the annual sunrise service for the "God of the Open Air."

At the reading's conclusion, there is the mellow-voiced singing of "The Recessional" by the Cantadores Male Chorus, another solo on the clear-throated cornet, and in finale, the people's singing of "Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love," with the benediction.

In reverential hush the mountain host separates, and the pilgrims retrace their paths down Rubidoux's side, with them carried the unforgettable inspiration of this Easter dawn.

AVALON, CATALINA ISLAND

Far, where the pearly twilight pales
  Along the horizon's mystery,
Loom the fleets of the fishing sails,
  Silken sails on a silver sea.

Twilight deepens and one still star
  Reddens above the curling foam—
Hesperus, that draws from far
  The fleets of the fishermen drifting home.

And star by star the night shuts down
  And blurs the land and the mystic sea,
Bringing peace to the hill-girt town
  And the quiet of all the sky to me.

ODELL SHEPARD.

A Pair of Old Rings

By Harriet Elizabeth Smith

I AM a connoisseur of old jewelry. The collecting of it is both my business and my hobby. As a result, I have one of the finest collections of ancient rings in this country, or in any country. Nearly every nation, both civilized and barbarous, is represented in my cabinet by a ring of remarkable workmanship and design. To me, however, my collection will never be complete, for it lacks the two heron rings, the most curious and grotesque specimens of Indian design, that I believe to be in existence.

My first knowledge of these wonderful rings dates back now nearly thirty years. It was on my second trip to South America that I noticed on the hand of a young man, who sat a short distance from me at table, a ring which instantly captured my attention. The large star ruby, with which the ring was studded, was of most unusual brilliancy, and its deep red hues gleamed at times with an almost sinister radiance underneath the exquisitely wrought and fantastic setting, which marked it as an antiquity of great value. I could not keep my eyes from this wonderful piece of ancient ornamentation. At times it bewitched and then it repelled. At first sight I had thought that it was of the Oriental serpent design, but upon more careful scrutiny I saw that the ring was made to represent a bird, of the waterfowl variety. The circlet was the neck; the gold raised portion on one side of the ruby was the head, dotted on each side for eyes with small diamonds; the setting was formed by the beak of the bird, which gave the ruby an appearance of being banded. "A totem ring," I said to myself, and I made it my business to find out of what tribe.

The young man noticed my interest in his ring, and is evidently annoyed him. He avoided me whenever possible. If I spoke to him he was taciturn and gruff. At table I saw that he often had the ring turned, so that the ruby was hidden. If he thought to divert me thus he was mistaken. He knew not the strength of the collector's mania. I fairly dogged his steps, and one day, when he seemed a little more social than usual, I ventured to remark as a leader that I was making the trip in search of pieces of old South American jewelry. Instantly he resumed his haughty, cold attitude, and walked to the other end of the ship. As our voyage drew to an end, and I still had been unable to penetrate the reserve of the man, I began to think that I should have to depend on my drawing of the ring for further research, when suddenly, as we were about to land, the young man walked up to me, and thrusting his hand before my eyes, he demanded sternly: "Take a good look at this ring, and if you ever see another one like it, let me know immediately who has it and where to locate it."

Startled by the suddenness of the command, and dazzled by the magnificence of the ring when seen at close range, I took his card, scarcely realizing the purport of his words.

"Is there another?" I asked.

He started away, but hearing my question, he turned for a moment. "Yes," he replied, "there are two of the heron rings. The other one is a woman's."

I think if I had then questioned him further he would have told me more, but there was something revealed in in the face of that proud and noble-

looking youth that forbade curiosity. I watched him as he hurried down the gang plank, and I thought, "I've a new job now. Collector plus detective! A ring and a woman!"

Four years went by, and during that time I scanned the hands of thousands of women of nearly every country of the earth, but without success. I got no trace of the other heron ring. Nor did I again see the young man who had given me my quest. Once I had written him, but receiving no reply, I concluded that he preferred to discuss the matter no farther.

Between my various trips, whither my strange hobby took me, I spent my time at my home in Chicago. It was during one of these short visits that a friend of mine, who is a prominent doctor, 'phoned me from one of the private hospital that he had there something interesting to show me. I could not help but wondering as I hurried off in response to his call, whether his interesting acquisition was in his line or mine—a bone or a ring. I found him in the office, talking eagerly with one of the nurses.

"Here he is," he exclaimed as he saw me. "Take him up immediately. His specialty is old rings. Maybe he can make out a connection between the ring and the patient."

The nurse quickly preceded me, and I followed, wondering at this new duty that was thrust upon me. I began to think my business as collector was becoming burdened with rather strange responsibilities. Having talked with very few sick people, I felt my steps somewhat lag behind those of the nimble nurse.

At the door she paused and whispered: "It's when her mind is wandering that she talks. We may have to wait."

This new piece of information did not greatly increase my eagerness for the task.

"What's the matter with her?" I asked, more for a moment's respite than anything else.

"Truthfully, we don't know," she answered. "We think it's a case of shattered nerves, caused by some shock. She was at a hotel when she summoned Dr. Booth. She seems to be a stranger here, with no acquaintances in the city. She has a wonderful ring, which is the subject of most of her ravings."

My interest was aroused. I stepped inside the room. The patient, with her heavy black braids, one over each shoulder, and her lustrous black eyes, was a striking picture against the white pillows, but I gave her but a quick glance. It was her hands, which were folded on the coverlet, that drew my attention, for flashing in the sunlight that shone across the room and on her fingers, was a brilliant ruby. I walked close to the bed, and forgetful of where I was, I uttered an exclamation of surprise and delight, as I beheld at last the other heron ring. No sooner was my ejaculation out than the hand with the ring reached out and clutched my sleeve. A voice tense with emotion demanded: "Have you ever seen one like it?"

Fearing to tell the truth lest the girl be unduly excited, I was about to answer "No," when I felt myself pulled towards her by a convulsive grasp. With one keen, penetrating look she studied my face, and when she spoke again, every bit of excitement had vanished from her voice. "You need not trouble to think up a lie," she said. "You have seen the mate to this ring. What I want to know is, when and where."

The girl seemed now perfectly sane, and I glanced at the nurse to see if I should proceed. She gave a slight nod in the affirmative. I then related to the girl the South American episode, and told her of my four years' quest. She lay perfectly quiet and calm until I came to the part in which the young man had told me to let him know if I ever found her. Then her cheeks flushed, her hands twitched, and I feared that she was about to lose control of herself.

I talked rapidly, and when I had finished my story she said sharply: "You must never let Richard Prior

know where I am, and I'll tell you why. Nurse, leave the room."

As I saw the white capped attendant do as her patient commanded, I wished that I had never seen these curious rings, since they had brought me into this awkward situation. I had never known how to manage a sane woman, to say nothing of one likely at any moment to be insane.

For a moment the girl lay quiet, seemingly forgetful of my presence. Then she put her hand out, so that I might have the best possible view of the ring. "You do well," she began, "in believing that that ring is old and valuable. There are only two of them, I think, in existence, this one and the one you saw before. I gave that to him. At the time of the gift, I treasured them more than all my possessions. Now, I would throw this that you see on my finger into the fire did I not wear it as a reminder. The rings were given to me by my grandmother when I was eighteen, and I was told that they were my mother's, and that my father had willed, shortly before he died, that these rings should be given to me at that age. Of my mother I know nothing, only that she had died when I was born. Grandmother would give me no information concerning her. Father, she said, had brought me with him from Texas, when I was two years old. I decided that my mother could not have pleased my grandmother, but I thought little of that, as grandmother was a strict aristocrat with very strong opinions in regard to family. After I saw my mother's rings I concluded that at least she must have had wealth, since the rings were of such great value. As I grew up, I noticed that my grandmother became extremely watchful of me. If a young man became the least bit attentive she would hurry me off on a remote trip. She always spoke disparagingly of marriage, and declared that a girl with an independent fortune was much better off single. Grandmother died when I was twenty, and I was left with no near relative to my knowledge. Soon afterwards I became engaged to Richard Prior, a lad whom I had known from childhood, and who belonged to one of the proudest old cavalier families of the South. At the time of our betrothal I gave to him one of my old rings, which you saw him have. When I became twenty one, I received with the settling of my grandmother's estate some papers which were left by my father. I found here that my father had, while in Texas, become infatuated with an Indian girl, and that I was the result of that attachment. The Indian girl was described as extremely beautiful, having enough white blood to take away the distinctive marks of her race. She claimed to be a descendant of the Aztecs. Anyway, these two rings are purely Aztec. They are tribal rings of the people of the 'heron land,' and I sometimes think they were the means of fascinating my father. They have a peculiar power. This information concerning my birth and parentage came as a tremendous shock, brought up as I had been to believe that ancestry alone counted. In a month I was to have been married. I knew the Priors would be horrified at the mere thought of a half-Indian daughter-in-law. Richard, I was certain, would insist upon taking me just the same. I felt to let him would be to disgrace his name. So, without telling him a word, I shut up my house, and literally disappeared. Since then I have had no communication with my friends. I have traveled much, ever trying to avoid those who knew me. My sorrow has been like a weight on my mind, bringing me finally to this wretched state."

She paused. I bent forward to hear her next words, for her voice had gradually become lower and lower, but suddenly with a quick movement she raised herself in the bed, clenched her fists, and shouted: "I hate you—I hate you—I hate you. You half-breed."

The nurse, hearing her ravings, rushed in. "Don't be alarmed," she said. "She is not talking to you. See! Her gaze is fixed on the ring."

The great ruby seemed to glisten like a drop of blood on the girl's hand. I started to leave the room.

"Don't go," the nurse whispered, "she will begin to talk now."

But I had heard enough. I left the hospital immediately, thinking over what I had seen. Doctoring was completely out of my sphere, but there was one remedy I wanted to see tried, and that was the other ring. In five minutes I had a message wired to the address that since that morning in South America I had carried in my purse. I waited anxiously for the reply. Early on the third morning thereafter, my bell rang violently. I went down stairs, feeling as certain that I should see Richard Prior as that I sould open the door. The very ring typified the man.

"Take me to her at once," he said brusquely.

On the way to the hospital he questioned me sharply in his short, quick way, but he made not a single comment. One thing I noticed with pleasure: he still wore the ring.

For two hours I waited in the office, and I was beginning to get uneasy when the doctor came in, his face jubilant.

"I appoint you my assistant from this time on," he laughed.

"Will she get better?" I asked eagerly.

"It will be a battle yet," he answered, "but your remedy, I think, will eventually bring her out. Go up to her room. She wishes to see you."

I wanted no urging. Two steps at a time, I rushed up the stairs. Richard Prior met me with outstretched hands.

"I have finally convinced Ruth," he said, "that the Prior family, or any other family, that dates back either to the Cavaliers or the Mayflower, needs by this time a little of the native American stock to keep it from degeneracy."

The girl smiled, and as I saw her face light up with happiness, I did not wonder that her lover had never been content with substitution.

"Come here," she said, "and shake hands with me." But instead of putting her hand in mine, she dropped into it the two wonderful rings. "Don't say a word," she protested, as she saw me about to object. "You deserve them, and they are yours."

I could not but realize a feeling of exultation, as I saw the precious rings lie in my hand. My collection had long been one of the most noted in the country. This addition would give it first rank. I hurried home with my prize, stopping only once, and that at a jewelry store to purchase a black velvet case, which I thought would best show off the deep colorings of the rubies. I had no sooner reached the house than I went to my jewelry cabinet, and made a place for the rings; but when I put my hand in my pocket for them they were gone. Frantically I searched my clothes, but only to establish the fact that they were not there. Where, how or when they disappeared, I could not imagine. I advertised, I offered large rewards, and thinking I might have been robbed, I put expert detectives on the case, but no trace of the rings was forthcoming. At last I gave up the search in despair, deciding that that pair of old rings was hammered out by the Indian chief for some other purpose than to lie in a musty collector's cabinet. Mysterious, weird, fascinating, they were made to influence life.

By Bread Alone

By Jules Torrey

COME!"

Noiselessly the heavy curtain was pressed aside and the waiter entered the stall with fruit and coffee. Proud of the instinct that prompted servility, he effaced himself to the extent of absolute silence as he moved about, vanquishing the remnant crumbs and readjusting the remaining pieces of silver. When the last trivial service had been accomplished, the discreet one vanished, not, however, without a stimulated imagination as to his own ability in realizing so generous a tip.

Whatever courses of dining may present their quota of material for epicurean appreciation, surely none is more pregnant with possibilities than the alluring and intimate period when the coffee is black in the tiny cups, and the subtle perfume of My Lady Nicotine stimulates reluctant brain cells to epigrams undreamed of.

Janie Proctor, effectually animated by the compelling power of an efficiently ordered dinner, pushed back her chair from her place at the table, and, standing up, took between her finger tips the miniature orange which, with its fellows tucked away in a framework of green and tropical foliage, supplied the source of the brighter light. With a little twist she suffused the stall with a ravishing glow of amber radiance, and submitting to her companion a questioning pair of eyebrows, smilingly concluded: "That is better, is it not? Freckles, you know, are so unmanageable in high lights."

She leaned again farther into the shadowy intricacy of curving limb that obscured their high retreat from too curious eyes, absorbed in the gay scene below. Life, animation, color subdued and sensuous, beauty; the gleam of silver, crystal and white napery; the hum of laughter and many voices, and the lilt of sweet strains responding to the human spirit, and the divine, and to the spirit of the great god Mammon abroad in all his carnality in that atmosphere of worldliness. Emblems of rosy luxury, they came floating on the fragrant air to the beauty seeing eye of the girl whose greedy senses swam intoxicated in the exuberant joy of participation.

"Oh, my dear friend," she half-laughed, resting her head on the partition wall beside her and with drooping, wistful eyes turning to her companion, who sat silently sipping his coffee, "I am confident that you have never beheld such immaturity of delight! But just for to-night I should like to let down the bars to the impulsiveness my training so incessantly prohibits. During long years of accumulative susceptibility, my mother taught that to gush was unseemly, so hang out the signal if you incline, and I promise to desist!"

"My dear child women," replied the man, "you find in me a mirror of enthusiasm. My only hesitancy to respond lies in my reluctance to believe that I, myself, am but an episode in your enjoyment. However, don't mind the egotist! Pray go on, and I shall try to efface my own misery in your impersonal enjoyment." Softly the man laughed, and the quiet music of it delicately attuned to every other minutest detail of conduct, caused her to catch her breath in the wave of her passion for him that swept over her, but the instinct of Eve in her held her features immobile, and the glowing

eyes turned suddenly from him, lids still lowered, to the magic of the dining room below. The influence of her suppressed emotion seemed to surcharge every line of her slim, gracefully limned body; the pensive curve of cheek and brow; the delicate tracery of imaginative idealism presenting themselves an intimate personal revelation of the quality of soul and mind; while the supple grace of her body seemed designed to reveal its energy.

"I suppose," she said, presently, voice musing and intent, eyes still lingering on the picturesque kaleidoscope of fashion below, "I suppose every table down there holds a problem."

"There's something about a Scotsman, eh, Janie? Is that it?"

"Oh, not a Scotsman so much as an American woman; I fancy it is because she herself is a part of the Scotsman and Irishman and Frenchman; but anyway, every fascinating creature here seems to reflect a suppressed atmosphere of head-lines. Oh, to live too!—not headlines—I don't mean that, I should hate that, but to be an independent entity, significant, remarkable, completely modern, completely different, and completely shorn of all those things which are put down as average!"

The sweet, flushed face, passionate with desire and protest, turned again from its absorbed contemplation of the artificial splendor below. "Why am I so filled with such futile energy?" she insisted, smiling tremulously, dark eyes moist with the intensity of her longing. She considered for a moment an intimate table edge, and forsaking the object of her attention, contrived with elaborate preparation a seat on its smooth linen. "Am I tiresome?" she said, flashing the man an arch and characteristic glance of mischief and animation, as, with bent head, she sipped the cold black coffee she had previously disdained.

A rather formidable object of potential energy the man appeared, as with convincing semblance of composure, he carefully removed his own demi-tasse from the intervening space between them, and reaching out and taking hers also, carefully placed it beside his own. Then with a rush made of mad outlet of long inhibited emotions, he caught up her hands and crushed them to his lips in an abandonment of passion. The girl, inadequate to repress the overwhelming power of his dominance, submitted, the rosy flush of excitement receding under a dismayed quiescence.

But as suddenly as he had submitted to the torrent of his rapture, as instantly her genuine distress penetrated the elemental force that had possessed him, their eyes met—his softened by tender shadows—hers poignant with a vision she had seen and lost.

"I daresay we had better go now," she said, shivering a little, but remaining on; then more abruptly, and with desperate effort: "Come, let us go!"

"Not just yet, Janie," and the firm ring of his low, masterful voice compelled the depths of her soul to stir in a riotous response.

His mood now wholly altered, the man stood before her as she knew him; calm, grave, self-poised, serious, distinguished; personifying all those qualities of mind and body that made him among men, master.

"What a dear, delicious being you are," he said, quietly taking again her lifeless hand. "Any one to see you white and trembling here would think I meant to harm you." Then dropping the banter from his voice, his face grew dark with emotion and he began to talk fast and tenderly.

"Have I failed in delicacy and dignity, Janie? It is true that I have not yet known you for three months, but in that time have you not learned that my motives are pure? I am with you to-night to secure your approval to my hopes. I love you and I want you. I need you, Janie. Look up, darling, and answer me. Will you be my wife?"

Silence. Silence so fraught with intensity that up to the atmosphere they emanated the music, the laughter, the

high festival from below arose, and then fell back upon itself, unable to penetrate their concentrated attention on the destiny the moment held for them.

Out of the warm lips of the girl the color had fled; the buoyant curve of cheek and brow had wilted; out of exuberance had come dejection. The body seemed changed as it would under the emanation of the life-giving spirit. She sat where she had jauntily placed herself on the edge of the dinner table, a little heap of vague outlines; pitifully drooping, infinitely pathetic.

"Janie!"

Still the silence, and alarm suddenly possessing the man he grasped the curve of chin and cheek and lifting the wan face searched in dismay for his answer.

"Janie, what is the trouble? Why you frighten me! What a deplorably tragic little person you look! Look at me! You do love me, don't you? Will you marry me?"

Slowly she forced her eyes to his face, her lips moved, but no sound came.

"What is it, dear? What do you say? Speak! Speak!"

Again her lips moved, and bending his head, he strained his ears to catch her words. A moment he stood erect looking down on her; questioning, amused, baffled. "You say you cannot marry me, Janie? Tell me why!"

The sound of his voice, winning, characteristic, normal, gave her formless lips new life, and facing him bravely, she said quite clearly: "I cannot marry you because I long since promised myself to another man." The words out, she rushed on: "I was eighteen; we were in college together; I was romantic, susceptible, impulsive. He was an Adonis reading law. Propinquity, I suppose, and youth did the mischief; anyway, I promised under the most solemn of circumstances. He went out to a countrty town to begin. That was three years ago. We shall always be in that country town. He is not brilliant, not even plodding —just the type known as 'a good sort,' but he has all the rudimental virtues, and now that it—our engagement—has gone on so long, I have come to feel toward him much as a mother must feel toward a child. I seem to fill his universe; his life seems to be unified by the persistency of his desire for our marriage; I feel indispensable to him. Why—I'm sure I can't tell!" She broke off with a rueful smile.

Then after a moment of silence —her voice so low again as to be almost inaudible: "I chose to deliberately indulge myself before the end came—the end of my liberty, I mean. I could not dream I was but a whim to you; you, who have everything—brains, blood, money, prospects! Why, you hold the whole of life in the palm of your hand!"

She struggled on incoherently, in a muffled voice. "To-night was to have been final, I meant to take this interlude with me out of the world; it would serve to prevail against an elemental existence; days and nights of monotonous, meaninglessness. No! No! I mustn't say that! I shall embroider all my days with imagination! diaper and dishpan shall be a help, not a hindrance to growth, and I shall always have my books and music.

"And you, dear friend, the wide, open world is at your feet! Ambitions to satisfy; politics, and the fawning women of the world, all are fair before you. Come! Will you forgive me, and shall we go now?"

She stumbled from the table-edge and, avoiding his presence, reached for her hat.

Mechanically, the man followed; carefully, silently, thoughtfully adjusting the folds of her evening cloak about her. Then after pressing the button, he turned for his own coat and hat, the while she, gazing again below, absently pulled on her gloves.

The taxi-cab ordered, he moved to her side, and together they stood staring with unseeing eyes into the now quite deserted cafe.

A moment and the bland, blonde, bald captain of the clan stood bowing

like a marionette before the open door, announcing the arrival of the cab. Along the hall he attended them, down the broad, softly lighted staircase, and out through the laurel garnished mirror-hung foyer into Powell street.

As soon as they found themselves bowling along Market street, Janie turned reprovingly to her companion. "You should have told the driver home!"

"No, indeed," responded the man. "We must understand each other better before I take you home, and the cool, moist air at the cliff may help to dispel some of the illusions. Are you sure that you are quite comfortable?"

Along old Market street, strident with clanging trolleys and brilliant with myriad lights, they darted and whirled; across Fillmore, sacred to the miraculous movies, and the eternal mechanical piano, out by the great park's handle, redolent with the intoxicating breath of the eucalyptus, and into the park itself, swinging to its stately drives from whose curves all the magnets of the wide world cannot long draw its devotees. And presently through dark forests of green came the distant roar of the outer sea, booming its eternal note of sadness to serious and frivolous alike, though seldom heard.

Janie gazed into the opulence of the night beheld through a mist the tumbling crests of foam as their cab swept out into the great highway and up the hill to the altogether picturesque and far-famed Cliff House.

Reluctantly she descended as the man held out his hand for her, and out of the night they went into the gay rendezvous of the pleasure loving town, he leading the way to the windown where they sat, silently listening to the strange trio of musicians on zither, mandolin and guitar. The lights had been switched off, and the strings and voices were humming in languorous, dreamy notes, now softly and so low as to be almost lost in the surge of the waves up the cliff, and again in sudden passion swelling to an abandoned crescendo.

Janie caught the words of the popular melody:

"We were sailing along, on Moonlight Bay,
We could hear the voices calling, they seemed to say
You have stolen her heart, now don't go 'way,
As we sang Love's old sweet song on Moonlight Bay."

The subtle influence of the moon-flooded room, the music, the night and the crushing sense of her youth denying itself, swept over her in a sickening flood of agony. She looked out on the field of turbulent blue, and in a flash she saw in it her own life revealed—discontented with capacity.

Too absorbed in her misery to talk, she came to herself with a start at the sound of the man's voice.

"Have you had enough of this, Janie? Shall we go down onto the esplanade?"

"As you wish," she answered wearily, gathering up her gloves and mesh bag.

They descended to the esplanade, and the man arranged the hooded chairs, but Janie, aloof, distrait, absorbed in dismal abstraction, clung to the iron balustrade staring at the sweep and wash of the waters as they tumbled in endless succession over the black Seal Rocks below.

She felt his presence beside her, and in a moment her hand lay clasped in his.

"Janie, have you ever seen it written, 'Thou canst not live by bread alone?"

"Yes."

"Janie!"

"Yes."

"Do you think you can?"

"No!"

"Then, dear, may I ask from what source you expect to be sustained?"

"I shall not starve," she answered, smiling. "One wiser than us has said, 'I am the Bread of Life.' Surely, hap-

piness depends on something infinitely removed from self-seeking.

"There are many doors in the House of Life, dear friend. One I have opened and found beyond a radiant world, but I must close that door now, and open another. I fancy behind its panels I can see wide open spaces; little children; flowers and trees; and a man as insufficient to himself as a child. And Duty in golden letters is written on that door."

"Listen, Janie: such duty is for you absurd. How do you, with your highly strung, unquenchable spirit, expect to bow to the duty that means cooking and sweeping and the weekly wash? Such duties are for the humble in spirit with shoulders equal to the task."

"Dear," she answered, "out of this problem I must shape an ideal. It does not at all matter whether we are made of this stuff or that, so long as we prove true to the trust others place in us. I can never again be quite forlorn in the imprisonment of the commonplace. Now I have the dream and all else may go."

"My dear Janie," exclaimed the man in a tone one assumes in chiding a misguided child, tolerant and sympathetic, yet positive, "I have found no doubt you are exhibiting a phase of character that merits profound consideration. At the same time you must see there are certain limits in self-sacrifice not to be transgressed. This promise made in youth you have outgrown in maturer years. A sane view of the situation must prove to you that I have the stronger claim. The artist's sense in me sees you a plastic substance, eager for the hand that will mold you into a living creature of infinite possibilities. It would be criminal for you to resign your life into the hands of a weakling. Yours is not the stoic's philosophy, despite your argument. For you there are responsibilities of self-development which only travel and communication with the men and women of the world can give. I offer you boundless devotion, Janie, and a world void of horizons."

The air soft from the bay blew her garments in clinging folds about her; the windows of the cafe blazed and sparkled, and into the night, faintly penetrating the sub-conscious minds of the man and woman, floated the music of the dance, gay, spirited, and bright.

She spoke again, low voice, absent, weary. " 'If Judas go forth to-night, it is toward Judas his steps shall tend; nor will chance for betrayal be lacking; but let Socrates open his door, he shall find Socrates asleep on the threshold before him, and there will be occasion for wisdom!' "

"No, no, Janie, I think we have had enough of that! You are not to be blown about by every wind of doctrine. Don't you know that in every corner of the globe there are just such tragic maladjustments as you propose to make of your life? Side-tracked from every congenial phase of living; there are isolated souls, insignificant, unsatisfied. My dear, it is not for you to walk softly all your days.

"Do you remember, Janie, that exuberant song that burst from the heart of Stevenson: 'This climate, these voyages, these landfalls at dawn, new islands peeking from the morning bank; new forested harbors, new passing alarms of squalls and surf, new interests'—why, you darling, misguided little wisp of femininity, don't you know the whole tale of our lives is to be to us, as it was to him, better than any poem?

"Look up at me! You are weeping? Fie on you," and with a face illumined with the triumph of a very ecstasy, he folded the bending form resistless, in an embrace as joyous and mystical as the wine of life, and as sad as Love itself.

Her lips, her delicate features, her whole form quivering under the glory of her emotion, she lifted her face to his, filled with a distraction of yearning. Their spirits met, and again was enacted that immortal scene "which thousands of hands craving for birth have impressed upon the lips of the mother they desire."

The eternal human discord for one supreme moment took wings into the night; over sea and land floated the invisible spirit—strange secret of Nature—intimate, tender, conscious, primal, incommunicable.

Even so, on the borders of the deep, within the circle of talk and the gaiety of laughter, destiny above, around and about, smiles on the struggles of our poor, weak, human will, and the hands of the past clasp the outstretched hands of the future and the inevitable prevails.

Janie drew herself, clothed in ineffable beauty, softly away. For a moment she stood enthralled in the purity of the mysterious night, then, as if awakened from her dream, she moved quickly to the open passage, the man sprang forward to accompany her.

In another moment they stood at the open door of the cab. As she entered she turned resolutely and looking at the man with appeal in her eyes, said in an undertone: "Please send me on alone. I shall send the cab back for you. Good-bye!" She held out her hand.

A sudden rush of fury flamed into his cheeks, but instantly he bent it to the control of his iron will. For a moment he seemed likely to ignore her request, but answering an imploring look, he again restrained himself, and allowed humor to mingle with vexation.

Leaning into the cab where she sat, exquisite in the shadows, he exclaimed half-whimsically, half-fiercely: "You most amusing and obstinate of little tragedy queens, you may assert your caprice to-night, but reckon with me, Janie, for you'll answer my call as the lioness answers the call of her mate, because you cannot help it!"

Then turning, he gave an address to the driver, and leaning again into the cab, he caught her hand and, raising it to his lips, said gently: "Good-night, my dear."

"Good-bye," she answered.

The door banged shut, and the cab swiftly descending the hill soon became lost in the night.

THE FOOL OF FATE

Weave strong your webs of wonder,
  Oh, spinning sisters three,
Lest I, man, burst asunder
  The bonds of destiny:
Enmesh'd, the body's blunder
  But sets the spirit free!

Weave close your webs to catch me
  Who seek perforce the light;
Use cunning to outmatch me
  In corners blinding bright;
And when you've caught, unlatch me
  Your door into the night!

HARRY COWELL.

Carson's Luck

By H. P. Holt

THE NIGHT was as black as ink. Carson, the second mate, was on the bridge, and I was taking my trick at the wheel. A succession of gales had hit us while we were rounding Cape Horn, but the weather was improving, although there was still a heavy sea running, and the "Firefly" rolled about like an empty tub. The wind was cold enough to bite pieces out of the steel masts. Carson paused in his walk to and fro on the bridge to peer out on the dark waste ahead.

Suddenly he leaped at the telegraph and rang "full speed astern," yelling to me at the same time "hard a-starboard." Down in the vitals of the ship there came a grinding vibration as the engines began to reverse, and the "Firefly" lurched clumsily to one side just as the old man, who always slept with one eye open, emerged from his cabin. In the light of the bridge lamp I could see Carson's face. It looked like a bit of statuary hewn out of granite. He kept his eyes fixed on something over the starboard bow, something which loomed up, dark and sinister. Nobody had seen it at first but Carson; when I made it out I tried to jam the wheel over still another point. A floundering ship passed us within a couple of yards.

"Good thing you spotted that," said the old man as he climbed onto the bridge. "I don't believe they've got a single light on board."

"She's a derelict, sir, or I never saw one," replied Carson. "I couldn't see much of her, anyway, but she had a bad list," he added, as he telegraphed down to stop the straining engines.

"Big ship?" the old man queried, his eager interest aroused.

"Not very, sir. Shall I put her a-head again?"

The captain looked at his watch.

"It'll be getting light in a few minutes," he said, reflectively. "I think we'll just go ahead for a bit to keep clear, and then let her drift until there is enough light to see."

Carson carried out the instructions and the "Firefly" wallowed. We awaited the first streaks of dawn with impatience, and then the old man searched the sea through his glasses.

There she is," he said at length; "about half a mile away on the starboard quarter. You are right, Mr. Carson. She is either a derelict or there is something radically wrong on board."

By the time we had sidled up to her we could read the name "Aurora, Liverpool," on her stern. Not a soul was to be seen on the deck.

"I confess," said the captain, "that I should like to know exactly what is wrong over there. She must be a five thousand ton boat at least."

"I'll get aboard, sir, and have a look," said Carson, quietly.

The old man ran his eye over a mighty green wave with a dangerous white crest that was rolling down at that moment.

"That fellow would swamp any open boat afloat," replied the captain.

"Give me five men and the lee of the 'Firefly,' sir," said Carson, "and I think we can get across."

"I'd like to let you go, my lad, but it's too risky."

"Do you mind if I ask for volunteers?" persisted Carson.

"See what the men say," replied the captain, doubtfully.

In half a second, Carson was half

way down the companion. He was one of the best officers who ever stepped on a bridge, and most of us would have gone half way to Hades with him.

"The sea's moderating every minute, sir," he said untruthfully, on returning to the bridge, "and if you don't mind, we'll go now. I am relying on you, Andrews, for one," he added, addressing me.

"All right," said the old man, "but pick your time carefully. It's a crazy trip anyhow."

Carson must have been looking a long way ahead while searching for volunteers. He had raked Hales, the third engineer, and O'Flanagan the carpenter, out of their bunks. The others were seamen with the strength of oxen.

It was tricky work lowering the lifeboat. Twice it nearly capsized, and once it crashed with a thud against the steel plates of the "Firefly," but by a miracle escaped being smashed to splinters. We had a slight advantage under the shelter of our own steamer, which the captain had maneuvered as near the "Aurora" as he dared.

"Now for it," shouted Carson. "Pull all you know."

For three minutes we were on the brink of death. The little boat danced and plunged, and a hissing comber more than half filled her as we reached the "Aurora." Carson was the first man over the side.

There was not a soul on board.

"You go and run your eye over the engines, Hales," Carson said. "O'Flanagan, you see how much water she has in her."

A hurried survey showed that the cargo had shifted badly and had probably righted itself after the "Aurora's" crew took to the boats. She was a death trap at present, for one heavy sea might have thrown the cargo over again, causing her to capsize. There was a good deal of water in the hold, but not too much for the pumps to cope with.

"She's a prize," observed Carson. "I am going to drive this packet back to Liverpool or go down with her. Does any one funk it?"

"I'm on," said Hales, with a grin, and the others nodded.

"All right. Get your fires going, Mr. Hales. Andrews, you'll be the mate. The other three will be at the disposal of Mr. Hales in the engine room. There aren't many of us, but there will be fewer to share the reward among." And he walked up to the bridge as though he had been master of the vessel all his life.

Fifty fathoms away, the captain of the "Firefly" was watching anxiously.

"She's tight as a drum," thundered Carson through a megaphone.

"Can you do anything with her?" came back in reply.

"We're bound for Liverpool," shouted Carson, and the captain of the "Firefly" waved his hand.

"Good luck to you," we heard him cry.

The first thing the skipper of the "Aurora" did was to tackle the problem of the cargo. Leaving Hales to get to work as well as he could by himself down below, he piped all hands and unshipped the hatchways. The vessel was three-quarters laden, and her hold at first presented a hopeless appearance of chaos. Bulkheads were torn away, and bales lay piled up on the port side, tumbling about as the "Aurora" rolled. It was courting death to climb among the shifting cargo, but Carson, with his coat off, jumped down, calling lustily for us to follow.

The captain worked like a fiend, and infused the rest with his frenzy. Although there must have been twenty degrees of frost, perspiration rolled off us hour after hour. With no steam for the winches, everything had to be lifted and stowed with sheer physical strength, and all the time one mother-wave, a little more vindictive than the others, could have sent us to perdition by tumbling over the side and pouring down the gaping hatchway.

But we had no time to think of that. Every one toiled in a fever, and none

thought of fatigue. The sun, hidden most of the time by scurrying clouds, was well aslant in the west before Carson called a halt and surveyed the result of our frantic efforts. We had almost removed the list. Heavy chains were then lashed across, and the hatches were replaced.

"If you can give me a hand below," said Hales, appearing on deck, "we shall have her under way soon."

"Down you go, my lads," snapped the skipper, and for an hour Hales bullied and swore and worked, urging on Carson and seamen indiscriminately.

"She'll go now," he said at last, glancing at the steam gauge.

"Good," said the skipper, laconically, beckoning to me.

"You turn in," he said. "We shan't be able to work regular watches. It will depend on her, see?" he added, nodding at the grey sea.

I remained on the bridge with him for a while, and Hales came up, tearing his hair.

"That rattle-box below may punch a hole in the bottom and fall through before the day is out, although she is only going half speed," he said in anguish, "and every steam pipe is leaking like a nozzle. God knows what would happen if some lunatic had the hands on board to drive her and tried to do it."

Carson turned his granite expression towards the engineer.

There was something in his look that was infinitely more effective than words.

"I reckon she's doing seven knots," Hales said, with a touch of pride and no sign of annoyance. "We'll win through easily."

Most of the time we were able to make seven knots an hour. There was precious little rest for any one on that craft. When one of our sailors was laid up with a scalded leg for two days Carson and I had to lend a hand in the stoke hold in turn. A heavy gale struck us when we were half way up the coast of Africa, and left us fairly limp, but we ran through it and touched at Las Palmas for coal. Carson arranged that easily enough, although we had not a golden sovereign between us. There was some suggestion of taking on a few lascars. The skipper, however, would not hear of it, declaring that if we could navigate the "Aurora" up so far we could manage the rest.

The weather was gloomy and ominous in the bay, but our spirits were rising rapidly at the prospect of being home soon, our pockets well lined with salvage money. We had almost got abreast of Cape Finisterre when the wind chopped suddenly round to the west, with a touch of south in it, and then it began to blow hard, and the seas came up with the particular force they can attain there. We made little headway for hours. Everything was lashed tight.

It was about an hour before noon, and I was standing with Carson on the bridge. It was his watch below, but sleep was out of the question for both of us. We were only four or five days' steaming off Liverpool, and this was the first really bad weather we had encountered. Blinding spray shot right over the bridge, and the ship reeled dizzily when a wave heavier than the others smote her, but the steady chug-chug of the old engines kept on. While that continued we were more or less safe.

"Boom! boom!"

Suddenly the deep cry of a stricken vessel came faintly over the water. It must have been during a temporary lull, for it was on the starboard bow, nearer land.

Carson leveled his glasses at the ship in the distance.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, and turned the "Aurora's" course instantly.

"What do you make of her, Andrews?" he asked, handing me the glasses. She was three or four miles away, and it was difficult to see much through the spray and rain.

"She's a big liner, sir, for certain," I replied, "and she looks to me unpleasantly near the land."

"Yes, that's just the point," he said,

his face hardening. "She's in trouble, and the water is far too deep hereabouts for her anchor to be of any use. Oh, Mother of Moses, grant that she hasn't got two propellers. Slip down to the engine room like a streak of greased lightning and tell Hales to make 'em slog as they never heard of men slogging if he wants to be rich before to-morrow comes."

Hales responded like an angel. There were no shirkers on that packet, though all were weary, worn-out men. The engineer grinned when I told him what the position was, and he sent for his two assistants who were in their bunks.

"Tell the captain," he said, "that we've got all hands at work now, and that the 'Aurora's' engines are going to have the time of their life. I'll get another four knots out of her unless one of the pipes goes pop."

Carson looked more grim than ever when I returned to the bridge. We were within half a mile of the liner; she was about the same distance from the breakers.

"The captain is signaling like mad, Andrews," he snapped. "Her engines are broken down, and the gale is blowing her straight ashore. This is the sort of moment captains pray for, but it doesn't happen more than once during ten lifetimes."

"How are you going to get a line aboard, sir, with this sea running?" I asked. I was game for anything, but I wasn't mad. He gave me one look, and I regretted having spoken.

"Seven years ago," he said, "I lost my first command. You know what that means. Masters never get another chance after making a blunder on their first trip. That was my first voyage after I was married. I've got the best little woman in the wide world at home and the doctor says she must get to a warmer climate or die. You know what a second mate's wages are on our line. This little prize we are on is worth a bit, even after the underwriters have had their share of the plunder, but that liner is a gift from the gods. Do you think if all the raging devils in Hell tried to hold me back now I wouldn't give that ship some sort of a tow? If she's blown ashore we go with her. Now get down on deck and be ready to hop round. They are going to catch hold of our hawser, or we are going to sink."

The "Aurora" was practically running before the gale, and although she was being badly punished she was in no immediate danger. Carson ran close up to the liner, and then, without even waiting for a steady sea, put her helm hard over. Some one was yelling through a megaphone on the bridge of the other vessel, but we could not distinguish a word that was said. I wanted to close my eyes as the "Aurora" swung round. One good wave, catching her broadside, would have turned her funnel downwards. She shuddered as her nose came up against the wind, and a sea knocked her swirling backwards, but Carson held on and we came round. The breakers were boiling much less than half a mile astern. What miracle in the name of Heaven Carson thought was going to happen to enable me to make fast a cable I could not imagine. Then we began to creep forward and I gripped a spar, for I saw what his intention was. With our engines almost at full speed, the "Aurora" slouched ahead steadily, her peak a swirling mass of foam. Sea after sea came bodily over her bows, and once I had to hang on like grim death to prevent myself from being swept away.

The liner towered over us, massive but helpless. She was rolling like a log, but Carson crept up towards her side. One touch of her plates would have crushed us like an egg, and nothing could have saved us. But Carson meant them to have that hawser.

Nearer and nearer we came. The liner gave a great roll, and we were on the verge of being smashed. A young giant stood on the side of the other vessel with a line coiled in his hand, and a dozen men behind him. He probably suspected insanity on board when he saw I was the only person on deck, but just as a friendly wave lifted

us away from impending doom, a line shot down to where I stood. I heard the clang of the "Aurora's" telegraph, and for half a perilous minute the engines were eased while I made fast to the end of the cable. Then we struggled ahead. I got a sickening sensation as the liner leaned over us. Carson shouted, but I could not hear, and hurried to the bridge.

"Go and tell Hales we shall all be dead men in less than half an hour unless they get up more steam," he ordered. "You can stop there for five minutes to give them a hand, and then come up, because I may want you."

Down in the stoke hold I found the four men working like fiends, in spite of the swaying and lurching. They needed no word of encouragement. I told Hales that we had given the other boat our hawser, and his only replay was to put a shovel into my hands. Nobody paused for a single instant. It was almost superhuman work for four men to keep such a head of steam up. The carpenter's hands were bleeding, but he did not dream of stopping to put a bandage on.

There came a mighty plunge and a jarring sound in the steel plates. I scrambled up to the deck to find a sea had almost made a clean sweep.

"She's just holding her own," Carson said when I reached the bridge, "but the wind is no better. Look out."

The "Aurora" buried her nose in an enormous wave which held her under water and poured remorselessly aft, smashing everything that remained to be smashed in its course. It surged round the bridge with such force that I feared it was going to carry it away, but the old boat forced her way up and the moment of her agony passed.

"Shall I go and give them a hand below again?" I asked.

"If you can get there," he said, "but you'll have to be as nimble as a cat, for we can't spare a single man to be washed overboard at this stage. Here, you hang on to this wheel. Keep her dead off the land, so."

He leaped down the companion and got half way to the engine room when another big wave hit her. I saw Carson grab a stanchion and then the comber closed over him. There was more smashing of woodwork. There seemed to be no hope for the skipper, but when the wave passed he was lying, battered and breathless, clinging like a limpet. He jumped up quickly, and in six strides had reached his goal.

For half an hour the battle went on before Carson re-appeared. We were perhaps a hundred fathoms farther off the breakers, but the gale was still shrieking madly, and there was not a break in the dark clouds.

"You'll have to chance it," he said. "Jones is crumpling up down below. "I'd give a year's pay if I could have six good extra firemen."

In the stoke hold I found Jones just recovering from a faint. Every man has his breaking point, and Jones had fought to the last fence. Hales had paused long enough to throw a pail of water over him and then returned to his labor. The man got to his feet in a dazed fashion and walked over to the furnaces again. He knew that every shovel of coal made a difference, and he was made of gritty stuff.

When I made my way to the bridge once more, Carson's face looked white and drawn. I glanced astern, and could see the cause. The force of the wind was increasing.

We were being driven slowly to the shore.

Without the dead weight of the liner we could easily have steamed away. I measured the distance we had to go before it would be too late to chop the cable.

"I'll brain any one who touches it," Carson shouted with blazing eyes. He had read by thoughts. "I tell you if that liner goes ashore we go with her."

"I'm standing by you, sir," I replied, "and so are the others."

"Good lads," he said. "I knew you would. But I'm afraid another quarter of an hour will see the finish. The rocks rise straight up like a cliff in some parts of this coast, and that ship

may hit one at any moment before her anchor begins to bite."

Inch by inch we were beaten back. In spite of the gale we could hear the churning breakers. The suspense was awful. Neither of us spoke.

Quickly, as though it had been watching and playing some uncanny game up to the last possible moment with us, the wind shifted round more to the south and lost most of its force.

"My God, we'll do it yet," said Carson, heading the "Aurora" a point more to the north. He took his glasses and looked a full minute at the shore.

"We're doing it—we're doing it," he shouted in ecstasy.

Soon the wind went round still farther south, and like a reluctant giant straining on a chain, the great liner was slowly drawn from peril. The seas were still running like ranges of mountains, and the "Aurora" ducked, wallowed and throbbed through them.

Without warning, when we were a couple of miles off the shore, the cable behind us slackened; Carson gave a great shout.

The engineers on the liner had got their propeller at work again.

"Stop!" Carson rang on the telegraph.

"Go and cut that hawser adrift, Andrews. We could never get it on board," he said, and he waved the watching officers on the liner to heave it in.

The other vessel sheared off as she gathered way.

"Slow ahead," the skipper of the "Aurora" rang on the telegraph.

"We can afford to take it easy for the rest of this trip," he said to me with supreme satisfaction. "We've kept that craft and about a thousand people off the rocks for just three hours. There's a nice little row of houses I'm going to buy, and the missus and I will spend six months in the south of France. Go below and give the others the glad tidings, Andrews."

A DESERT SUNRISE

Above the rolling foothills dim, the purple light is creeping;
Beneath the star-set curtain black the timid light is peeping;
And virile day with footsteps light, in silence steals across the height;
The day comes on apace, the desert's dreadful scars lie bare;
The stony buttes in sullen pride stand naked in its glare;
The sky's alive with lances bright of glinting, opalescent light
The mystic sun-burned desert in oppressive silence sleeps,
A dreary desolation to where sage and the skyline meet.
A wondrous miracle of change in splendor plays above the range
A shimmering changing color rout with lavish richness spread
In wild harmonic Phantasy of azure, gold and red.
No madrigal of joyous note, or carols sung by lusty throat,
In blithe greeting trills, the rising of the lurid, molten sun
That floats above the distant ridge, the torrid day's begun.
In potent hush like sacred rite, the desert floods with dazzling light.

J. V. GILBERT.

The Finding of Angela

By Louise E. Taber

RALPH MARVIN was too deely interested in the old artist trudging along at his side to grasp the curious picture they made together, and it was not until they were half way up Telegraph Hill that he became conscious of the attention they were attracting among the loud-voiced Italian women sitting in groups in the doorways; then he realized that even the noisy, dirty, ragged children filling the streets of the Latin Quarter turned and looked after him and the handsome old painter, with his white hair falling to his shoulders, and wearing with dignity a rusty Prince Albert that apparently had been left from better days of long, long ago. His soft, broad brimmed hat had turned from black to shiny gray, and his shoes made a vain attempt to cover his faltering feet.

"Don't you think I have fully grasped this great art of the Futurists?" the painter asked, his eyes lighted with ecstatic emotion.

"You are a past master," was the sincere assurance. Marvin was carrying the two insane pictures that the old man had vainly sought to dispose of in the pawnshop down on Pacific street, where Marvin, with an author's love for the unique and the adventurous, often went in search of curios, sacrificed by sailors drifting into San Francisco from all parts of the world. When Marvin had seen the old man's tragic disappointment, he quickly pocketed the grotesque image from China and the crude relic from the South Seas that he had bought and carefully entered into conversation with him, attracted by his stately air of romance and mystery.

"In my little home on the hill you will see the flower of my work," the painter told him, with keen enthusiasm. "It is sad that people do not understand."

"The world must grow into this progressive movement," Marvin encouraged him.

He glanced furtively at one of the canvases, wondering whether he held it right side up. In his adventurous years as a globe-wanderer he never had found a more interesting character than this old man, who had lived in San Francisco for fifteen years, coming over from Venice. When he had given his name, Veneziani, a touch of pride had stolen into his voice, and from the disconnected snatches that he told of his life, the author gathered that he had come from aristocratic lineage, and having fallen into poverty, had left Venice rather than let his own city see his downfall.

"I must compliment you on the purity of your Italian," Veneziani presently said.

"It is another bond that unites me to your country. I have spent many happy months in Italy."

They were on Union street, near the summit of the steep hill, when they paused for breath. It was a clear afternoon, and the sweep of the sparkling bay, with the white boats making for different points on the opposite shore, thrilled the author with its picturesque beauty. They turned into Montgomery street, where crossing Union it is an up-hill and down-dale thoroughfare, one side of it falling far below the other and ending precipitously. Going slowly along, they looked at the bay over the roofs of the two-story houses across the street.

"Isn't this view exquisite?" Veneziani asked, holding up a wrinkled hand to shade his eyes. "There are only two cities in which I can live, Venice and San Francisco. They are not alike, but——"

Crossing the street, Marvin assisted him down the cleats on the narrow walk. The right of the short alley be-

fore them was lined with houses, but on the left, towards the bay, there was only one, clinging to the edge of the precipice. It was a shallow house, but the back of it might have had three stories, while the front was so low that a tall man's head would be above the patched, slanting roof, where it ended over the narrow veranda. A small strip of ground was inclosed by a dilapidated fence. Marvin was about to comment laughingly on the queer place when the old man said it was his own, and he threw open the gate, which hung by one hinge, with a dignity that could not have been more imposing had he flung open a palace gate. Marvin stooped to pass under the veranda and again to enter the door. The room was nearly the full width of the house, but even so, it was small and ill-lighted. There were neither carpet nor rugs, just a rickety table, three rickety, straight-back chairs and a lounge with a tattered cover from which protruded the broken springs. A large fish net was draped half across the low ceiling, giving a picturesque touch to the bareness. Near the window stood an easel with a canvas, and every inch of wall space was covered with paintings, many more being heaped in the corners. Marvin's attention was held by the arrangement of the pictures, the curious intermingling of Venetian scenes with the Futuristic daubs. He was surprised at the merit of the pictures made in the city of lagoons, and he wondered at the degeneration of the old man's talent.

The painter, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, rambled along with his exaggerated explanation of the benefit of the Futuristic art, the mental development it affords through arousing the imagination to fathom the real meaning of the bizarre creations. Marvin was surprised at the intelligence underlying this curious madness, and with an author's interest and keen insight was learning a character unlike any he ever had met.

He heard a step in the next room, then the door opened, and he looked round, wondering what sort of companion this strange old man would have. Half a dozen queer creatures flitted through his fancy, but when he saw the girl who hesitated on the threshold he checked an exclamation. It never had been his privilege to see a more superb type of womanhood, and her quaint dress and shawl, such as the Venetian women wear, added to her picturesqueness. It did not matter, nor did he notice, that her shawl was old and her dress many times patched. Her wealth of Titian hair, coiled around her head in a broad braid and held with a high comb, Venetian fashion, and the limpid beauty of her blue eyes, were enough to blind him to any trifling blemish. The two young people studied each other with frank admiration, both conscious of the contrast between them—he an ultra-modern Westerner, with fine, strong features that betrayed his ambition, yet the love of romance was plainly discernible in his steel gray eyes; she a spirit from the old, old world, from the city of dreams, fleet gondolas and rippling water—the embodiment of the romance of which the new world knows nothing. It was like the past meeting the present.

"This is my daughter Angela," Veneziani said with pride.

In his astonishment, Marvin made an awkward answer to the introduction.

Angela never before had met a man of his gentle birth. She was a flower grown on the hill, ignorant of the world beyond, but her yearning eyes were in search of a wonderful revelation. Her father dwelt in the ecstatic dream of his insane art to the exclusion of all practicability. He cherished a belief that something wonderful would happen, but he had not the vaguest idea of what it would be, and Angela, trusting him, waited for this miracle that would make it possible for her to know life, but it was not patient waiting, though she never complained.

Marvin understood a great part of this when he looked into her eyes and saw the reflection of her virgin heart and mind.

"I'm admiring your father's work," he said.

"Which paintings?" She pointed from an earlier Venetian scene to a recent daub, and fastened on him a keen, searching gaze that frankly confessed doubt of her father's sanity in art, and asked the author's truthful judgment. His eyes could only sanction her doubt. She blushed deeply, conscious as he himself was of the sudden nearness, the intimacy of thought that had come between them in that glance.

"He understands the new art!" Veneziani said, his voice breaking with excitement. "Haven't I always predicted that this recognition would come from one outside the profession? I have lived to see this happy day! It does not matter that I am seventy-two!" He grasped Marvin's hand and did not try to hide his tears.

For the three it was a moment of strong and varied emotions.

"Come, Angela, give our friend a glass of wine." Even under the thrill of his emotion, Veneziani did not forget the true Italian hospitality.

Marvin sat at the little table with them and drank the cheap, sour wine from a tin cup. Angela, keenly interested in him, a comer from the great, mysterious world, led him to talk of his travels and of his own art, and marveled at the vast experience of one so young. He had told her that he was thirty-two, and had been writing for twelve years, but he did not speak of his fame.

Veneziani listened as they rambled along in their exchange of confidences, and a gentle smile stole over his lips and lighted his soft brown eyes, then he drifted off into the memory of the past, recalling the never to be forgotten days of long ago, lived in Venice, the home of romance.

He did not know how long he had been in his dreamland, when Marvin rose and said that he must go.

"I want you both to know this city," he said. "To-morrow I'll bring my machine, and we'll spend the day together."

Angela thrust out her hands to him. "I'll be so happy!" But this was only a meager part of what she wanted to say.

The three left the house together. Veneziani and Angela, unwilling to part from their friend, said they would walk with him to Union street. When the old man opened the gate, more than a dozen children ran to him, venting their affection with Latin enthusiasm, and they clung to Angela and held fast to her skirt. This strange group went up the hill with the author and waited until he had said a reluctant good-bye. Even then Angela waited, until halfway down the block he turned and waved his hand. She had felt that he would look back. It was an unforgetable picture that she made, surrounded by these wild, pretty and homely denizens of the hill.

The next morning Marvin sounded the horn when his machine was near Montgomery street, and almost immediately Veneziani and his daughter appeared, smiling, eager, expectant. Angela made a curious picture in the modern motor car in her Venetian shawl and her uncovered hair held with the high comb. Marvin had not realized until now how conspicuous she would be down in the city, and he smiled with a touch of pride in her perfect beauty.

Her eyes were bright with wonder as they sped through the streets she never had seen. Veneziani settled back, serious, dignified.

Marvin took them to the Mission Dolores. It was the only spot in San Francisco in keeping with Angela's quaintness. She was inspired with a deep reverence in this old church.

"And it was built so long ago?" she asked, her eyes keen with wonder. "In 1776?" Her thrilled voice dwelt on the numbers.

He nodded. "Yes, built by the Indians for the Jesuit Fathers." Then he told her romances of the old house of worship and her keen interest, her perfect grasp of the "atmosphere" of those historic days brought their two souls into close communion. It was

for such a companion that he had longed during his years of interesting but lonely travel. His vivid imagination embroidered the romances of the Mission, but if he strayed from the truth it was only because a deep and almost sacred wonder was stirred in him by her strange ignorance and her quick grasp of what life can mean. Veneziani was deeply interested, and they stayed in the church a long while. As they were going out, Angela laid her hand on Marvin's arm, and they looked into each other's eyes. She wanted to thank him for the pleasure he was giving her, but after that moment she did not need to speak.

All the way to the ocean boulevard no words were exchanged between the three. Angela and Marvin were thinking of each other, and she was reveling in a happiness beyond her brightest dreams. Her father was living again in the comfort of his youth, recalling the days when his own fleet gondola was always waiting at the stone steps below the Veneziani home. If only he could go back! A solitary tear dropped from his long lashes, and he quickly turned aside, but Angela had not seen. She was busy with her own thoughts.

They left the machine on the boulevard and went down on the beach, Angela helped him spread the cloth on the sand, and happy as two children, they delved into the basket, as though it were a surprise box. Veneziani ate with a dainty relish. He smiled benignly on his daughter and Marvin, but he was far away in his dreamland.

"Let us walk near the water," Marvin said to Angela, when after luncheon the old man had fallen asleep, his back against a heap of sand, the ruin of some child's fantastic palace.

They strolled a long distance up the beach. The questions she asked about life and people made him marvel at the chaste beauty of a being ignorant of all that the world holds of joy and sorrow. Suddenly she halted and gazed out over the ocean where, miles away, it blended into the blue of the sky, and she stretched out her hand.

"Yes," he said, understanding, "there are more wonders waiting for you than you imagine. Can't we find them together? I'm not impetuous when I say I love you, for love united us yesterday when your eyes asked my true opinion of the Futurist's art."

She blushed deeply, as she put both her hands into his. "I didn't sleep all night, thinking of you, but oh, I did not believe——" She paused. "I'm so unlike the girls I've seen to-day!"

"That's why I love you!"

"But when association has made me more like them, perhaps——"

He smiled. "Then it will be a double love. You'll be two beings—the girl I found and the woman that life with me has made."

They went back to the old man. He was still sitting on the sand, but he was awake, gazing at the ocean, a wistful, reminiscent smile playing on his thin lips. Angela dropped on her knees beside him and rested her head on his shoulder.

"I have a wonderful surprise for you, father!"

Veneziani raised her head, and looked into the blushing face with gentle amusement.

"You needn't tell me," he said. "I saw it yesterday. This is the miracle I've been waiting for." A touch of pride stole into his voice that all these years he should have felt the slow approach of happiness. He held up his hand to Marvin. "My boy, you who can understand Futurism can also love my daughter." A sudden enthusiasm stirred him. "I'll decorate your home!" he exclaimed. "I'll fill your walls with marvelous canvases!"

"We're not going to have a home, at least not now," Marvin answered, pressing the wrinkled hand. "But we want you to have one where we can come and rest after our journeys. We want you to take us back to Venice!"

A strange little cry broke from the old artist, and tears tumbled down his cheeks. Angela slipped her arm around him, and for a long while the three sat silent on the sand.

A Singer of Yesterday

By Alice Eccles

LATE every night he sat alone in the wine shop, a little out-of-the-way shop in the Latin Quarter in San Francisco. He was not wretched nor infirm like the artists of a past generation, grizzled or white, who sipped their wine slowly to the bottle's end, and so reeled home, more or less unsteadily, drunk with the mystery of fading life more than wine.

He was only fifty; not years, but tragedy, had drawn the mouth down at the corners and silvered his hair.

One evening late, or rather early for the sleepless little wine shop, as this lone customer sat in the rear of the room, brooding, eyes fixed on a tall bottle, his elbow on the table and the fingers of one hand buried in his hair, his story was told within his hearing. While he was alone he seemed to reign over a phantom kingdom of his own. Before him, long rows of tables spread white faced in the dusk. Flickering in bounds under vagrant draughts the gaslight threw his shadow, now lean and irregular, now fat and pudgy, along the floor in a strange dance, or against the prints of matador and charging bull at his back. At his elbow, a forgotten stub burned a hole in the dingy cloth, but he dreamed on, his eyelids scarcely moving, until the street door opened, admitting a hoydenish gust of night air that blew the gaslight into frantic ecstasy. As he turned, shivering, cowering at the intrusion, his square chin showed flaccid, almost tremulous under the light, and shrinking closer to the wall he glanced past the slipshod waiter at two girls from some Broadway theatre who had dropped in for a late bite.

Nudging her companion, the taller girl with the lace fringe on her hat, led past the circular counter with its rows of green bottles, and seated herself, bold and staring, directly opposite the limp figure. Then, while the smaller and blonde girl took off her faded jacket, she smiled at the greasy waiter, ordered a raviola and wine, broke a corner from the French loaf and nodded across her shoulder.

"Didn't you ever see him in the daytime? He used to sing at the Tivoli. Don't stare—he ain't blind even if he has lost his voice," she added as, filling his glass with unsteady hand, he drank, turning a rugged profile to the wall.

"Lost his voice?" the little blonde whispered hoarsely, looking at him as she affected to drape her jacket over the back of the chair. "Old, ain't he?"

The other pulled a large black hat over her tilted nose. "Not so old. He always sits in that chair. I like to drop in and look at him once in a while. Then the wine ain't so bad."

The waiter returned with a platter of raviola and as he poured the thin claret into thick glasses the girls watched its pale stream mount slowly to the brim, forgetting for a moment the wretched figure opposite. The dark-skinned girl stretched a thin arm, bare to the elbow, and heaped her companion's plate.

Eating, the blonde said: "Do you know anything about him—truly, I mean. The boys at the theatre gave him a purse once and he sang for them —so I guess it wasn't true that an operation on his throat spoiled his voice like the papers said."

"He can sing yet—a little."

"Didn't he study in Europe?"

The lace hat leaned across the table.

"I'll tell you what D'Amsci told me. He said it was a great tragedy. He was in Italy with this man—I forget his name—but he was singing 'Pagliacci' that time and had a small part. He studied all the time so he was ready to take any role. Then one night his chance came to sing the prologue. You know how D'Amasci talks: 'The prologue, my dear, that he loved, that so beautiful prologue that he can sing every human emotion.' Well, he had starved for the chance, so I guess it meant a lot to him. It was the night of a royal party or something, and—what do you think?"

"No—what?" The girl's eyes were shining.

"Well, he failed. Wasn't that awful? D'Amasci says he knew in his mind just how that prologue ought to go; he could feel it, and he used to tell D'Amasci, 'I will sing it with all my suffering has taught me,' but he could not do it. He sang until that part, 'The actor is a man with a heart like you,' and then they stood up and hissed him. D'Amasci says it was the starvation, he was too weak that night. D'Amasci turns his hands out this way and says, 'What's the use of work?' "

"We work?" said the other, gloomily.

She looked kindly at the figure with the touzled head drooping, shaded from their eyes with his hand.

Then in the flickering light and shadow, they sipped the last drops of wine, and, rising, one pulled a ragged veil over her face while the other hit her nose a few furtive dabs. Jingling a few dimes, the tall girl led out past the counter with its rows of green bottles and rosy apples between, glistening in dark and light rings. The lights were turned low in front of the shop where the waiter lounged, gazing idly into the street. The girls paid him, then went out arm in arm, into the street.

The still figure remained, silhouetted against the wall, where a very red-lipped Carmen smiled sensuously over his head. His glass was turned down, and his cigar was a heap of ashes.

WHEN EVENING BRINGS THE STARS

When evening brings the stars, the gate of dreams
  Is opened wide, and down a moonlit way
  Far aisles are seen, where minstrel fountains play
On silver harps their ancient twilight themes.

A silent host through that still gateway streams,
Recalled by memory to pathways gray
  When evening brings the stars.

They see afar in some dream vale the gleams
  Of homelights old; and voices low betray
  The trysting nook where love meets love for aye.
Dreamland is real; 'tis earth alone that seems
  When evening brings the stars!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

The Race With a Stampede

By Max McD

IT WAS DARK and no mistake. The round-up was on in the foothills of the Canadian Rockies and the prairie as far east as Stand Off and Slide Out had been thoroughly ridden, and the beef gathered. We were holding a big herd of steers for a week, getting ready to ship at Peigan Siding, and it was a lazy enough life except the night work. We were camped at Long Bottom on the Kootenai, where there was plenty of grass to graze the bunch in the day time and water where two thousand head could drink at once and never one bog or give any trouble. Two men on "day herd" at a time could handle them easily enough, and as there were nine of us, or enough for three guards of three men each, we didn't have anything much to complain of.

Old Morton was on the "chuck wagon," and, as the Cochrane Ranch Company was putting up the "grub stake," there was nothing lacking in stuff to eat. Morton built pies and puddings that were never excelled anywhere, and occasionally he'd have a plum-duff for supper that simply exhausted the culinary art.

The steers were "mud fat," as the boys say, and were easily satisfied with grass and water long before time for bedding down. Most every night they would take a little run, and it usually took all hands an hour or so to get them back to the bed ground and quieted down. This didn't tend to make us any better natured when the cook yelled: "Roll out! Roll out!" at four o'clock every morning.

It was the month of October, and the weather had been fine ever since we started in, but this morning it clouded over, and in the west, toward sunset, great black clouds crept down the peaks of the Rockies, and overhead little detached patches had gone scudding across the sky, although below on the prairie not a breath of air was stirring. The roar of thunder seemed to be tearing the forest from its native roots, and occasionally a flame of lightning would dart down the mountainside through the rapidly darkening sky.

At eight o'clock, when the first night-herd went out to take the bunch for the first three hours' watch, it was almost black dark. "Alkali Pete," the boss of the outfit, came out with them and asked us how the cattle acted. He told the boys to be careful, and if it rained and the herd drifted, to try and keep them pointed toward the bottom if possible, for fear of some of them beating back to the Stand Off range, and being lost.

As we rode back to camp we both agreed that the very first clap of thunder near at hand would send the whole herd flying, and that if it rained, it would be very hard to hold them. He told all hands not to picket their night horses, but to tie them up to the "chuck wagon," ready for instant use.

Perhaps I should explain a little about this business, so that my readers may understand what a "bed ground" is, and how the boys stand guard.

At sunset the day herders work the herd up toward camp slowly, and as the leaders feed along to about three or four yards from camp, one of the boys rides out in front and stops them until the whole herd gradually draws together in a compact body. If they have been well grazed and watered that day, they will soon begin to lie down, and in an hour probably nine-tenths

of them will be quietly lying and chewing their cuds. All this time the cowboys are slowly riding around them, each man riding alone, and in opposite directions, so that they meet twice in each circuit. If any adventurous steer should attempt to graze off, he is sure to be seen and driven back into the herd.

The place where the cattle are held at night is called the "bed ground," and it is the duty of the day herders, who have cared for them all day, to have them on the bed ground and bedded down before night, when the first guard comes out and takes them off their hands.

Well, as I said at the beginning, it was dark, and although it was not raining when they left camp, the boys had put on their slickers, or oil-skin coats, well knowing that they would have no time to do it when the rain began to fall.

The three men on first guard were typical Texas boys, raised in the saddle, insensible to hardship and exposure, and the hardiest and most reckless riders in the outfit. One of them, named "Shorty" Holder, was a great singer, and usually sang all the time he was on guard. Its always a good thing, especially on a dark night, for somehow it seems to reassure and quiet cattle to hear the human voice. It's well, too, that they're not critical, for some of the musical efforts are extremely crude. Most of the cow-punchers confine themselves to hymns, picked up, probably, when they were children.

I lost no time rolling out my bed and turning in, only removing my boots and heavy leather chaps and hat, and two minutes after I was sound asleep. How long I slept I can't say, but I was awakened by a row among the night-horses tied to the "chuck wagon."

It is hard to find words to describe a stampede of two thousand head of long-horned, range steers. It is a scene never to be forgotten. They crowd together in their mad fright, hoofs crack and rattle, horns clash against each other, and a low moan goes through the herd as if they were suffering with pain. Nothing stands in their way; small trees and bushes are torn down as if by a tornado; and no fence was ever built that would turn them. Woe betide the luckless rider who, racing recklessly in front of them, waving his slicker or big hat, or shooting in their faces to turn them, has his pony tumble or step into a badger hole or fall, for he is sure to be trampled to death by their hoofs. And yet they will suddenly stop, throw up their heads, look at each other as if to say, "What on earth were you running for?" and in fifteen minutes every last one of them will be lying as quietly as any old pet milk-cow in an East country farm yard.

About half the time you can tell what stampedes cattle, and half the time you can't. Sometimes a herd will be lying fast asleep on a quiet night, and suddenly a steer jumps up, sends a great snorting puff from his nostrils, and races off into the darkness. And behind him may race two thousand of his companions, all going for dear life, and apparently scared out of their lives.

One night I saw a herd stampeded by the lighting of a cigarette. The cattle were sleeping peacefully, when one of the Mexican herders, riding slowly on his pony around the outskirts of the herd, rolled himself a cigarette, took out the flint and steel, an ancient way of striking a light which we ranchers have, and proceeded to light up. At the very first sharp click of the steel against the flint, a big steer jumped to his feet with a snort, and before you could say Jack Robinson, every other one of those ten thousand head of cattle was careering wildly over the plain rushing with frantic, blind terror, and a great thunder of hoofs, which fairly shook the ground, into the dark night. Men could no more have stopped that stampede than a man could hold a steam engine with one hand. It took ten days to get that herd together again.

Another time I saw a herd stampeded by a man removing a slicker

from his saddle. The night was intensely dark, and it began to sprinkle. A cowboy started to put on his slicker —such a coat as fishermen and sailors call an oil coat. It stuck to the saddle where he had it strapped, and as he pulled it free it made a crackling sound. In an instant the sleeping herd was awake and off like the wind over the plains.

I happened to be on my horse right in the path of the stampeded cattle, and there was nothing for it but to ride for life. Away we went across the midnight plains, my horse straining every nerve and sinew, and I urging him forward with the certain knowledge that if he stumbled, the terrified animals behind me would trample us into the mud. The only thing to do under such circumstances is to keep going and try to keep out of the way if you can. Suddenly in the darkness my horse struck a barbed wire. I heard the wire snap like pistol shots as my horse plunged through the obstruction. "It's all up with me. This is my last herd," thought I to myself. I supposed the wire would have so cut my horse that the animal would die from loss of blood; then the end come. But he kept straight on, and for an hour I rode at terrific speed. Then I knew by the sound of the trampling feet of the herd that it had swerved to one side—at any rate, I knew that I was no longer in its path. I was safe, but mightily used up, and when I drew rein my poor horse was nearly dead, not from wounds, but from sheer exhaustion.

Don't you believe any one who tells you that a herd of stampeded cattle can be stopped when once it has got fairly going. It can't be done. Before it is under way—at the very first before the animals have got really going—a stampede can be stopped, or rather prevented, by a skillful cowboy; but not after the panic has seized the steers in its grip.

Sometimes it doesn't even take the striking of steel against flint, or even the crackling of a slicker, to stampede a herd. The animals break out apparently from sheer nervous hysteria. Cattle are queer creatures, and even we who live all the time among them, do not understand them thoroughly. But I am to tell of another race with a stampede.

I turned lazily in my bed and saw that a huge black cloud had come up rapidly from the west and bid fair soon to shut out the moon. I snuggled down in my blankets and was wondering if we would have to turn out to help hold the steers if it rained, when the silence of the night was broken by a peal of thunder that fairly split the skies. It brought every man in camp to his feet, for high above the reverberation of the thunder was the roar and rattle of a stampede.

They bore right down on the camp, and we all ran to the "chuck wagon" for safety; but they swung off about a hundred feet from the camp and raced by us like the wind, horns clashing, hoofs rattling, and the earth fairly shaking with the mighty tread.

Riding well in front of the herd was "Shorty," trying to turn the leaders. As he flew by, he shouted in his daredevil way: "Here's trouble, fellows," and was lost in the darkness and dust. Of course all this took but a moment. We quickly recovered ourselves, pulled on boots, flung ourselves into the saddle, and tore out into the dark, with "Alkali" Pete in the lead. I was neck and neck with him as we caught up with the end of the herd, and called to him: "Pete, they're headed for the cutbank; if we go over, some of us will get hurt." Just then, "Bang! Bang! Bang!" went a revolver ahead of us, and we knew that "Shorty" had realized where he was going and was trying to turn the leaders by shooting in their faces.

These cutbanks are curious phenomena, and very dangerous. The Kootenai in freshet time becomes turbulent and often carries away tons of gravel and earth only to pile it up further down the stream. At Long Bottom the swift, rushing water had dug into a bend in the shore just below our camp and left a straight cut of

fifty feet. From this cut, and running back from it some hundreds of feet, are a series of ditches or cracks made by the bench water on its way to the river. Some of them are ten feet wide and twenty-five feet deep; others are only a few feet deep and run back for miles on the top land. In the narrow ditches long grass hides the depth so a horse doesn't see till he is fairly into them, and every cowboy dreaded that part of the Kootenai range.

"Alkali" and I soon came to what, in the dust and darkness, we took to be the leaders, and, drawing our revolvers, we began to fire in front of them, and quickly turned them to the right, and by pressing down from that side we crowded them round more and more until we soon had the whole herd running round and round in a circle, or "milling," as we call it, and in the course of fifteen minutes, we got them quieted down enough to be left again in charge of the regular guard.

"Alkali" sent me around the herd to tell the second guardsmen to take charge, as it was their time, and for the rest of us to go to the camp, which was near by, a mile distant, and visible only because Morton, the cook, had got up and built up the fire, well knowing we couldn't get down the cut without it.

Before we got there the rain began, and we were all wet to the skin; but we tied up our ponies again, and five seconds after I laid down, I was sound asleep, and heard nothing till the cook started his unearthly yell of "Roll out! Roll out! Chuck away." I pulled off the heavy canvas I had pulled over me to keep the rain out of my face, and got up. The storm was over, and in the east the morning star was just beginning to fade, and the sky was taking that peculiar grey look that precedes the dawn and sunrise. The night-horse wrangler was working his horses up towards camp, and the three or four bells in the bunch jingled merrily and musically in the cool, fresh air.

We were all sleepy and cold, and as we set around the fire to eat, someone said: "Where's Holder?" The foreman glanced around the circle of men, set down his plate and cup, and strode over to where Shorty had rolled out his bed the evening before. It was empty, and what was more, had not been slept in at all. A hasty questioning developed the fact that none of us had noticed him after we had come in from the stampede.

"Well," said "Alkali," "it is one of two things: either he has run into one of those blamed cracks and is hurt; or else he has got a bunch of steers that got cut off from the herd in the rain and has had to stay with 'em all night, because he got so far from camp he couldn't work 'em back alone." As this was not an unusual thing, we all felt sure it was the case, and, after a hasty breakfast, all of us, but the men just off guard, struck out to look for him.

Somehow, I felt a premonition of trouble as I rode out into the prairie, and leaving the rest to scatter out in different directions, I rode straight for the cracks. It was an easy matter to trail up the herd, and as I loped along I couldn't get "Shorty's" hymns out of my head. As I drew near the crack country I saw by the trail that we had not been at the leaders when we thought we were, but had cut in between them and the main herd. I could see our tracks where we had swung them around, leaving probably one hundred head out.

I hurried along their trail, and as the daylight got stronger and the sun began to peep over the hills, I could make out a couple of miles from me a bunch of cattle feeding. I knew this was the bunch I was trailing, and already some of the other boys had seen them also, and were hurrying toward them. But between me and the cattle was, I knew, a dangerous crack. It was some six feet wide and ten deep, and probably half a mile long. If "Shorty" had ridden into that he was either dead or badly hurt. As I neared the cracks my heart sank, for I saw the trail would strike it fairly about the widest part. My worse fears

were realized when I reached it, for there, lying under a dozen head of dead and dying steers, was poor "Shorty." The trail told the whole story. He had almost turned them when they reached the crack, and he had ridden into it sideways or diagonally, and some twenty steers had followed, crushing him and his horse to death and killing about a dozen of them. The balance were wandering around in the bottom of the crack, following it to the river in an attempt to get out.

Drawing my six-shooter, I fired two shots, which in cowboy and frontier sign language means "Come to me." The punchers quickly rode over to where I was, and we managed to get "Shorty" out from under his horse and up on top. Tenderly we laid his body across the saddle, and lashed it with a rope, and taking the man thus dismounted up behind me, we led the horse with its sad burden back to camp.

I think death, when it strikes among them, always affects rough men more than it does men of finer sensibilities and breeding. They get over it more quickly, but for the time the former seems to be fairly overwhelmed with the mystery of death, and seem dazed and helpless, and often lose their heads.

But "Alkali Pete" quickly pulled himself together. It was thirty miles to Fort Macleod, and with our heavy chuck wagon it would take more than a day to get the body there. Packing it on a horse was out of the question, so be decided to bury him right there.

"Shorty" had no relatives in Alberta, nor any nearer friends than we rough "punchers," so we thought no wrong would be done any one by burying him there. We laid his crushed body under a little shady poplar, and "Alkali" and I went to find out a place to dig a grave. About half a mile from Long Bottom was a big rock which in the glacier age had been deposited with others in a string running southeast and northwest in the foothills of the Canadian Rockies. The cattlemen of the south has christened it "Lone Rock," and some years after a ranch near it took its name.

It was a landmark for miles around, and as "Alkali" remarked, "It was a blamed sight better headstone than they'd give him in the little yard at the Fort."

So we dug his grave, and then wrapped him in a gorgeous Indian blanket which poor "Shorty" had carried with him to all the outfits he had worked for in late years, and laid him away as carefully and tenderly as, in our rough way, we knew how.

The day herders had grazed the herd up close to the rock, so they could be at the grave; the cattle were scattered around us, and the cook had taken out the chuck box and used the chuck wagon to bring the body over in.

When the last sods were placed on the mound, "Alkali," with tears running down his sunburned face, which he vainly tried to wipe away, slowly and brokenly repeated the Lord's Prayer, and with broken hearts and bowed heads we joined in the "Amen," and went back to our beef drive to Peigan Siding.

The Old Home Guard

By M. Grier Kidder

I WAS a boy then, but to a great extent what civil war history teaches the Northern man it merely recalls to the Southerner; the first is introduced to the unknown; the second, reminded of the known. The Southern boy didn't make history, but he was acquainted with some of the makers, and was present when much of it was made. I know of no Southern man who complains of civil war forgetfulness.

During that fracas, a healthy young man in a Southern town was a rara avis. If patriotism did not urge him to the front, the conscription did, and what the conscription forgot the women remembered. The man who came home on a furlough was generally thoughtful enough to arrive wounded or dead, if he wished for a welcome. The result was, everybody worth shooting was either shooting, shot or shot at, and every man who could stop a bullet was busy stopping it, or equally busy trying to make the other fellow stop it. Hence "The Old Home Guard," an aggregation of men whose age exempted them from service in the field.

Our town was then one-third white, two-thirds black, supplemented with a neutral tint of forty thousand dogs, or about five dogs per capita, and it was one of the chief blockaded ports that helped feed and clothe Lee's army. It is in the most sombre part of the Black Belt, was intensely conservative, and staunchly union until the old Flag was fired on. Then she accepted the inevitable with a zeal that proved that "The truest to the old was the truest to the new." To paraphrase Webster: "The bones of her sons, falling in the conflict for liberty, lie mingled with the soil of every State from Pennsylvania to Florida, and there they will remain forever."

The Old Home Guard was composed of infantry and cavalry, and the combined age of horses and men suggested not only the venerable but the prehistoric. My father was lieutenant of cavalry, and, armed for dress parade, with a sword so married by rust to its scabbard that divorce was impossible, and a pair of flint lock pistols whose calibre would have accommodated a broom stick, he was, to me, very impressive. The old gentleman was wont to be sufficiently impressive to me even in the peaceful walks of life; but I never felt that awe which we were taught was the divine right of parents to instill until he was garnished for war and mounted on "Comet." "Comet" had been a fine horse in his time, but had taken on embonpoint with years. At the period of which I write, he was shaped like a piano, with an exaggerated appetite and a taciturnity and dignity which voiced themselves in a grunt of protest at every quick movement.

The commander of this contingent of left-overs was Col. Guthrie, to give him a fictitious name. The Colonel was irascible by nature, and, when things didn't go to suit him, like a bear bereaved of her whelps. Now, as things sometimes have a way of going to suit themselves, the flashes of patience and amiability between the Colonel's eruptions were like the proverbial angel visits. Added to other causes for outbursts was a stiff leg, the pregnant hinges of whose knee had been impaired through a misunderstanding with a mule. The Colonel was intensely practical, a sworn

foe to sentiment and constitutionally opposed to romance. He would dissect a violet to analyze its perfume; "a primrose by the river's brim a yellow primrose was to him," and nothing else. So when the key of the Baptist Church was left at his house, which adjoined that place of worship, the old gentleman used the baptistry for his morning plunge until the sacrilege was discovered and the key recovered.

Next to Colonel Guthrie in importance was Sergeant Kitchen; as far as others could see, the Sergeant ranked in prestige above the commissioned officers. He was the antithesis of the Colonel in temper and temperament, and the most deliberate man in the Confederacy, a trait which he carried to an extent that in any other man, unless he was dead, would have smacked of affectation. But, like the hands of a clock, though he wasn't seen to move, he must have moved, because he never failed to arrive. He was the soul of method, and every minute had its appropriate and regular time. The only thing the spectator could swear to was that when he walked he wasn't going backward. Then there was Dr. Slicer, whose ambition was to join the cavalry and whose penchant for asking questions at inopportune moments was the Colonel's chief cross. The parade ground was the Town Hall lot, a piece of territory about an acre in area and sacred to every outdoor function from "one old cat" to auctioning off superfluous or recalcitrant niggers. It was surrounded by a brick wall, and at every dress parade we boys lined the wall, and when we were not laughing at the evolutions of the company we were hazarding speculations or offering suggestions till the old Colonel was on the point of apoplexy. Dress parade was inflicted upon the company tri-weekly, and everybody, black and white, was there who could get there. There was a pronounced individuality in performing the evolutions that appealed to all lovers of variety; no order was obeyed by any two at the same time, and in the same way, unless accidentally; and there were few accidents. Even now I cannot recall the dignified blunders of those old gentlemen without spasms of laughter.

We will suppose the company in line with eyes to the front, while the old Colonel, stiff legged it up and down the line, using his sword for a cane. "Now, gentlemen, when I give the order 'forward,' don't move." (A voice from the wall: "Look at Pa!") The Colonel: "Shut up, you miserable little cuss." "Billy Atkinson, yo' pa dunno how to drill." "He does." "He don't!" "Dont he, Colonel?" The Colonel: "Sergeant Kitchen, take yo' bayonet and poke those damn boys off that wall!" Sergeant Kitchen, approaching the wall and lunging lethargically at a boy. "Git down, an' you too, you impudent cusses." As one boy disappeared, another appeared, until the row of heads bobbed up and down like so many jacks in the box. This diversion scandalized the parade until the old Colonel, sputtering with fury, ordered Sergeant Kitchen to return to his position.

Then resuming where he had left off: "Now, gentlemen, when I give the order 'forward'—Judge Blaney, I wish you would take that chew of tobacco if you must, and quit hindering the drill." Judge Blaney: "Who—me?" The Colonel in a yell that split the firmament: "Dammet, suh! ain't I talkin' to you? Have you changed your name since roll call?" (Roars of laughter from the spectators and the ranks.) "Now, gentlemen, to begin again where I broke off, when I give the order 'forward'—Major Sneeden, didn't I tell you befo' about spitting in the ranks?" The Major—Who, me?" "Yes, suh, you; and the next man who says, 'Who, me' to me, suh, I'll report him to Gen. Bragg for aggravated insubordination. Once more: 'Tention; at the word 'forward,' don't move till I say 'march,' then step off smartly with the left foot. Now, altogether. Company, forward m——" Dr. Slicer—Kuronel, Kuronel." Col.—What do yo'

want now, suh? Can't you keep quiet? In the devil's name, speak." Dr. Slicer—I wanted to ask you, Kurnel, to advise us as to the relative advantage to be gained by stepping off with the left foot in preference to the right." The Col.—"Dry up, suh! You are a disgrace to this company, suh. I'll put you in the guard house. I repeat it, dry up, suh."

At last the column having been cussed into a little less disorder, filed into the street, headed by a bow-legged, bandy-shanked old nigger blowing a clarionet, assisted by another darky beating a drum; the whole cavalcade followed by a platoon of boys, the leader armed with a wooden sword and marching *stiff-legged.* But the Guard's band's repertoire was limited, and its only air "Git Out De Way, Ol' Dan Tucker" had been crucifying the public ear since the old Guard had been organized. The Colonel had for some time considered it another nail in his crucifixion, and at last he declared he could stand it no longer. So when the company halted for a rest, he called old Guy, the clarionet player, to him and opened his batteries: "Look here, suh, you play a new tune or I'll wear you out, suh. I hope the man who invented that tune will be made to listen to you playin' it when you both get to the place where you both belong, forever and ever." Old Guy—"Yas, suh." Which was all very well, but no sooner had the funeral procession resumed its pilgrimage than the wail of "Git Out De Way, Ol' Dan Tucker" once more polluted the atmosphere like the squall of an amorous Tom-cat. "You black, jimber jawed, jaybird heeled, music murderin' scoundrel," screamed the Colonel, with up-lifted sword stumping toward the offender, "didn't I tell you to play a new tune?" Guy (from a safe distance)—Dat is a new tune, Marse John; fo' Gawd it is, suh."

But at last the Old Home Guard was to see active service. Reports reached town that the Yankees were threatening Stump Sound, and their ships had been reconnoitering the city of Scuffletown, the Athens of that classic region. Many were the speculations rife. Everybody said he had always feared an eruption in that quarter, and wondered why the Government had left the country open to its enemies. But Squire Sneedon, of Tear Shirt Township was our chief oracle, not only was he in earnest, his earnestness was inspired; he was loaded with rhapsody to the muzzle. "No, gentlemen," he sighed, "I'm not 'sprised, 'case I knowed it!" "Why, Squire?" asked my father, "how did you know it?" "How did I know it, suh? Why, I seed it in the atmosphere." My father replied that he was not "up" on atmospheric conditions to any prophetic extent, but he had spent a day of exile on Stump Sound, and what puzzled him was, how even Yankee rapacity could covet such a place. Stump Sound was, and, I suppose, still is, about twenty miles from our town, and thither was ordered the Old Home Guard, and thither the Old Home Guard went, horse, foot and band.

On their arrival, tents were pitched, supper eaten, a council of war held, confusion drunk to the Yankees, and the army, including the sentries, slept on their arms. Thus things progressed for two days and nights, when Captain Thurston, who was dreaming the happy hours away on his beat, suddenly had a dream, and as it was of hostile cavalry, I presume we may call it a night *mare.* So vivid did the vision appear, and such solid shapes did it assume that he woke with a start to find himself beneath the hurrying hoofs of a squadron of—hogs. "Ya-ya-Yanks' cavalry," screamed the horrified veteran, dropping his gun and heading for town. The old musket, in falling, exploded with a report like the thunders of Sinai. All of which was more convincing to Major Partridge, the next sentinel, than an affidavit sworn to by Stonewall Jackson, and he also steered for "the haven where he would be." Three evenings after, meeting Captain Thurston in town, when the Captain would have addressed him, he drew himself up,

folded his shawl about him and declared: "I can speak to no man, suh, who deserts his post." The Captain, who stuttered, and, like all stutterers, was quicker at repartee than at any other kind of talk, replied: "Th-th-that's because I b-b-beat you to town."

In a day or two after, the rest of the company arrived to face what was worse than Yankees, a roar of laughter from one end of the town to the other. Not only had there been no invasion, even the origin of the false alarm was never discovered. But from then on, if any body was hankering for a fight, all he had to do was to hunt up Squire Beasely and ask if he had "seed any more Yankees in the atmosphere."

About this time an event happened of so sublimely ridiculous a nature that it has become one of the classic epics of our State. In the ranks of the Old Home Guard was an old gentleman of great dignity, General—well, we might as well call him Leggett. The General was eighty, if a day, six feet five inches tall, and the thinnest man I have ever seen. He seemed to be blessed with neither body nor neck; just a pair of legs surmounted by a head. But although he stood as high socially as physically, he was not a spotless sun. About the only spot, though, that could be detected on this exalted luminary appeared periodically in a mammoth spree. It didn't come often, but when it did arrive it made quite a stay. Not that the General ever fell other than temperately; all the liquor he could hold couldn't "throw" him. Where the liquor went is a mystery, for, unless his "legs were hollow" there appeared no space sufficient for its accommodation. But our community owes a lasting debt to the General, for never did he suffer a relapse without creating reminiscence material for the future.

Well, about two years prior to this particular and historic jag, a Confederate Major arrived from the front mortally wounded. As he was a stranger without funds, the General, with characteristic hospitality, took him from the hospital to his own house, where he soon died. Before death came, however, he called the General to his bedside and told him that all he had on earth was in the trunk he brought, and he wanted to leave it to him. After the funeral, the General, who lived alone, shoved the trunk under the bed, where it was soon forgotten until the old gentleman's last escapade. After he had got well "tead up," he, as was his custom, roamed about trying to find something by which to make this drunk as well worth remembering as the others. All at once he bethought him of the Major's trunk, and headed for home. It was now about one o'clock in the morning, with cloudless sky and a full moon. Arriving home, he soon fished out the trunk and opened it; there he found the Major's other uniform, with boots, sword, spurs and large felt hat with its immense black ostrich plume. Doffing his own clothes, he soon had on the Major's outfit. The fact that the Major had been no more than five feet in height was immaterial to the General, who sallied forth like another Don Quixote in search of adventure.

For perhaps an hour his quest was fruitless, until happening to parade down a by-street, he espied a young white man leaning over a gate holding a whispered consultation with a young lady of cafe-au-lait complexion and curly hair. So intent were they that neither saw the General, who was lurking in the shadows until he was opposite. Then tip-toing across the street, he unsheathed his sword, drew it back, and with all his might brought the flat of it across the most conspicuous feature of the youth's anatomy, accompanying it with a yell that made the welkin ring. The young man turned (who wouldn't) and catching sight of the horrible apparition armed cap-a-pie with the black plumes and uplifted sword flashing in the moonlight like an avenging angel, let out a deafening screech and took to his heels, the General in hot pursuit. Street af-

ter street they traversed, the victim ever and anon looking behind only to see that which made him quicken his pace. By this time, every window along the route was open and packed with heads, while, upon the rear of the performers, hung about a quarter of a mile of dogs, each yard furnishing its contingent as pursued and pursuer flashed by. I don't know how the affair would have ended had not the young man espied a high board fence with a board off; through this he darted, and the General after him. But the General, to quote his own words, "not being so intimately acquainted with the territory," fell into a ditch, from which he was extracted by some half-dressed men, who escorted him home. But the affair not only sobered the General, but it cured him of drinking, and from that day to his death several years after he was never known to touch intoxicants. As to the young man, nobody could swear to his identity, but a certain youth speedily earned the reputation all over North Carolina of being the only listener who never laughed when the tale was told.

IN NEW YORK

I miss them so, the little friendly grasses,
That shout a godspeed to each one that passes;
The flowers that laugh up impudently, shyly,
The gossip-loving vines, serene and wily;
The winds that sway the boughs, and bend them lightly,
And open all the doors for you politely;
The trees that look out eagerly to spy
Just where you're going, and conjecture why.

I miss them all, the friends that used to know me,
The giggling little brook that romped below me—
(Occasionally the sky would lean and kiss me;
I wonder if the whispering willows miss me?)
If I could be again where someone knew me!
To know that some one cares what happens to me!
I miss the friendly hands, the touch of cheer,

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

High mountains in Summit Creek, showing glaciers between the peaks. These glaciers are all dead and receding every year.

A British Columbia Trail

By Marguerita Dinsmore Backus

LET the reader imagine himself at Cooper City, a little hamlet, or rather a rude camp, of several log cabins, one hundred and ten miles east of Prince Rupert, on the Skeena river. It is on the line of the new Grand Trunk and Pacific Railroad, just opening from ocean to ocean. The Skeena is a large, swift and very beautiful river which comes down from the great mountains and glaciers to the far north. At the proper season this river is fairly choked with mighty swarms of salmon pushing their way up to the spawning grounds many miles above. The Copper, a smaller but still more romantic stream, joins the Skeena at Copper City. It also comes down from the untrodden solitudes of great mountains and deep canyons. Following up the general course of this river, the Canadian Government has opened a trail for a distance of seventy five miles. It was built at a cost of $70,000, and while, in many places very steep and narrow, is yet a remarkably good trail for pedestrians. Horses are very scarce in this country, and besides, in many places the trail is dangerous for horses. Hence they are but little used. About forty miles up this trail there are extensive deposits of valuable iron ore, in which my husband is interested, and as he was about to make a trip to the property, it was determined that I should accompany him. This was considered quite a hazardous venture, as no woman had ever gone over this trail, as it involved carrying a considerable

Looking up Copper River Valley from a point in the trail. This photograph was taken in the "ruined timber country."

pack, and generally, roughing it in the mighty wilderness where the only living creatures to be met were wild animals, including bear, both black and grizzly. But both my husband and myself believed that youth, health, nerve and muscle toughened by much practice on the golf links and in tramping in the mountains, would make even a woman equal to the arduous task. After our preparations were made we had to wait several days for clear weather, as in this country rain is the rule and clear weather the exception. At last the rain ceased, a bright day came, and we set out. This was the middle of August. Philip (my husband) carried his heavy load on a pack-saddle, of which there are many kinds. The one favored here consists of a light frame of wood, 15 by 30 inches, over which are stretched bands of strong canvas, and on this is corded the pack, with hollow spaces beneath to let in air between the load and the shoulders. My saddle was made of a pair of overalls, the upper part holding the load, and the legs used as loops to pass under the arms and over the shoulders, all being securely fastened. We were warmly dressed in flannel shirts, knickerbockers, putees, etc. and carried our mackinaws in case of rain which is always to be expected. In order to be burdened as little as possible, we concluded to take but one rifle—a Savage—and a Colt's revolver, and in addition I carried my light prospector's pick, as it is useful in helping one up steep places.

Before we had gone a mile, my ten-pound pack seemed to weigh a hundred pounds, and I began to groan inwardly on considering the long and taxing trip before me. Just then, to my great joy, there came along a young Irish ranger whom we knew, leading his pack-pony. He graciously and with the gallantry of his race, offered to relieve me of my load and also of some of our supplies.

The effect of this on my spirits can be imagined, and we blest the young Irishman as he passed on and disappeared from sight.

The Government has built rough cabins a day's journey apart, scantily furnished with a few cooking utensils and bare bunks round the walls. Our destination the first day was a cabin fourteen and a half miles distant. This part of the trail climbs up the mountains a thousand feet, and then winds round a series of bluffs between each two of which is a deep draw or canyon, down which boils and roars a beautiful mountain stream. There are fourteen of these draws, and it was

Takakkaw Falls, Yoho Valley

Sei Donald from Mount Abbott

Paradise Valley and Mt. Hungabel

All ready for trapping. Clothed in a mackinaw suit.

mighty hard work to go carefully down the steep trail to the stream which was crossed either by a rude bridge or a log, and then creep up the other wall.

There were times when I was glad to get such grip as I could on the wall of rock, for on the brow of these bluffs the precipice on the outside would drop sheer several hundred feet to the stream below. But what wonderful views met our eyes at such places!

The latter half of the way we passed through a vast tract of burnt timber, where fire had wrought its black desolation, and here our view was uninterrupted. Above us rose the bare, fire-swept slopes, gay with bright berries and shrubs, while far below was the beautiful Copper river, green in color, full of roaring rapids, now tearing through a narrow gorge, and now spreading out into a broad and shining stream, dotted with exquisite little islands, but always swift and dangerous.

Across the deep canyon were steep, heavily timbered slopes, solid green, while far above towered the great snow covered mountains, with still higher cliffs of grey rock pushing their heads into the clouds.

At noon, we stopped, made tea, and rested for an hour.

The afternoon's walk was a hard one, for in five miles we went up and down nine draws, and I had acquired an angry blister on my heel. The great event of this afternoon was my first sight of a glacier. I had fallen behind a few rods, having reached the stage where I began to realize the fact that this pilgrimage was no sport, when Phil called me to come round the brow of the bluff and look. My weariness left me in a moment, for there, across the canyon was an immense expanse of snow, faced at the lower edge with a rough green wall of ice. It was a great sight, one never to be forgotten. The great extent of this field of snow and ice, the impression of massiveness, and the irresistible power of its slow movement down the mountain side, together with the silence, the solitude and the sublimity of the surroundings, had a profound influence on sense and imagination.

Late in the afternoon we started down a long and very steep incline, and ere long, we were delighted to descry at the bottom of the descent, nestling among the trees and by a pretty stream, our cabin and camp for the night. There we found our young Irish ranger and two other men. One was a trapper and guide, quite a character in his way, and not a bad way either, and the other was a quiet, shrinking young fellow, with a rather strange, but interesting face and a half-frightened manner. In addition to some casting-flie in the band of his hat, the most noticeable thing about him was his extreme shyness, for whenever I appeared it was the signal for him to fade away, and as I was somewhat restless that evening, he was kept pretty busy dodging about. I was much accentuated by the fact that the sight of a white woman was so

rare an event in his experience. Anyhow, it seemed to affect him decidedly.

The trapper—Merrifield, by name—insisted on cooking our supper, and as he was a good cook we were glad to let him have his way, and our doing so was amply justified, for when all was ready, we dug in and cleaned up pretty much everything in sight. In addition to the skill of the cook, the toils of the day had put a very keen edge on our appetite. These men of the wilderness, although wanting in the polish of the schools and the veneering of fashionable life, have a native courtesy and genuine politeness about them which touch us no little.

I was told later, that after I left, Charlie waxed very bold and assured his comrades that he was not the least afraid of me, as I looked just like a school-boy.

The sleeping arrangements in the cabin were quite primitive, consisting of a long bunk across one end of the cabin covered with pine boughs. Phil and I wrapped ourselves in our blankets and lay down at one end, while the three men curled up at the other. I slept fairly well considering the novelty of the situation, and the fact that I forgot to empty my pockets of my knife, fishing tackle, drinking-cup and numerous other articles which soon began to feel somewhat lumpy. Besides, I was afraid to stretch out my feet lest I might touch Charlie, when he would flee to the woods. My Irish terrier—Tim—slept under the bunk and in the middle of the night created quite a sensation by dashing out after a big wood rat which got into the place.

The next morning we were up bright and early, and after a wash in the stream, and a hearty breakfast, started up the trail. Phil's pack was considerably lighter, for we cached a pair of blankets and some supplies against our return. These we made into a bundle and suspended from the rafters by a few feet of rope out of the reach of the bush rats which infest the woods. There is never any stealing,

Results of a grouse shoot.

and goods thus left are as safe as if under lock and key. There is an unwritten law, however, which provides that traders and trappers may enter any cabin and use provisions found there in case it is absolutely necessary. There were five or six other bundles suspended from the rafters though some of them had been there for several weeks.

The trail now led us up a long hill, and then down a very steep one for a couple of miles to the level of the river, when we had to travel quite a long distance over sandy flats.

Before entering these, however, we had to cross a stream ordinarily only knee deep, but owing to the fact that the beavers had built a dam a short distance below, it was now several feet deep. The rangers, however, had felled a large tree across it, so we had no trouble in crossing. We hastened over the flats, as the mosquitoes, which in certain localities, are the terror of this region, were extremely abundant and excessively vicious, and then we

Upper—Mt. Lefroy and the Lefroy Glacier. Mt. Victoria and the Victoria Glacier. Lower—Entrance to Valley of Twin Peaks, Mt. Babel in foreground.

Early morning reflections, Lake Louise

climbed up a slope into a mighty forest. This part of the trail is exceedingly beautiful, for it was level and straight, leading through vast cathedral aisles, with giant spruce and hemlock trees on either side, making a delightful canopy. On every hand were bright flowers and curious fungi, some a beautiful burnt orange in color and fluted like huge petals of the poppy. The woods were comparatively free from undergrowth and the trunks of the trees were like mammoth columns, with here and there, birch trees for variety.

After leaving the woods, we climbed up and down several deep draws, and I was thoroughly tired when we reached Salmon Creek, our luncheon place. This is a fine stream, fifty feet wide, clear and swift, and gave promise of good fishing, but I was too tired to be interested in that.

I lay down in the middle of the corduroy bridge, while Phil made a fire, prepared the meal, and when I awoke, everything was ready. Our piece de resistance consisted of a couple of fat grouse, which we had shot while passing through the timber. We skewered them on sticks with a slice of bacon, and roasted them to a delicate brown. The meat on the breasts is white and delicious. We certainly enjoyed our meal, with plenty of tea made in a lard bucket, together with hard-tack and cheese.

The trail in the afternoon took us up and down hill, mostly in sight of the river, now in the forest, and now on a ledge overhanging the river. This day's trail was well marked with mileposts, made by hewing off the bark on trees and carving the distance on the bare place. Late this afternoon we came to our destination, right in the heart of a great mountain forest. It was a new cabin a few yards from the bank of the Copper, and as the only trees cut down were those used in its

In the Asulkan Valley, showing Asulkan Creek and Menotah Falls.

Upper—Portion of the Asulkan Glacier, showing Mts. Leda, Palux and Castor.
Lower—View from Lake Agnes Trail

construction, the cabin was almost buried in the deep green of the vast woods.

An ice-cold little stream gurgled and sparkled within just a few feet of the rear of the cabin. The cooking was done in front under the overhanging eaves. Two long stout iron bars, held in place by a big back-log, made the fire-place, and the cabin was furnished with four tin pots and two frying-pans.

Phil showed me how to make a "bannoch," a substitute for bread, made in a frying-pan, and very good it is. After dinner, we removed the bars and heaped the fire with great logs, for the air here gets pretty chilly after sundown. We stretched out in the heat, relaxed our weary muscles and enjoyed an hour or two of solid comfort. The evening camp-fire is a great institution here, for no matter how toilsome the day or how great the discomfort endured, the red glow and the genial warmth of the big fire are regarded as sufficient compensation.

The bunks in this cabin are what might be called fierce. Three uneven split slabs covered with a blanket can hardly be called a downy couch. I do not mind a hard bed, but when it is full of knots and sharp edges, even my well padded bones rebel. After an hour or two of turning and twisting, punctuated with low but emphatic language, Phil proposed moving to the floor, but as that was quite as rough as the bunk, and besides, numerous rats were scampering about, I objected. So we worried through till morning. It was raining when we got up, but our first work after breakfast was to cut hemlock boughs and pad the boards six inches deep. That day we rested and got our bean pots going. Towards evening I went out along the river and cast for trout, easily securing enough for supper, but other than that I took life easy. The next day we went up the trail some miles and there crossed the river by an aerial ferry. This is

a wire cage suspended on a continuous cable, and the passenger pulls himself over the stream. The cable is hung about thirty feet above the river, and the ride is rather exhilarating. After landing, we went up an extremely narrow and difficult trail into the heavy timber, and for three hours through the vast forest, up and down draws, crossing streams, but all the time steadily climbing, until we came to the summit of our ridge, where a most wonderful view opened up before our eyes. At our feet, a beautiful stream leaped down two hundred feet in a fall; directly ahead lay a deep valley extending into the hazy distance, while on either side were heavily wooded slopes stretching far away and swelling into lofty white peaks. This is the carribou country, and some day we intend to make an expedition into it. It is also the haunt of the grizzly and other big game, including mountain goats and mountain sheep, for it is almost unknown, as but one white man claims to have been through it. Here I rested, while Phil examined the coal showings which he had come to see. After lunching on chocolate and ice water, which latter could be dipped out of the stream, we started down the mountain. Just before reaching the river we came to the Retnayankora Creek, a heavy, deep and rapid stream tearing through a wild and very deep canyon. On the bank near its mouth is the cabin of Gabriel, an old and very noted French trapper, who has wondered among these mountains for many years, and who is the only man who has ever been in the carribou country spoken of above. This old man of the mountains, who has lived in this vast wilderness alone so long, apart from human habitations and companionships, as may well be believed, is a very quaint, unique and interesting man. He is a good packer and guide, said to be completely trustworthy, and knows the wilderness and the mountains with all their wild and savage life, as few living men do, yet he cannot read a word. It is not easy to enter into the experience of such a man, shut in during the long winters, without seeing a human form or hearing a human voice for months, and unable to read, even if he had the books. No wonder most of these men are considered a "little off." On his door was nailed a sheet of clean birch bark, and on it he had drawn a really good likeness of his dog, "Jumbo," with a pack on his back, then an arrow pointing down the trail, with four little vertical lines, and finally the face of a clock with a hand pointing to the figure 7. All this was a message to his partner, saying that he had started down the trail on Wednesday at seven o'clock to get more supplies. Rather clever, I thought.

On the way home we shot some ptarmigan for our supper, failing to see any grouse, our favorite bird. On the day following, Phil started off alone, and came home with the head of a mountain goat as a souvenir. I spent the day, when not dozing, in chopping a small tree into logs for our fire. I succeeded in getting more chips than anything else, but finally got it into three sections, though rather mangled at the ends.

At length the time came for us to strike the trail for home. We cached a blanket and such supplies as we expected not to need, in the cabin, to be used by such other pilgrims as might need them more than we did. But what was left, with the goat's head, gave Phil rather a heavy pack. In the middle of the forenoon, as we were trudging along, Phil cried out: "There is a bear." We were just rounding a point twenty-five feet above the river, and the bear—a large grizzly—was swimming across. The current was very swift, and the bear was drifting too fast to be a good target. Phil fired at him, but the bear scrambled up the opposite bank and disappeared in the woods, and there was no way for us to cross.

A little later I saw my first mountain goat. He was high up on a cliff and looked like a small patch of white. The hair is very long and hangs down so low that, at a distance, the animal

looks as if he had no legs. He was too far away for a shot from where we were, and too inaccessible to be reached.

It was extremely warm on the trail that day, and the mosquitoes were frightfully annoying, so when late in the day we landed at the cabin, I was very tired, and threw myself on the bunk, too weary to take off my hat. Our dog was fussing round the bunk, and in a minute unearthed an enormous rat. It fled to the door, the dog after it. Just then Phil stepped in the doorway and the rat ran up the wall close to my head. I bounced up on the bunk and from there to the top of the table, a rickety affair. Phil had shut the door, and we were all in there together, and all yelping in different keys. To my horror, it headed round the room right towards me and perched on the log over the table, not three inches from my head. I yelled to be lifted off the table, and as Phil pulled me down, I flew out of the place and sank down on a log outside, when looking up, I saw that the rat had followed a beam through the wall and was right over my head again. So I fled again, and leaped to the top of a high stump, a thing I should not have thought of attempting ordinarily. Just then Phil shot the beast with his pistol, and so ended the row.

I put in a very uncomfortable night, for there were other rats around, and every now and then the dog would rush out and make a dreadful racket. I had my head wrapped in a blanket, and it seemed that morning would never come. To add to the discomfort, it rained steadily, and the roof leaked, letting the rain come in right over our heads. After breakfast the next morning, we started off in the rain, as I had no further use for that place. Phil laughed till he cried over the episode of the afternoon, but I could see no humor in it at all. We were soon very wet, but as we were now on the last leg of the journey we did not mind it much, and kept right on. While we were passing through the "burnt timber," I had a scare for an hour or two. A heavy wind sprang up, and soon there was a dreadful cracking, and down fell a great tree quite near us, and for the rest of the trip through this timber, the big burnt trees were constantly crashing down all around us. It was a great relief to get among the green trees again. We did not stop for luncheon on account of the incessant rain, and afterwards were glad we did not, for when we were about four miles from home a heavy thunder storm came up. We were down in the canyon near the river, and the crashing and roaring and reverberating of the thunder in that narrow gorge, and among the mountains, presented a spectacle which once seen is not likely to be forgotten, but which most people will deem once quite enough for a lifetime. Soon the rain came down in torrents, and we took shelter for a time under a giant spruce, hoping the downpour would slacken, but as there were no signs of that, and we were soaked anyhow, we struck out again. We crossed some sandy flats and a stream, when suddenly the rain turned to hail. I never before saw anything like it. In the heavy wind the drops of ice struck us with great force and stung like bullets. Soon the ground was covered three inches deep with this hail. Splashing through the stream, we started up the mountain again. This part of the trail is considered the most dangerous, as it is sheer down hundreds of feet, and so narrow that in places the rocks have been supplemented with logs. There was no stopping here, although the water was streaming down the trail. Phil warned me to keep close to the rock wall, and hang on to any jutting bit of stone I could find, and when I could not see where to step for the water, to feel for the loose rocks with my pick-handle. I went ahead because I could not bear to look at him with that heavy pack on his back, when a misstep would be fatal. We hurried along when we could, and crept slowly and carefully when we could do nothing else, the rain meanwhile falling in sheets. The streams were fast be-

coming rushing, roaring torrents, and the last one we crossed the water was up to my waist, and Phil had to steady me with the ever-useful pick, lest I be swept from my feet. From there we went carefully down, down, until the last flat came in sight and the trail ending, we took the road. The water was half the time to my knees, but we went ahead, for the bottom was firm and we could not be wetter anyhow. We did the last two miles in double-quick, and when at length we reached our little cabin, how good it did look. The roof did not leak a drop, but the rain came down the stove-pipe, and it took an hour or two to dry it out sufficiently to make a fire. It poured for an hour after we arrived, and the trappers tell us that, in this land of big storms, this was the worst on record. However, we escaped without even a cold, and the most amusing thing of all was that, after complaining of the lumpy bunks we had slept on during the trip, and often remarking how good those in our cabin were in comparison, when I came to try my own, the horrid thing was so *soft* I could not sleep until I got used to it.

THE HOMING HEART

Sometimes I look in your unseeing eyes,
And know your spirit has slipped far away
To some imaginary Paradise.

Or found, rejoicing, at the pathway's end
Of that dim trail leading to Yesterday,
A once beloved and unforgotten friend.

But when your eyes are conscious of my gaze
Your soul returns to mingle with my own,
As the freed dove, threading the azure ways,

Circling the airy skies in shining rings,
Returns to where his caged mate broods alone,
So fares your soul on even swifter wings.

And if you left me and you traveled far,
Across the rolling world, across the sea,
Where other stars and other roof-trees are,

Sometime, at sunset, when the light-hung flower
Hangs pendant on the stem, and tenderly
Hangs, between day and night, the evening hour,

Sometime, at sunset, when the birds fly home
Through the translucent quality of light,
With eager, lilting wings, you, too, would come,

Turning your face toward me, love would wake,
Watching their wild undeviating flight,
Your heart a homing bird for my love's sake.

LUCY BETTY MCRAYE.

A Leader in Practical Ideals

By Henry Meade Bland

IT WAS a little more than fifty years ago that Henry Durant, with an ax defended his title, against a saloon keeper, to the little building in West Oakland, which was the cradle of the University of California. In 1899, when Benjamin Ide Wheeler became President of the University, he hunted up this old ax, put it in his private office, and whenever since, the welfare of the University has been threatened, our brandishment of the weapon has brought the enemy to terms.

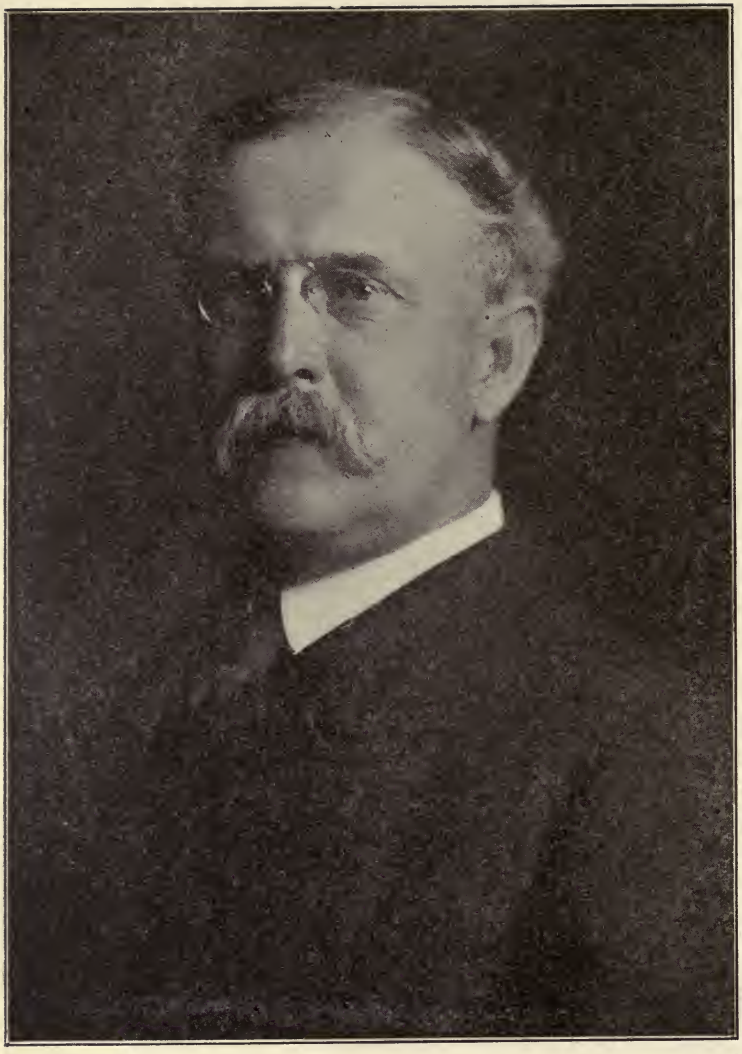
If Dr. Wheeler's decade and a half of management of the University were to be clearly characterized, the one word "Positiveness" would without doubt indicate his policy. He has known clearly where he wanted to go, and the State of California has given him full leave to go, as is clearly shown by the State's recent gift of $1,800,000 for the University's support.

It seems strange that a book-worm of a youth who devoted his whole time to Greek roots and Latin cases and conjunctions, should have at the same time a real touch with the ways of the world; and yet those who have studied President Wheeler's career at Berkeley as reflected not only in his acts but in his messages to the student and to the public know that the two extremes of character meet in the man.

When he came to the University the time was ripe for rapid expansion. What was necessary to start the work was a skilled hand to unify the scattered influences clustering around the Campus. Dr. Martin Kellog, who gave way to the new president, had not by any means failed in the position; but his work had long ago been rounded up in the class-room. It was fitting that the regents should honor this pioneer teacher with the presidency while they were hunting the younger man they needed. The State desired two things, it wanted a virile environment for the education of its young people; it wanted the young people to be drawn to that environment. The first problem was difficult. The support of the University had been in the hands of the State Legislature, which granted the biennial appropriation, sometimes most willingly, sometimes rather niggardly, so that the college had to depend on the fluctuations of politics for its current support. The passage of a law giving the University a permanent pro rata of the State tax rate not to be changed at the whim of legislatures was the first substantial move of the Wheeler administration to soundly finance the University.

The first step having thus been made, the way was opened for that other source of educational munificence, the liberality of those who had won great fortunes.

The President had already paved the way for a State wide interest in higher education by leading a crusade of his faculty among the people of the State, in which from the lecture platform and through the press the story of what the University could do was clearly told. As a result, where there were hundreds of students in the earlier days there came in the new days thousands for the new cult and the message, the new opportunity to make useful lives, and now came the demand for more recitation and lecture rooms, more libraries and laborator-



Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President University of California

ies, more machinery and apparatus; and the response to this demand is shown in the Greek Theatre, the Hearst mining Building, the Boalt School of Law, the Franklin Doe Library, and then the two striking art gifts, the Sather Gate and the Campanile. Parallel with this architectural expansion stands the satisfactory fact that the young people of the West are enrolled in the various colleges and courses to the number of nearly eight thousand.

Dr. Wheeler is yet in his prime. Born in 1854, he showed a predilection to linguistics; and, after graduation from Brown University, he taught first in Providence High School and then as a tutor in his Alma Mater. His hunger for knowledge led him to Germany, and here he studied Classical Philology. For four years he labored in Europe, studying by turns at Berlin, at Leipsic, Jena and Heidelberg. At the culmination of his labor, Heidelberg bestowed upon him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, *summa cum laude*.

Back in America he taught German at Harvard, and in 1886 he went to Cornell as Professor of Comparative Philology. In 1895-6 he was again in Europe as Professor of the Greek language in the American School of

Classical Languages, Athens, Greece. He aided in excavations at the site of old Corinth, and was one of the judges at the first modern revival of ancient Olympian games. In 1896 Princeton at the sesqui-centenary conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL. D., and in 1899, out of a large number of famous scholars, considered for the place he was chosen president of the University of California.

Dr. Wheeler came West at a time when the demand was more than ever that education should meet the demands of real life; and it is because he recognized this situation that he has been able to understand the material needs of the University. Hence, under his encouragement, not only expansion in the two practical schools—Mining and Civil Engineering—has taken place, but the splendid increase in usefulness of the Agricultural College, which puts advanced methods in the hands of the fruit-grower and the farmer.

Remarkable as have been the President's contributions to the outward growth to the University, his influence upon the intellectual life of the school has been quite as clear; and this intellectual influence has been due to a few definite practical life-principles, behind which he has entrenched himself. First of all, he insists upon making the real touch between learning and life. Take his latest Commencement address: "The rate at which your knowledge will ripen into wisdom depends in considerable part upon your distinguishing between what is important and what is relatively unimportant. Some people seem never to know any difference between the foot notes and the head lines. What is true about knowledge is true about the general business of living; sooner or later if you are going to live the life of wisdom, you will have to make up your minds what things are worth while—what things are worth while for you—you and your goal being what they are; and you will have to gather together the will to do those things which are worth while and leave out those things which are meaningless."

The President calls his philosophy of living "The Abundant Life." "I am come," he quotes from the Gospel, "that they may have life, and that they may have it more abundantly." "Life is nourished of life," he tells his students, and it will remain in the future as it has been in the past that the nurtures of the simpler larger life and the culture of the sounder health will proceed by use of the products of life. Life is begotten of life, and it will remain in the future as it has been in the past that the health of the spiritual life passes neither from book or subject, but from the life of the master to the life of the pupil. The greatest education is the giving of life, and the greatest teacher is the one who came that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly.

The President's pedagogical views are consonant also with these same views.

"One cannot teach," he says, "a subject he does not embody; one cannot teach mere knowledge. It is what he conveys himself not what he knows that counts. A teacher must have, therefore, more than a second-hand knowledge of a subject. What is learned from text books or casual reading is worse than no knowledge as equipment for a teacher. One must have been trained in work at the sources, in first hand materials, in what is called research. That is, one must have been at some time or other, if no more than once, out upon the picket line of truth's advance."

Since 1899 the University has grown from a small institution to a rank in the United States second only, in number of students, to Columbia University, New York; while in the growth of its Agricultural department, in the uniqueness of its Greek Amphitheatre, and in its famous subsidiary institutions, such as Lick Observatory at Mt. Hamilton, its work ranges from the most practical farm arts to the discovery of a comet or the interpretation of a spiritual law.

Poetry and the Spirit

By Everett Earle Stanard

IF IT IS GOOD and necessary to improve our minds and grow spiritually, then it is good for us to read poetry. If we are interested in our own characters, then we can scarcely afford to neglect the poets. Character is the sum-total of a man's thought and action, and the action is, of course, the direct result of the thought. It is safe to say that a man is never more nor less than the thoughts which he thinks. Now poetry helps to direct and mold one's thoughts. Thus it is instrumental in forming a beautiful and growing character. It is the great business of poetry to address the real man, the soul, and not only to address the soul, but also to minister unto it. In other words, poetry (the finest and best poetry) is spiritual in its appeal. The essence of poetry is *beauty*, and because the effect of beauty upon the mind is to elevate and exalt, poetry is spiritually ennobling.

There are numbers of people who admit that poetry is concerned with the beautiful, but for that very reason they think that it is of very little consequence. They pride themselves upon being "practical," and so have no time for skies, birds, bees, flowers, rainbows or sonnets concerning these "inconsequential things." To these persons, the poet is merely a moonstruck idler. They ought to be compelled to read James Russell Lowell's poem, "The Shepherd of King Admetus" in order to get a true sense of values, and to learn what things really are the most lasting and useful and practical. Were the poets to do no more than call attention to the beauty of field and wood, stream and sky, they would still be indispensable. If the bard neglected to do this service, pray who would do it? Probably nobody. Some thinkers assert that the world is quite bad enough with the beauty thrown in. What, then, if it were removed and we were left only the ugliness! Concerning the practical use of beauty, of sonnets in particular, Charles Francis Richardson, in his essay, "The Place of Poetry in Life," writes:

"A man who succeeds in making a good sonnet is as practical as a man who manufactures a good wheel barrow. A perfect sonnet is rare. All the ages have produced only a few—some say not a hundred altogether. Yet the little group of Shakespeare's is of more value, has been of more use to mankind, then millions of wheel barrows."

This essayist goes on to say:

"Yet the world could get on without sonnets (you say), and it could not dispense with wheel barrows. Yes: but that depends upon your idea of the world. To me, a world constructed wholly on the wheel barrow plan would be intolerable. It is bad enough with the sonnets mixed in."

No, beauty is not useless; and it is not necessarily ephemeral. Poetry should have at least as much place in our lives as we give to wheel barrows.

There may be some who will not agree that poetry is necessarily beautiful. However, it is pretty safe to say that ugly poems, if they exist at all, are not other than curiosities or monstrosities. In Shelley's poem, "The Sensitive Plant," there is a vivid description of a garden which the freezing blasts of winter are rendering putrid and foul. But this description is so finely poetic that no one would

think of calling the poem ugly. What does this indicate? It indicates that the essense of Art is Beauty. In this particular case, Shelley's imagery, rhyme and metre atone for his prepossessing theme. Swinburne's verses, though often lascivious and immoral, are, because of their marvelous melody, nobly beautiful. In the same way Goethe's art renders grimly grand that old rascal and arch-enemy of mankind, Mephistopheles. Also we find that Milton's hero is Satan. Seldom is true poetry other than beautiful, for though it treat of ruin, crime, disease, sin and death, art will beautify and immortalize it.

Nowadays, Poe's word upon this subject is pretty generally accepted. In his essay, "The Poetic Principle," he wrote: "I would define, in brief, the poetry of words as the Rhymical Creation of Beauty. I make Beauty, therefore, using the word as inclusive of the sublime. I make Beauty the province of the poem." Now, although this is undoubtedly a true conception, it must not for a moment be forgotten that beauty is of varying degree, and that, in consequence, some poems are far more noble than others. There is a beauty of material things; also, a beauty of spiritual things: a beauty of matter, and a beauty of mind. John Raymond Howard in his article entitled " After All, What is Poetry?" quotes, in regard to this broad province of the poem the following passage from Dr. William Hayes Ward:

"A poem is, first of all, beautiful, beautiful in its content of thought, and beautiful in its expression through words. . . .

"The first and chief element in a poem is beauty of thought, and that beauty may relate to any department, material, mental or spiritual in which beauty may reside. Such poetry may describe a misty desert, a flowery mead, a feminine form, a ruddy sky, a rhythmic waterfall, a blue bird's flutterings, receding thunder, a violet's scent, the spicy tang of apples, the thrill of clasped arms and a lover's kiss. Or it may rise higher, and rest in the relation of things, in similes and metaphors; it may infuse longing and love and passion; it may descant fair reason and meditative musing. Or, in highest flight, beauty may range over the summits of lofty purpose, inspiring patriotism, devotion, sacrifice, till it becomes one with the love of man and God, even as the fading outline of a mountain melts into the blue sky which envelopes it.

"Dominant over all beauty is moral beauty. All highest flights of poetry must range in the empyrean."

Before we say anything about these "highest flights" of poetry, let us briefly consider such poetry as is informed by material instead of spiritual beauty.

There is a great deal of fine poetry which takes for its theme the beauty of material things, and few of these poems we could bear to lose. Bryant, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Keats and Wordsworth were continually calling attention to forms and colors which are perceived by the sensual eye, and which are external to the mind. For example, Emerson's poem, "The Snow Storm," takes for its subject "The frolic architecture of the snow." The subject is beautiful and the poetry is fine, but it is all descriptive of a beauty seen in the material world. The theme is not here of love, joy, hate or any of the human emotions or ideas, and hence is not "spiritual." In a like manner, the poem, "Each and All," by Emerson, is concerned with beauty of nature alone. It treats of the rolling river, the morning bird, the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.

When William Wordsworth began writing, the world as a whole was blind to all of this beauty of nature. How can we ever hope to thank them enough—those poets who opened the sightless eyes and unstopped the deaf ears? How can we praise them enough who awakened the sleepers from their slumber of death? Truly it was a noble service to cause us to appreciate the beauty of things around us; but that was not the whole ser-

vice which these poets rendered us, nor was it the most important part of the service. William Wordsworth was more than a describer of natural scenes. His program sonnet, "The World is Too Much With Us," outlines a grander work than that; for, after those days of youth when "the torrent haunted him like a passion" and his heart lept up in joy at sight of the rainbow, Wordsworth's spiritual eyes were opened, so that the beauty of things in the world of nature gradually became subordinated to that finer beauty which is of ideas and the soul. All natural and human things became suggestive of, and symbolical of things spiritual and eternal.

The grandest poetry, therefore, deals with moral truth, deep human emotion, and the high things of the imagination. How true for him who has been lifted into this realm the words of Goethe in "Faust":

"Of woods and fields the eye will soon grow weary;
I'd never envy the wild birds their wings:
How different are the pleasures of the mind!"

Keats, too, was more than a mere describer of the things he loved in nature. It is admitted by all that his poetry is most beautiful; but some critics speak as though he were in love with sensual things only. The fact is, Keats was *frequently* trying to express to his fellows the grandeur of a music which he heard, not of lips but of spirit. In this connection, his own words are applicable:

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter, therefore, ye soft pipes play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone."

This is that highest flight of beauty, and its home is in the empyrean of the mind. Quaint old Edward Dyer well understood the worth of intellectual beauty. He wrote:

"My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I finde
As farre exceeds all earthly bliss
That God or nature hath assigned."

Unto that poet who is greater than a mere describer, nature is like a vast collection and store house of symbols and types. Each scene and every object is apt to suggest to him some noble spiritual truth. For that high priest of nature, William Wordsworth, all the forms and shapes perceived by the sensual organs were scarcely more than suggestions of other forms and shapes which are mental in character. This is admirably shown by the poem, "The Simplon Pass." The waters of that mountainous place, the black drizzling crags, the unfettered clouds, tumult and peace, darkness and light, were all to him

"Types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first and midst and last and without end."

The effect of physical beauty upon the mind, therefore, is to stimulate the powers of imagination. It enables the poet (who is the man dowered with great imagination) to apprehend those things not known of the fleshly organs. The seer's imagination once aroused, all things take on a deep meaning. The bird's song becomes intelligible, the moan of the wind is accounted for, and the music of waters is no longer a mystery. Whitman, in "A Word Out of the Sea," tells us what things the waters of ocean are typical of, and what thing it is that the sea says. The Ode "Dejection," written by Coleridge, records the wonderful things that the night wind suggested to the mind of a mighty poet. In "The Spring's Secret" is recorded what was said one day by "the weltering water" to the mournful soul of Rossetti. When nature speaks to the soul of the poet in this way, we say that he is inspired. All things are then types and symbols.

Sometimes, it is true, the poet is unable to interpret. Browning in "James Lee's Wife," asks over and over what it is that the wind is saying on stormy nights, and what it means by its moaning. He knows that it means something, is typical of something vital, but is unable to tell what. Kingsley said that he was sure every object had an inner meaning. When he could see this inner meaning he was happy, and then his finest poetry was written. Wordsworth held much the same view. Spencer, in his "Hymn to Heavenly Beauty," outlined not only his own attitude in regard to beauty of matter and beauty of soul, but also the attitude of poets in general. I quote from that poem:

"Beginning then below with the easy view
Of this base world, subject to fleshly eye;
From thence aloft to mount by order due,
To contemplation of the immortal sky."

Thus, we may say that the poet is continually rising from earth. Take for example that little masterpiece written by Oliver Wendel Holmes, "The Chambered Nautilus." Five stanzas—devoted to what? After glancing through the poem you reply: "Devoted to the praise of a certain little shell." If this be true, then material beauty is the informing power, and (as we have said that material beauty ennobles and does not degrade) it would seem that the poem is here already justified and given an "excuse for being." But in this poem Holmes is doing more than describing a beautiful shell, and the poem is not concerned chiefly with natural beauty. Least important are those lines that concern the empty shell and the humble tenant that once dwelt there. The most important lines are spiritual in their appeal. What this little sea-animal suggested and was typical of —that is the important part, and there is the noblest poetry:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my Soul!
As the swift seasons roll,
Leave thy low vaulted Past,
Let each new temple, nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

The poet is continually rising from earth, and he takes us with him. It is his exalted business to "pipe to the spirits" those "ditties of no tone," those spiritual ditties. It is hard, therefore, to see how any man who is vitally interested in his own spiritual welfare can maintain that poetry is either a bauble or a childhood's cheat. The practical value of poetry is well summed up by Charles Francis Richardson, with whose words I conclude my article:

"It is the mission of poetry by means of noble words in fit metrical forms, to show to man the supernal beauty of the world of things and thought and action, and to lead him therewith to broaden his own life and other lives in the eternal upward march."

WASHINGTON STATE BUILDING

Looking North out of the Court of The Four Seasons.

PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION

"Most Beautiful of Dream Cities"

Great Crowds Break Former Records of Attendance

By Dallas E. Wood

THE Panama-Pacific International Exposition—magnificent, vast and comprehensive as a whole, and possessed of an infinity of perfected details—now stands open to the world in all its glory.

Not only is this Exposition greater than all its predecessors, but likewise it is different. It surpasses all of them in the novelty, number and magnificence of exhibits, while, at the same time, having assembled the exhibits on a more exacting, limiting basis. Selection has preceded the idea of collection. Nothing has been admitted to competitive exhibition unless representing achievement dating since the last international exposition. This idea is a derivative of the fundamental purpose of the celebration, which is to commemorate a present-day physical triumph of world-importance—the building of the Panama Canal.

A few of its many particulars distinguish the Panama-Pacific International Exposition as unique in the world's history of like events. Opening February 20th—the date originally

Palace of Horticulture and Towers entrance Court of Palms

set—this is the first Exposition of international character that has ever been opened on schedule time; it is likewise the first to be located at a seaport, and on the shore of the Pacific Ocean; the first to celebrate a contemporaneous event of world-wide importance; the first to be situated in the residential district of a city, within easy walking distance of half the population; the first to be finished in color; the first to be built on the court plan; the first to be illuminated by indirect lighting; the first to use the nitrogen lamp, high pressure gas and reflecting cut glass prisms known as "jewels;" the first to have a polo field within the grounds; the first to prepare a mile race track; the first in which aeroplanes, moving pictures and automobiles play an important part; the first to provide a four mile automobile race track; the first to provide an auditorium for conventions and societies; the first in number and size of national and international congresses and conventions, more than 400 having voted to attend with an average attendance of about six sessions a day; the first to illustrate in its architecture the seven great architectural epochs; the first to achieve perfect unity in its architecture and coloring; the first to have a great international naval parade, bearing the President of the United States, former presidents, cabinet members and foreign dignitaries; the first to have a continuous livestock show; the first to have a dog show of all breeds, of all nations; the first to adopt a compact arrangement of its exhibit palaces, enabling visitors to pass from one to the other without exposure to the elements; the first in its human welfare activities; the first in the participation of the Pacific countries; the first to confine its competitive display to contemporaneous products.

Some idea of the lavish scale on which foreign participation is conducted in this Exposition can be gained by these typical appropriations: Argentine has spent $1,300,000; Australia $400,000; Brazil $500,000; Canada $600,000; Cuba $250,000; China $750,000; Chile $180,000; Holland, $400,000; Italy $400,000; Norway

Looking into the Court of Palms

$39,000; Portugal $100,000; Turkey $300,000; Venezuela $400,000. Counting the national appropriation, the value of the wonderful private art collection of Emperor Mutsuhito, and the money invested in the Zone, the investment of Japan in this Exposition is in excess of $1,600,000. All told, there is approximately $2,500,000 of foreign money represented in concessions alone.

Much has been written and published regarding the magnificence of the Exposition's exterior phases: the architectural scheme, presenting the host of colossal palaces and their ornamental courts and gardens in a unified plan suggesting the walled palaces of Oriental days; also the wonderful color work which has so rigidly avoided glaring whiteness, presenting rather a color scheme both restful to the eyes and wondrous in beauty—old ivory being the basis, and harmonizing tones of other colors used in ornamentation; the great array of statuary embracing more than 1,500 figures, decorating both buildings and gardens; and the wonderful landscape effects attained by the lavish usage of full grown trees and shrubs, of evergreen varieties, and flowering plants arranged on a scheme of rotation which presents flowering blazes of color carpeting the extensive grounds.

Housed within the various palaces of exhibition, and the State and foreign buildings, are more than 80,000 separate exhibits culled from the most interesting spots of the world. Cost has been no barrier whatever to the completion of this wonderful display, the expense of single exhibits ranging as high as $1,000,000. The result is a $50,000,000 display, exclusive of the exhibits themselves, which run to many millions. In an article of this kind it is impossible to enumerate in detail the extent and exact character of each of the 80,000 intensely interesting displays.

Imagine what is in store when you are told that a representative item is the private collection of the Emperor Mutsuhito of Japan, of which the world has heard rumors for forty years. This particular exhibit consists of thousands of the most per-

Southern entranceway Palace of Liberal Arts

fect treasures of Japanese art work, porcelain, silk embroideries, bronzes, lacquer, drawings and paintings—each one a masterpiece of the golden age of Japanese art. This collection is now being shown in the special exhibits building which is one of the five structures in the Mikado's garden of three acres adjoining the French temple of the Legion of Honor and the castle of Hamlet by Denmark in the foreign site section. As a personal art collection, it is the most valuable, perfect and rare in quality and greatest in quantity of any Oriental display ever made at any exposition; it is only one of the dozen big displays which the Japanese Government offers.

A feature exhibit, and one which will provide the means of high class entertainment, is the great pipe organ installed in Festival Hall. This instrument, which is one of the largest in the world, contains, besides the pipes of the echo organ, installed in the tower of the Hall, 114 stops and sixty-one notes on the organ keyboard, and 7,954 pipes in the organ proper. In reality this organ is composed of seven separate instruments: the choir, harp, solo, swell pedal and great organs. It is operated by electricity, and a ten horsepower motor supplies the air pressure sounding the pipes. Edward Lemare, the English organist, Clarence Eddy, and other organists, will give a series of recitals during the Exposition.

The Palace of Liberal Arts, with its diversified host of interesting exhibits, is one of the greatest arenas of human interest. It is in this department of exhibits that extensive displays are made, epitomizing the world's progress in all that relates to electrical methods of communication, musical instruments, theatrical appliances and equipment, instruments of precision, medicine and surgery, chemistry and pharmacy, photography, civil engineering, architecture, map and model making, topography and printing processes.

Two well known Western newspapers have interesting displays, showing how a metropolitan daily is turned out, and the other, in the Pal-

Palace of Machinery

Vestibule, main entranceway Palace of Machinery

ace of Machinery, has a continuous demonstration of the latest Hoe press printing three colored sections of a Sunday newspaper at one time.

A working model of the New York State Barge Canal System covers two thousand square feet in showing how its $150,000,000 network of waterways is operated.

A model of the world's tallest sky-scraper—the Woolworth building of New York; demonstrations of wireless telegraphy and telephony, a mammoth telescope and numerous exhibits by various of Uncle Sam's bureaus are scarcely a handful of the great host of attractions in the Liberal Arts exhibit.

One of the most interesting exhibits in the Palace of Food Products is that

Entrance to Court of The Four Seasons from Court of Palms

installed by a well known flour company, showing by the aid of a complete mill of the latest design, how wheat becomes flour, and in a mechanical bakery how flour becomes bread; every process is shown without human hands once touching the product. A spectacular feature of this exhibit is in the booths of All Nations, where cooks of all countries, each in characteristic costume, make from the farinacious products the various pastries.

Characteristic of the type of exhibits housed in the great Palace of Food Products is that entered by the fisheries of the State of Washington. A complete salmon hatchery is conducted —showing the development of the fish from the egg to the full grown stage.

Main Tower or "Tower of Jewels"

A miniature trap shows the principal method now used for capturing commercial salmon, and a huge canning exhibit features the "Iron Chink," an automatic genius, which performs without the help of human hands every act necessary in salmon canning from beheading and cleaning the fish to the cooking, canning and sealing.

Grape presses are in lively operation showing how this juice is obtained from the grape and bottled for sale. All the California vintages are displayed symbolically in a handsome pergola booth decorated in grape vines in natural color. There is a unique, picturespue display of wonderful floral designs moulded in butter. And practically every other food product of general use is featured in singular and instructive style.

A model farm is a striking feature of the great agricultural exhibit. Here too, Uncle Sam shows all the different kinds of appartus used in the service of the Weather Bureau, even

to a balloon, a box kite and instruments for determining and recording atmospheric conditions overhead. The federal government's work directed towards the pure milk movement is graphically illustrated, as well as the many interesting operations of the several other branches of the United States Department of Agriculture including the Bureaus of Plant Industry, Animal Industry, Chemistry, Biological Survey, Forest Service, and all the offices of the Experimental Stations and the Office of Public Roads.

Farm machinery is shown exhaustively in the Palace of Agriculture—most of it in operation; huge, picturesque exhibits, made by both Missouri and Illinois are masterpieces of art done in corn of red, yellow and white varieties.

Competing for the $1,000 trophy offered by the Exposition, every rose grower of world renoun has submitted his supremely best specimen of unnamed, heretofore unexhibited rose; the result is an assemblage of rose varieties never equaled for novelty, beauty and variety.

A tropical garden from Cuba; a showing of more than two hundred varieties of blooming orchids from Panama; native plant life of Hawaii; a cocoanut tree in actual bearing; wonderful, new specimens of heliotropes from New England; gigantic tree ferns—these are a few of the displays embraced in the world exhibit of the horticultural department.

Every nation of prominence has sent the best available specimens of its talented product to the exhibit in the Fine Arts Department. Wonderful works from the Munich Art Gallery includes a Ruben's masterpiece. Fifteen special rooms in the Palace devoted to the Fine Arts exhibit have been set aside for the individual displays of the world's most distinguished artists. Sixty-one of the galleries have been allotted to the United States' histrical and loan collections of paintings and prints, while more than twenty rooms are occupied by the greatest foreign loan collection ever seen in America.

Nothing has ever been known to equal the features of electrical illumination at this exposition. By a wonderful system of flood lighting a soft light pervades the Courts at night, revealing the facades of the Palaces and the natural colors of the flower. By peculiar and novel lighting devices the statuary and mural paintings are made to appear with even heightened effect. Concealed batteries of powerful projectors cause tens of thousands of specially prepared "Novagems" or "glass jewels" to flash like diamonds, rubies and emeralds on the Tower of Jewels, which they adorn. There are steam fire-works that are marvels of design and magnificence, and searchlights of great power weave in the night sky auroras of ever-changing color.

Imagine the fun one can have on $10,000,000! That's the investment on the Zone. That amusement street of the exposition measures three thousand feet in length, is lined with concessions on both sides and boasts of the highest flag-pole in the world. The Zone is really an international carnival—spectacular, amusing and instructive.

It is the great melting pot of successful amusements for all who seek a little fun in life, enchanting influence, childhood and senility meet on a common basis of appreciation and enjoyment of the multiform, novel ideas brought forth to insert into the life of each visitor a hearty and memorable recess of thrills and laughter.

Crossing the Plains, Days of '57

A Narrative of Early Emigrant Travel to California by the Ox-Team Method

By Wm. Audley Maxwell

Continued From Last Month

ONE of the first natural curiosities we saw was Chimney Rock, a vertical column of sandstone something like forty feet high, with a rugged stone bluff rising abruptly near it. Its appearance from our distant view resembled a stone chimney, from which the building had been burned away, as it stood, solitary, on the flat earth at the south side of the Platte River, we traveling up the north shore. Such a time-chiseled monument was a novelty to us then. To the early emigrants it was the first notable landmark.

While some distance farther west, as we scaled the higher slopes, we could see to the southward the snow-capped peaks of that region which long afterward was taken from Western Nebraska to become the Territory of Colorado, and later still, the State of that name. Looking over and past the locality where, more than a year thereafter, the town of Denver was laid out, we saw, during several weeks, the summit of Pike's Peak, hundreds of miles away.

One evening when we were going into camp we were overtaken by a man trundling a push-cart. This vehicle had between its wheels a box containing the man's supplies of food and camp articles, with the blankets, which were in a roll, placed on top; all strapped down under an oilcloth cover, fastened by buckles at the four corners of the cart box. A pair of shafts, four feet long, with a cross-piece connecting the ends, completed the rig.

With this simple outfit, pushed in front of him, this man was making his way from one of the Eastern States to California, a distance of more than three thousand miles. He was of medium size, athletic appearance, with a cheerful face. He visited us overnight. The next morning he was invited to tie his cart behind one of our wagons and ride with us. He replied that he would be pleased to do so, but was anxious to make all possible speed, and felt that he could not wait on the progress of our train, which was somewhat slower than the pace he maintained. It was said that he was the first man who made the entire trip on foot and alone, from coast to coast, as we were afterwards informed he succeeded in doing. Similar carts were frequently used in later years by persons accompanying emigrant trains.

From time to time the tedium was dispelled by varied incidents; many that were entertaining and instructive, some ludicrous, some pathetic, and others profoundly tragic. Agreeable happenings predominated largely during the early stages, and those involving difficulties and of grave import were mainly a part of our experiences toward the close of the long pilgrimage. Such an order of events might be presumed, as a natural sequence, as the route led first over a territory not generally difficult to travel, but farther and farther from established civi-

lization, into rougher lands, and toward those regions where outlawry, common to all pioneer conditions, was prevalent.

With our company were four or five boys and young men, eighteen to twenty-one years of age, also a kindly and unpretentious but droll young fellow, named John C. Aston, whose age was about twenty-five. This younger element was responsible for most of the occurrences of lighter vein, which became a feature of our daily progress. Aston's intimate friends called him "Jack," and some of the more facetious ones shortened the cognomen "Jack Aston" by dropping the "ton," inconsiderately declaring that the briefer appellation fitted the man even better than did his coat, which always was loose about the shoulders and too long in the sleeves. But all knew "Jack" to be an excellent fellow. His principal fault, if it could be so termed, was a superabundance of good-nature, making him willing at all times to joke and be joked. He had a fund of stories—in some of which he pictured himself the hero—with which he was wont to relieve the tedium of the evening hours. A violin was among his effects, which he played to accompany his singing of entertaining countryside songs. Most of these were melodious and highly descriptive. "Jack" had much music in his soul, and sang with good effect.

There was one melody that he sang oftenest, and sang from the heart—one that was rendered nightly, regardless of any variation in the program; a composition that embraced seventeen verses, each followed by a soothing lullaby refrain; a song which, every time he sang it, carried "Jack" again to his old home in the sunny South, and seemed to give him surcease from all the ills of life. Of that song a single verse is here reproduced, with deep regret that the other sixteen are lost, with all except a small fraction of the tune. Yet, cold, inanimate music notes on the paper would convey, to one who never heard him sing them, only the skeleton: the life, sympathy and soul of the song would be lacking. We needed no other sophorific. Here it is:

"Oh, the days of bygone joys,
They never will come back to me;
When I was with the girls and boys,
A-courting, down in Tennessee.
Ulee, ilee, aloo, ee—
Courting, down in Tennessee.

It was "Jack's" habit to allow his head to hang to the left, due, presumably, to much practice in holding down the large end of his violin with his chin. He was prone to sleep a great deal, and as he sat in the driver's seat of a "prairie schooner," or astride a mule, the attitude described often resulted in his being accused of napping while on duty. The climatic conditions peculiar to the plains, and the slow, steady movement of the conveyances, were conducive to drowsiness, in consequence of which everybody was all the time sleepy. But "Jack" was born that way, and the very frequent evidences of it in his case led to a general understanding that, whenever he was not in sight, he was hidden away somewhere, asleep.

"Jack's" amiability, too, was a permanent condition. Apparently no one could make him angry or resentful. For this reason, he was the target for many pranks perpetrated by the boys. Like this:

One evening "Jack" took his blanket and located for the night at a spot apart from the others of the company, under a convenient sage bush. The next morning he was overlooked until after breakfast. When the time came for hitching the teams he was not at his post. A search finally revealed him, still rolled in his bedding, fast asleep. When several calls failed to arouse him, one of the boys tied an end of a rope around "Jack's" feet, hitched a pair of oxen to the other end and hauled the delinquent out some distance on the sand. "Jack" sat up, unconcernedly rubbed his eyes, then began untying the rope that bound his feet, his only comment being:

"Ulee, ilee, aloo, ee;
Courting, down in Tennessee."

Chapter III.

Lost in the Black Hills. Devil's Gate. Why a Mountain Sheep Did Not Wink. Green River Ferry.

At Fort Laramie we left the Platte River, and, bearing northwesterly, entered the Black Hills, a region of low, rolling uplands, sparsely grown with scrubby pine trees; the soil black, very dry; where little animal life was visible, excepting prairie dogs.

There may be readers who, at the mention of prairie dogs, see mentally a wolf or other specimen of the *genus canis*, of ordinary kind and size. The prairie dog, however, is not of the dog species. It bears some resemblance to a squirrel and a rat, but is larger than either. It may be likened to the canine only in that it barks, somewhat as do small dogs. Prairie dogs live in holes, dug by themselves. Twenty to fifty of these holes may be seen within a radius of a few yards, and such communities are known to plains-people as "towns." On the approach of anything they fear the little fellows sit erect, look defiant and chatter saucily. If the intruder comes too near, the commanding individual of the group, the mayor of the town, so to speak, gives an alarm, plainly interpreted as, "Beware; make safe; each man for himself;" and instantly each one turns an exquisite somersault and disappears, as he drops, head downward, into the hole beside him.

John L. Maxwell had made the trip over the plains from the Missouri River to California in 1854, returning via Panama in 1856, to take his family to the West, accompanying the train of his elder brother, Dr. Kennedy Maxwell. He was of great service to us now, by reason of his experience and consequent knowledge of the country traversed. He was therefore elected to act as pilot of the company, with the title "Captain John," which clung to him for many years.

The emigrant trail in some parts of the way was well marked. In other places there was none, and we had to find our way as best we could, not always without difficulty. Often Captain John and others would ride ahead of the train a considerable distance, select routes for passage through places where travel was hard or risky, choose camp-sites, and, returning, pilot the train accordingly.

At various times, despite every care in selecting the route, the train went on a wrong course, and at least once was completely astray. This was one morning as the company was passing out of the Black Hills country. Information had been received that at this place a short cut could be made which would save fifteen or twenty miles. There were no marks on the ground indicating that any train ahead had gone that way, but the leaders decided to try it. This venture led the company into a situation not unlike the proverbial "jumping-off place."

Directly in our course was a steep declivity, which dropped an estimated depth of sixty to one hundred feet below the narrow, stony flat on which we stood, down into a depressed valley. Abrupt ridges of broken stone formation were on our right and left, inclosing us in a small space of barren, waste earth. The elements had crumbled the rocks down for ages, until what perhaps had been once a deep canyon was now a narrow flat, a mass of debris, terminating at the top of the steep, ragged declivity that pitched downward before us. The high, rocky ridges on both sides were wholly impassable, at least for the teams. A search finally disclosed, at the base of the ridge on our right, a single possible passage. It was narrow, slightly wider than a wagon, and led downward at a steep incline, into the valley below, with rocks protruding from both its side walls, its bottom strewn with stones such as our vehicles could not pass over in an ordinary way.

We were confronted with the problem how to get the wagons beyond that bluff; the alternative being to pass them through this yawning fissure, or retrace our steps many miles.

At the bottom of this cliff or wall

that barred our way could be seen a beautiful valley, stretching far and wide away to the northwest; a scene of enchanting loveliness, a refreshing contrast to the dry and nearly barren hills over which we had traveled during the many days last past. A short distance from the foot of the wall was a small stream of clear water, running over the meadow flat. Rich pasture extended along the line of trees that marked the serpentine course of the brook which zigzagged its way toward the southwest. Every man, woman and child of our company expressed in some way the declaration, "We *must* get into that beautiful oasis." It looked like field, park and orchard, in one landscape; all fenced off from the desolate surroundings by this wall of stone. Like Moses viewing Canaan from Nebo's top, we looked down and yearned to be amidst its freshness.

It was not decreed that we should not enter in. A little distance to the south, near the other ridge, we discovered another opening through which the animals could be driven down, but through which the wagons could not pass. This was a narrow, crooked ravine, and very steep, running diagonally down through the cliff; a sort of dry water-way, entirely bridged over in one part by an arch of stone, making it there a natural tunnel or open-ended cave, terminating at the base of the cliff in an immense doorway, opening into the valley.

The teams were unhitched from the wagons, the yokes taken off the oxen, and all the cattle, horses and mules were driven through the inclined tunnel into the coveted valley. The women and children clambered down, taking with them what they could of the camp things, for immediate use, and soon were quite "at home" in the valley, making free use of the little creek for whatever purposes a little creek of pure, cold, fresh water is good, for a lot of thirsty, dust-covered wayfarers.

The puzzle of getting the wagons down next engrossed the attention of our best engineers. The proposition to unpack the lading, take the wagons apart and carry all down by hand, appeared for a time to be the only feasible plan. Captain John, however, suggested procuring a rope or chain about one hundred feet in length, for use in lowering the wagons, one at a time, through the first-mentioned passage. Sufficient rope was brought, one end fastened to the rear axle of a wagon, the other end turned around a dwarf pine tree at the top of the bluff; two men managed the rope, preventing too rapid descent at the steeper places while others guided the wheels over the stones, and the wagon was lowered through the crevice, with little damage. Thus, one by one, all the wagons were taken into the valley before the sun set.

It was a happy camp we had that night, though every man was tired. There was wood for fire and a supply of good water and pasture sufficient for dozens of camps. Some one ventured the opinion that the Mormon pioneers had overlooked that spot when seeking a new location for Zion.

Except that it was very pleasant to inhabit, we knew little of the place we had ventured into or its location. How we were to get out did not appear, nor for the time being did this greatly concern us; and soon after supper the camp was wrapped in slumber, undisturbed by any coyote duet, or, on this occasion, even the twitter of a night bird.

We did not hurry the next morning, the inclination being to linger a while in the shady grove by the brookside. With a late start, the day's travel took us some twelve miles through and out of the valley, to a point where we made the best of a poor camping place on a rough, rocky hillside. The following day there was no road to follow, nor even a buffalo trail or bear path; but by evening we somehow found our way back into the course usually followed by emigrants, not knowing whether the recent detour had lessened or increased the miles of travel, but delighted with the comfort and diversion afforded by the side-

ride. Thinking that others, seeing our tracks, might be led into similar difficulties, and be less fortunate perhaps in overcoming them, two of our young men rode back to the place of divergence and erected a notice to all comers, advising them to "keep to the right."

Another freak of nature in which we were much interested was the "Devil's Gate," or "Independence Rock," where we first came to the Sweetwater River in Wyoming. This is a granite ridge, some two hundred feet in length, irregular in formation and height, resembling a huge mole-hill, extending down from the Rocky Mountain heights and bending across the river's course; the "Gate" being a vertical section the width of the stream, cut out of a spur of Rattlesnake Mountain. If his Satanic majesty whose name it bears had charge of the construction, apparently he intended it only as a passage-way for the river, the cut being the exact width of the river as it flows through. The greater part of the two walls stand two hundred and fifty feet high above the river level, perpendicular to the earth's plane, facing each other, the river between them at the base. Many names had been cut in the surface of the rock by passing emigrants.

We stopped for half a day to view this extraordinary scene. Some of the boys went to the apex, to see if the downward view made the rock walls appear as high as did the upward view; and naturally they found the distance viewed downward seemed much greater. Our intention was to stand on the brink and experience the sensation of looking down from that great height at the river. The face of the wall where it terminates at the top forms an almost square corner, as if hewn stone. A few bushes grew a short distance from the edge, and as we approached the brink there was a sense of greater safety in holding onto these bushes. But while holding on we could not see quite over to the water below. We formed a chain of three persons by joining hands, one grasping a large bush, that the outer man might look over the edge—if he would. But he felt shaky. He was not quite sure that the bush would not pull up by the roots, or one of the other fellows let go. For sometime no one was willing to make a real effort to look over the edge, but finally "Jack" said he would save the party's reputation for bravery by assuming the role of end-man. He made several bold approaches toward the edge, but each time recoiled, and soon admitted defeat. "Boys," said he, "I'm dizzy. I know that 'distance lends enchantment;' I'll get back farther, and take the best view I can get, and preserve the enchantment." To cover his discomfiture he started for camp, whistling:

"Ulee, ilee, aloo, ee."

(To be continued.)

PROGRESSION

Thro' willow groves and sandy streets
I've seen the city grow,
We picnicked in its busy heart,
Scarce fifty years ago.
The dead grow restless in their graves
To hear the roar and cry
Of swift progression creeping where
The consecrated lie.
Higher than trees the buildings rise,
Thicker than groves they stand;
And all the air breathes vital growth
In this progressive land.

LUCIA E. SMITH.

A Regal Caravansary

By A. Guest

THE Panama-Pacific Exposition is only one of scores of attractions of late years that have focused the attention of the world on San Francisco. For several decades past the Golden Gate has been recognized as America's gateway to the Orient; thousands of tourists pass through that famous and wonderful waterway annually. The argonauts of '49 did well when they selected the site of the new city for it lies naturally on the great national scenic highway of those who periodically "swing around the circle" to acquire a bird's-eye view of what this country is doing in things political, commercial and financial. Likewise it is the magnet which draws the leisure class from all points of the Pacific Coast to its splendid annual pageants and special celebrations. So it is that San Francisco ranks with New York, London, Paris, Suez, Hongkong and Yokohama as one of the seven chosen havens that house the hundreds of thousands of travelers moving from day to day around the world.

With this line of travelers knocking constantly at her gates, San Francisco of necessity has been obliged to furnish satisfactory and adequate hotel accommodations for them. So abundantly has the city done this and on such an excellent scale that she is generally recognized as having the "best hotels in the world." Certainly the appetizing table specialties she garners from all parts of the Orient, the South Seas, Mexico, and from the lands lying between the Arctic Circle and the Gulf, places her in a position to serve the most tasteful and the largest variety of tempting food, prepared by chefs that have made dining in San Francisco famous throughout the world. Big corporations have invested capital heavily in order to maintain the city's reputation in this line.

From the date of the opening of the

Bellevue Hotel and Garage

widely known Bellevue Hotel, August, 1910, the management has consistently maintained its supremacy in attractiveness and success, based primarily on its big fire proof concrete structure, which cost over $1,000,000, its choice artistic furnishings, superior equipment and impeccable management. The imposing building is in an ideal situation for reaching all urban points; it stands in the heart of the theatre and shopping district, and just far enough from the busy commercial section to be outside the sound of its nerve racking noise. At the ferry building on the bay water front, some ninety per cent of the travelers enter the city. The municipal electric car line runs

from this point directly past the doors of the Bellevue Hotel, and west to the three biggest attractions on the Peninsula, Golden Gate Park, the Beach, washed by the Pacific Ocean, and the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Other convenient electric lines to different quarters of the city are within a block or two of the hotel. In order to accommodate guests as agreeably as possible, representatives of the hotel meet all arriving trains and steamships, and patrons may take car or taxicab in waiting to the hotel, the drive from any of the ordinary landing places and depots being made within fifteen minutes.

Fireplace and lobby.

On arriving at the Bellevue the guest finds himself in a structure of unique distinction, the object of the management being to create a caravansary of the first class in every respect, and still maintain a schedule of rates within the means of the ordinary traveler seeking comfort, refinement, satisfactory table fare and that punctilious service which means so much to the fastidious guest. In order to accomplish these results, the management decided to conduct the Bellevue on both the European and the American plan, and the happy theory has worked out admirably and successfully in every detail. Its success is justly accorded to the manager, H. W. Wills, generally recognized as one of the most experienced and efficient hotel hosts in this country, a man who has made a life study of the traveling public, and knows exactly how to cater to their wants in a way to make each individual feel at home.

There is a tone of refined excellence about the Bellevue that is not excelled by any other hotel in the city. The stranger's first impression upon entering the spacious lobby is that of almost regal grandeur, while still within

the dimensions of home-like comfort and tasteful elegance. The floors of the reception hall are laid in marble and the grand staircase leading to the floor above is of the same material, surrounded by an artistic railing of bronze grill work. Columns of parti-colored polished marble, reaching from flagged floor to lofty ceiling serve to distribute the proportions of the beautiful architectural scheme. At the extreme end of the spacious lobby is a magnificent open fireplace of huge proportions, where real logs blaze and crackle during cool winter evenings, imparting a home like atmosphere not to be found in any other city hotel in the West. Above this magnificent apartment is a huge dome of colored glass, through which percolates a soft diffused light, shedding richness and comfort over the scene.

This lobby leads to the lofty and beautifully designed main dining room on one side and on the other side to the grill room where guests are served on the European plan. On the mezzanine floor is arranged a chain of private dining rooms and banquet halls, so graduated in size as to accommodate parties ranging from a half-dozen to hundreds. The cuisine of the hotel is famous, and many outside parties are booked there for luncheons and dinners.

As regards living apartments, the Bellevue is acknowledged to be one of the most sumptuously furnished and best arranged hotels in the West. Every room has a bath and the series of each floor is so arranged that they may be convenientiy changed into suites or apartments of any size, according to the tastes and requirements of patrons. Every article of furniture is kept fresh and strictly up to date, and was made exclusively for the room in which it is arranged. Therein lies one reason of the pronounced individuality of the hotel. Decorations and color schemes are handled in the same fashion, and no two rooms are even remotely alike. The modern idea of substituting delicate shades and tints of satin like wall paper for the old-style hard-finish adds wonderfully to the soft, inviting, artistic finish of the rooms. As the hotel is built in the form of a hollow square, there is not an inside room in the house; the entire center of the structure being given over to an open central court, thereby insuring guests a wealth of pure air and sunshine.

THE NEW DAY DAWNS

By C. T. Russell

Pastor New York, Washington and Cleveland Temples and the Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow and every tongue confess, to the glory of God."—Philippians 2:10, 11.

FOR six great Days of a thousand years each the world of mankind has experienced a reign of Sin and Death. Physicians, both physical and moral, have been unable to effect a cure. God alone is able to roll away the curse which He Himself imposed, and to give mankind His blessing instead.

In the past we have been so intent on following our own sectarian schemes and theories that we have neglected the proper study of the Bible. Indeed, not until our day has such a study been possible for the masses. Only now do they have the Word of God in their possession in convenient form in every family, and only now is education so general as to permit all to read, all to study, all to know the good things of the Divine promises.

The Creeds of the Dark Ages did indeed din into our ears the message of the curse. Yea, they distorted it and made it a message of eternal torture; whereas the Scriptures declare that "the wages of sin is death"—not eternal torment. In our darkness we mistranslated and misinterpreted God's Word to our own confusion, swallowing also some interpolations without proper scrutiny. No wonder that we were nauseated by those creeds! No wonder that the intelligent portion of humanity was in danger of being driven into infidelity—away from God and from His Book, which we misunderstood and misrepresented!

Bible students are arousing from their sleep and finding that they have long suffered from nocturnal hallucinations. The true message of the word of God is spreading, and with it goes increase of faith, together with joy, peace and godliness.

Foregleams of the New Day.

We have all noted the fact that ours is the most wonderful day of earth's history. Our eyes open wide as we note the contrast between the blessings which surround us and those enjoyed by our fathers. Surely we are all amazed at what we see of progress in invention of labor-saving machinery, of educational arrangements, of improvement in stock-breeding, in horticulture, etc. We reflect further that with the progress of invention the necessity of arduous labor and sweat of face for the daily bread will soon be at an end; and the necessary leisure, conveniences and comforts which will permit every man to be a nobleman will soon be available to all.

What do these things mean? Why have they come suddenly upon us in one generation? Yea, and give no indication of slacking, but rather of progressing to still greater wonders! What is the explanation of all this?

The Bible alone gives the reply to these queries. It explains to us the meaning of the reign of Sin and Death which we and our forefathers have shared. It tells us that our sorrows, aches, pains and weaknesses—mental, moral and physical—are all the results of sin—of the sin which Father Adam entailed upon us by the laws of heredity for the six great Days of a thousand years each, already past.

Then to our astonishment the Bible opens the door of the future and bids us look abroad and see the better Day which God promises. It explains that He has been giving us lessons respecting the exceeding sinfulness of sin, but that all the while He has sympathized with and loved His creatures. It tells us that as a beginning of the

Divine purpose of rolling away the curse and of giving instead Divine blessings, Jesus came into the world and died for Adam and his race, "the just for the unjust," to cancel their judicial obligations—the death penalty upon them—and thus to give them an opportunity in God's due time to return to their former estate, to all that Adam lost—to the perfection which was his when he was in the image of God, and to all that was his in his glorious estate—Paradise.

That Day Has Come.

Chronologically we are already in the great Seventh Day, or Thousand-year Sabbath: we are already forty years into that great Day. This fact explains the blessings which are ours and which are coming to us increasingly. This progress will continue throughout the great Thousand-year Sabbath of Messiah's Kingdom. The Bible promises that the Messianic Reign shall bring blessedness to every creature—not only to the living, but to the dead; for "all that are in the graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and shall come forth."—John 5:28, 29, R. V.

All must be given a full opportunity to come into harmony with the Creator and to attain perfection and everlasting life. Only by personal, wilful, intelligent sin can any one's blessings be turned into the second curse of God, the Second Death, from which there will be no redemption.

Incidentally, let us note that the coming of those blessings is, in one sense, premature, in that they have come to us before the establishment of the Messianic Kingdom. Consequently, instead of being happier because of these favors, the world is more unhappy, more discontented, than ever. The Scriptures show that the discontent will culminate in a short, sharp period of anarchy, from which the world will be rescued by the establishment of Messiah's Kingdom.

The permission of the light and blessings of our day, in advance of Messiah's Rule, the Creator intends shall teach humanity a great lesson respecting their own fallen condition and their need of the very help which God is providing in Christ. None shall have the opportunity of erroneously supposing that God's blessings, coming to unregenerate hearts, will make them thankful and happy. The new heart is necessary to real happiness.

We also incidentally see that if God had sent or permitted the light of our day with its blessings a thousand years sooner, then the discontent of humanity would have culminated in anarchy a thousand years sooner—and before the Divinely arranged time for the establishment of Messiah and His Bride, the Church, in glory for the ruling, blessing and uplifting of humanity.

Truth Discerned Aids Faith.

As we gradually come to realize that we are living in the dawning of the time for the long-promised blessing, this Sabbath Day of earth, when the curse shall roll away, it gives us a fresh interest in all the affairs of the present life, as well as in those features of the Divine Plan which are yet future! The knowledge makes life worth living. Millions of people live a treadmill existence, unworthy of themselves and joyless, because they have not come into the family of God and have not been taught to understand the deep things of His gracious purposes.

The first step is an acknowledgment of the Creator and a consecration of life to Him, and then an application of our hearts to know His will, in order that we may do it. One day of such living is worth more than a year of the aimless meandering common to the masses. All who have entered into this blessing should rejoice therein. All who have not done so should seek the Door, Christ, and be glad to walk the narrow way, following His footsteps into grace and peace Divine.

We may indeed rejoice in the lessening of the sweat of face coming to mankind, in the dawning of this New Day. We may indeed rejoice in the

greater spread of knowledge to every class. We may indeed rejoice in the more comfortable housing, feeding and clothing of our race. We may indeed praise the Day which is ushering in these blessings, and which through irrigation canals and artesian wells, scientific study and teachers, books and newspapers, is making the wilderness to blossom as the rose, and many blades of grass to grow where one alone grew previously, bringing increased fruitfulness. But much is to be desired still—much that we cannot accomplish for ourselves. We need an outside influence, an outside power—the very one which the Word of God declares is about to take control—Messiah's Kingdom.

Our blessings thus far are not drawing the masses nearer to God—not making them more thankful, more holy, more reverential, more loving. On the contrary, we are becoming more strifeful, more self-willed, than any previous generation—less inclined as a world than ever before to worship and reverence the God of all grace—less inclined to believe that there is such a Being at all. At the present rate of growth of irreverence, it would seem as though the time might soon come when no knee would bow and no tongue confess, to the glory of God.

But here we look to God to see what provision He has made for present conditions; and as we look, our hearts are cheered. We have the Divinely solemn declaration that the full end of the reign of Sin and Death has come. And we have outlined in God's Word proofs that we are now living in the time when that new Reign of Righteousness shall be inaugurated. We have prayed for it with more or less of faith all our lives: "Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, even as it is done in Heaven."

Permit not faith to let go her hold; the Word of God cannot fail. As He is bringing to us the temporal blessings promised in His Word and appropriate to this time—the New Dispensation—let us trust Him for every other feature of His promised blessing. He who has begun the good work is able to complete it. If He has promised and has sworn to this promise, that all the families of the earth shall be blessed in Abraham's seed, surely we may rely upon it. If we see at present only the Spiritual Seed of Abraham in full harmony with God through Christ, and they not glorified, let us wait patiently for the Lord, knowing that He will fulfill His promises in due time.

The Church, the Elect, are indeed the Spiritual Seed of Abraham. This class, as the Bride of Christ, must be completed and must be united to their Redeemer by the change of the First Resurrection before they will be qualified to share with Him the great work of blessing the Natural Seed of Abraham.—Galatians 3:8, 16, 29.

The completion and glorification of the Church will mark the time for the establishment of the Messianic kingdom. Then will begin the pouring out of the Divine blessing and the removal of the curse. Satan will be bound for a thousand years. The knowledge of God will gradually fill the whole earth. The natural Seed of Abraham will be the first to receive the Restitution blessings—to return to the image and likeness of God in the flesh, and to have returned to them Paradise conditions and Divine favor. The ancient saintly ones of the Jewish race, we are assured, shall be made princes in all the earth for the correction of their brethren, Natural Israel, and for the instruction and assistance of the people of every nation, kindred and tongue—the living and the dead.

Paradise Restored.

Rapidly the knowledge of the glory of God will fill the whole earth. Corrections in righteousness will be meted out to all not doing their very best to come into harmony with the Divine Law. Blessed rewards of increasing perfection of mind and body will gradually come to the willing and obedient in that Day. The wilful evil-doers shall be cut off in the Second Death. Then, as a result, before the thousand years of Messiah's Kingdom shall ex-

pire, every knee shall bow, to the glory of God.

Meantime, also, the blessings of Paradise will be coming to the earth as a whole. God will make the place of His feet glorious. (Isaiah 60:13, 66:1.) Jesus will see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied. (Isaiah 53:10, 11.) All those who have suffered for righteousness' sake during the reign of Sin and Death will be more than compensated therefor in the blessings and joys of the New Dispensation. The knowledge of the glory of God shall fill the whole earth. The glorious Divine character will be made manifest, not only to angels, but to men. The infinitude of God's love, justice, wisdom and power may then be seen by all; whereas to-day, under the reign of Sin and Death, with minds beclouded by the errors instilled by the Prince of Darkness, the opposite condition—darkness—covers the earth and gross darkness the heathen.

What a glorious consummation is before us! What lengths and breadths of human possibility in perfection we see with the eye of faith! Man was made in the image and likeness of his Creator, and the earth was provided to be his everlasting home. The curse that has rested upon the earth and its king has brought both to angels and to men valuable lessons, which perhaps could not have been learned under any other process of instruction.

The result will be glorious, as described by the Master himself. There shall be no more sighing, no more curse there, nor sorrow nor pain nor any more dying; for all the things of sin and death will have passed away. He who sits upon the Throne will make all things new.—Revelation 21:4, 5.

The Prophet Isaiah declares that Jehovah will do these things, and that every knee shall bow to Him and every tongue confess. (Isaiah 45:23.) St. Paul applies this Scripture, and declares that it will be fulfilled through Jesus, and incidentally it will be fulfilled by the Church through Jesus. The thought is that in acknowledging Christ and the Church and in bowing to them, the world will be bowing to Jehovah; for the Logos, Jesus, the Redeemer, forever will be the Representative of the Father and His Power. Hence all men should honor the Son even as they honor the Father—not honor the Son as the Father, but as the Father's direct Representative—Heir of all things.—John 5:23; Hebrews 1:2.

The elect Church of the present time already bows the knee to Jesus as the Representative of the Heavenly Father, and already enjoys a great blessing through this special relationship into which she has entered and which is to be completed in her resurrection change. Jesus, as the great King of Glory, and His Bride class, as the great Queen of Glory, will be distinctly separate from the world—sharers of an altogether different salvation. These, begotten of the Holy Spirit, are promised a participation in the Divine nature, which is far above that of the angels, the Apostle assures us.

For the same reason that God is invisible to men, Christ and the Church will be invisible, though all-powerful. The blessings of human Restitution that they will bring mankind will be conveyed through earthly channels, of whom Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and all the Prophets and faithful ones of Israel will be leaders, or princes, as God has declared. These shall not judge by the hearing of the ear or by the sight of the eye, but shall judge righteous judgment.—Isaiah 11:3.

No mistakes will be made; no evil deed shall fail of just recompense; even attempts to commit crimes must cease. Every knee shall bow to the Power then in control, and every tongue confess to the justice of the arrangement. Gradually the new order will appeal to the hearts of mankind, and what at first was obedience by force will become obedience from love and appreciation of righteousness. Eventually all who obey merely because of compulsion will be cut off in the Second Death.

Remembering

By Eleanor Duncan Wood

My mind's inferior, I know; the things I *should* remember
Go from me like a dry leaf whirled before the west wind's whim.
Who led the Greeks at Marathon? When Troy became an ember?
I only know Columbus, and I'm not quite sure of him.

But, oh, the things I do recall: how the great elms steeped in shadows
Stretched giant arms above the house my fathers built of old!
How soft the mist of twilight fell. How the blossoms in the meadows
Flung upward to the blossoming stars their incense manifold.

The rapture of the cardinal, when Spring the Young Fire-bringer,
Touched all the crocus buds to flame above the frozen loam.
Oh, not in years of stress and change have I forgot *that* singer,
Nor the old house of my fathers, nor the face that made it "Home."

The Golden Gate, from a painting by W. A. Coulter.

Lighthouse at entrance to Golden Gate, San Francisco.

A waterscape in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

Marine landscape across the Narrows from Panama-Pacific Exposition.

In the Marin County redwoods, within fifteen miles' ride of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. *(See Page 443.)*

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Columbia Crest in distance, overlooking Crater Basin.

The Ascent of Mt. Rainier

By A. Martha Walker

FOR THE PAST year I had been reading accounts of Mt. Rainier and its ice-streams between four and six miles long, but, somehow, I had never really believed the tales. Last summer I decided to go to see, and the stupendous revelation was mine.

Arriving in Seattle early in July, I had to wait until July 15th to get up into Paradise Valley, to Reese's Camp, for only then could the first party with a pack train get in through the deep snow. The valley is between 5,000 and 6,000 feet in elevation. A week's stay down at Longmire Springs

Caverns along the way, above Camp Muir.

(2,762 feet) gave ample time for daily practice climbs through the dense forests that line the Nisqually River basin. The more I looked at the great snow peak the more insignificent seemed all my claims to the mere thought of ever climbing it. The days were all clear, and the sun glistened on the huge white crest and miles of ice—cascades that hung between the rock-ridges down to the green forests where we were. An old resident of the Springs said: "Would you climb that mountain?" while my answer was, "I should like to, but I do not know that I could."

The following week at Reese's Camp, small parties of us, with a guide, daily climbed among the glaciers that were only a quarter of a mile away, until we got used to crevasses and rather enjoyed looking down them.

An alpen-stock, caulks in our heavy boots, painted faces, and no skirts—that was our daily preparation.

A party of men with a guide had made the first ascent of the season two days before we went. Their chief difficulty had been the intense heat, they said, and the soft snow on the upper part of the trip.

Our party consisted of the guide, a gentleman from New York who had only just come, and myself. We left Reese's Camp about 1 a. m., July 25, 1913, after a warm breakfast of rice, tea and fruit. It was very foggy around camp as we left, but soon we got above the fog.

We walked one behind the other, the guide first, I next, and the New Yorker last. Our route lay for hours over the huge, gently sloping snowfield of Paradise Glacier, and our boots creaked on the hard crust. Soon we had a brilliant moonlight, as up we went, slowly and merrily, with the great white mass of the peak ever looming up ahead, at our left. That splendid moonlight walk in itself was worth the trip. No stops were made until dawn, when we saw the white light coming in the eastern sky. Soon we reached Camp Muir (10,062 feet), a rocky ridge, whose loose, flat rocks could easily be built into a sheltered hut. Here we were offered some refreshments consisting of cold tomatoes and juice from a can. Not liking that, I obtained a two-inch piece of cold toast as a favor.

The sun was now up, so leaving my sweater there, I was ready to "go light" to the top, for the guide carried a coat in a bag for me.

With glaciers on both sides below us, we started up the rocky ridge that continued to the huge cliff of Gibraltar, which lies at the apex of two rock "Cleavers" or ridges. Thence we followed along its overhanging south face. All tales of climbs contain the statement "at the foot of Gibraltar" and "at the top of Gibraltar." The part between takes infinite care, cool heads and time. There is a place at the foot called "Camp Despair." Getting past the mighty cliff must be done before the sun strikes the south side to loosen the rocks. We went up under icicles. While sticking close to the icicles, off to our left we had—blue space, and a steep slope down the Nisqually glacier.

After getting out from under the lower part of the cliff, we had before us the "chute" of steep ice. Just here we had one of those rare occurrences that do happen: Off to our left, on the other side of the glacier, and up above us, came the thunderous clash and roar of a snow avalanche! We stopped and gazed. For a few seconds we saw a Niagara of falling snow pouring down for perhaps 1,000 feet, and filling the crevasses at its foot. These huge blocks of snow hung in giant squares and hit each other at the top of the slide as a falling house of blocks.

Snow chute at western end of Gibraltar

Nothing was disturbed on our side

A practice climb on Stevens' Glacier.

of the glacier, so we started up the "chute." The guide cut steps slowly, slowly, and my eyes were bent on his heels as we carefully moved one step at a time, with plenty of time in between for thinking. We were told to look up and be on the lookout for any falling small stones. No ropes were used going up. Once the guide asked me which I preferred, "Rock or ice," and I answered "rock," so we took to the rock for a few minutes; then back to the steps and the cutting. Finally, we came out on the top, a narrow, level rock saddle, and rested for about five minutes, also with refreshments—this time canned pears. It was now after eleven o'clock, but we were over the worst. From here on it was to be a "gentle rise" up the huge snow slope. With a few bursts of wonder at the magnificent, long, white ice river off to our right, below us, with its countless crevasses running from bank to bank, off we started up the slope.

The sun poured down on us now, though the valleys with their forests were all shut out from us by layers of billowy clouds. We were alone in a world of white, save for the tops of the few far away peaks of neighbor volcanoes. The intense heat soon had us packing snow on our heads under our hats. The elevation began to tell, and soon we could do no more than three or four steps at a time, up through the soft, mushy snow. Of this side of the peak Mr. F. E. Matthes of the U. S. Geological Survey says, in a recent brilliant and appreciative description of the great mountain (Mt. Rainier and Its Glaciers. For sale by Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. Price 15 cents. Department of the Interior, 1914):

"Hard by the rock rim of the East Summit crater the snows begin, enwrapping in an even, immaculate layer, the smooth sides of the cinder cone. Only a few feet deep at first, they thicken downward by degrees, until a thousand feet below the crater, they possess sufficient depth and weight to acquire movement. Occasional angular crevasses here interrupt the slope and force the summit-bound traveler to make wearying detours."

These "wearying detours" we, too, had; while, in the act of jumping

In a crevasse on Stevens' Glacier, in July.

across a crevasse, or walking over a snow-bridge, one forgot for a moment the heat.

"If we could only sit down and rest a minute," the man back of me would say; but no, indeed: "You can't sit down," said our guide, afraid that we would never want to rise again. I fell forward on my knees a number of times, thereby getting moments of sweet rest and breath. We were not interested in the "view" just now. It

Crevasse, Little Cowlitz Glacier.

was pull, drag, breathe. "We've got to get to the top," said our guardian angel, and I answered, "Yes" as I dragged my feet up three steps more. Then we did reach the big rocks that jutt up on the rim of the crater, and our labors were o'er. We knew we were on the top by the bitter, icy blast that went straight through our mortal frames. Huddling back of the largest rock, "Register Rock," we were handed the book to write our names therein. It is kept there in a tin box chained to the rock. Then, while we shivered and shook, the guide said, "Do you want to go down into the crater?" A united "No" greeted him. "Well, look down, anyway." So up we arose and peered over the rock, to see a basin filled with snow, some 1,200 feet across, with a rocky rim around it, and across from us, on the other side of the crater, the big dome, "Columbia's Crest," 14,408 feet. "I'll go up that another time," I said. Then I huddled back to shiver and shake some more, hitting myself to keep warm.

"Now look at the view! That's what you came for," urged our benign leader. So we did as ordered. There were clouds below us, vast, sublime, and above them the snowy heads of those other great Kings of the Northwest, Mt. Baker in the North, and Adams, St. Helens and Hood in the south. Each one has a great story to tell of his part in the making of the Pacific Coast. We were above earth surely now, in a region of mystery and wonder.

We had arrived about 2 p. m., and could stay only about fifteen minutes, for the journey back was long, though easy. Sliding through the soft snow with our eyes ever on the crevasses, we soon reached the top of Gibraltar again. With a few minutes of rest, we started down the "chute," but this time on ropes that our guide fastened to huge boulders. This over, came the hurried but carefully picked steps under the now dripping rocks of the cliff. Then came the rock "Cleavers," and the long, long snow-field. By this time, about 5 p. m., the constant going began to tell on weary limbs, but "no stops." On we slid and pushed and ran. Away up in the clouds, in front of us, seemed to topple over on us, the queerly poised peak of Mt. Adams. I finally asked the guide if that peak looked the same way to him, and was much relieved when he said "Yes."

We ourselves had not yet reached the clouds, but we did just before we reached camp at seven o'clock. Dinner and blessed sleep were what we wanted, for we had been going almost constantly for eighteen hours.

No more need to go to Switzerland for glaciers! That in itself is something worth knowing; but to see the beauty and majesty of Rainier, in its mighty isolation, up and up above the green, dark forests—that is a glory and a benediction to be yours forever.

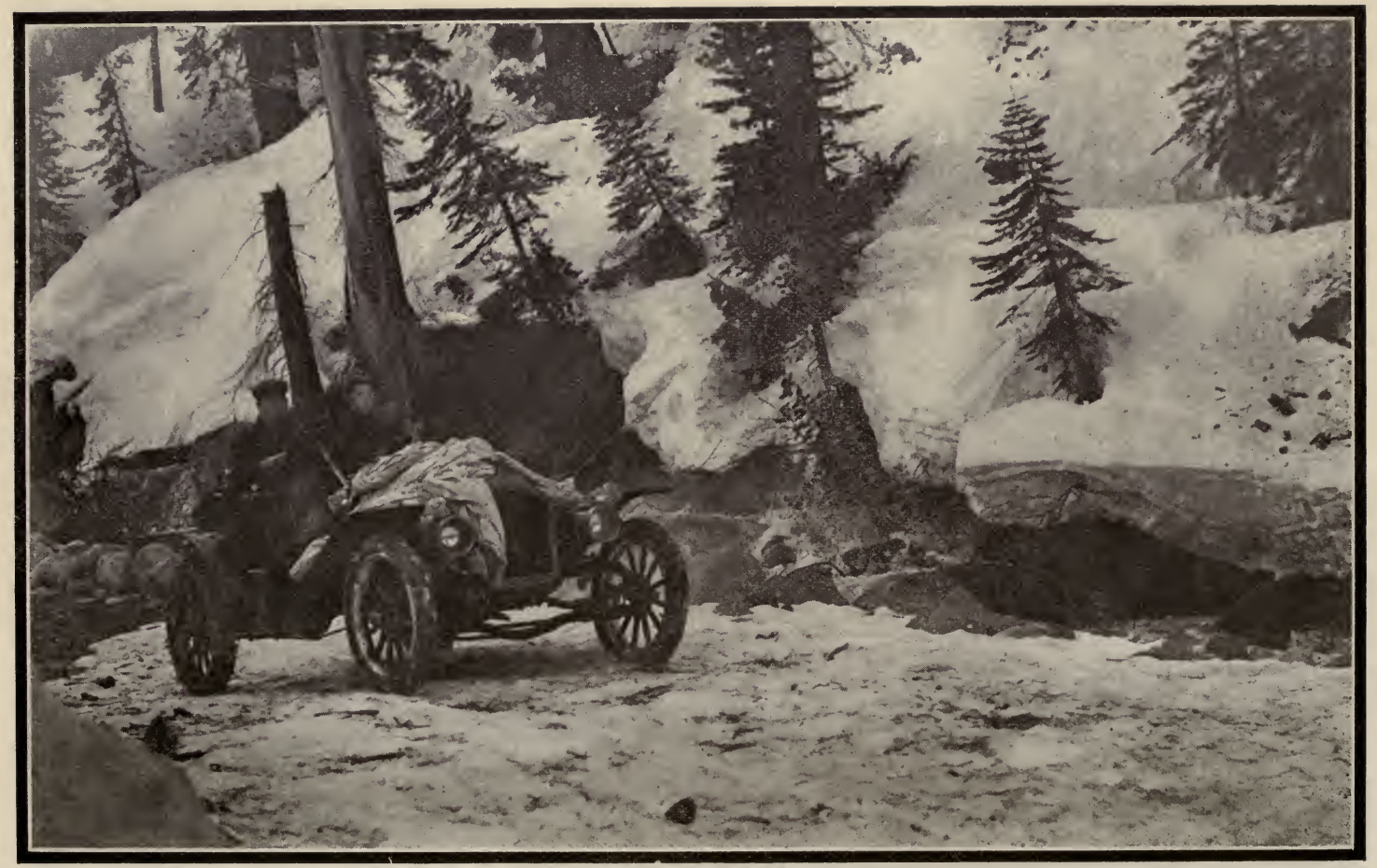
Motoring Through California in the Month of May

Rolling through the up-reaches of the Redwoods in the Santa Cruz Mountains

A winding road through the beautiful Ojai Valley.

From a view point on the Coast Range looking toward the Pacific Ocean

Side trips on the State Highway



Through the May snowpacks of the High Sierras.

Corner of a native village, Tahiti.

In the Lagoon at Papara

By Gordon C. Corbaley

THE DAY was February—the February of the tropics. The hour was still of the morning, but already the sun was well overhead; a blazing ball of glowing heat, so close, so imminent, and so threatening that it weakened and whitened the bluest blue of all blues, the cloudless blue of the South Sea skies.

The cocoanut palms clustered and straggled along the shore, the motionless background upon the canvas of nature. At the top of each towering brown height was the close-grasped cluster of big and little brown nuts, bedecked and beplumed with the spreading green fronds thrown wide to the heavens around.

The living, producing staff of life of the tropics was asleep in the shining summer sky; asleep awaiting the coming of the first breath of the trades that would rustle and tingle each tiny leaf point with slow gathering strength until the great fronds

shore. The water was much warmer than the North Atlantic sea that I had always known, but to my flushed body it was cool and pleasant.

The lagoon was so transparent that when I shaded my eyes and looked into the depths, I seemed to be floating in air. Below me was a great aquarium. Many of the fish turned and scudded away at my shadow. Others leisurely looked me over and went about their way. And some, down below, gave no sign that they knew I was there.

As I slowly drifted outward the water became deeper and darker, and, nearing the reef, the bottom began to show only as a shadow. Out of this shadow there emerged forms. First dim and indefinite, and then clearer and sharper as the reef came closer and then nearer to the surface, until they stood out shining and bright in the reflected glory of the sun—the fantastic forest of the coral.

The reds, the pinks, the blues, the greens, the yellows—all the colors chased and played on the fragile forms of the clustered trees beneath the sea. The red and yellow fish as they darted in and out among the barnacles and the shadows added to the glory of color.

When I waded up on the reef I found it nearly 50 feet wide with a top of crushed and broken coral, much like the beach of the shore line, but with the difference that the top of the reef was below the surface of the water, and much of it was mottled green and yellow with the rank growth of weeds.

Reaching out from the sides below the water grew the many-shaped coral, in the tedious process of being reared from the bottom of the ocean in a growth of hundreds of years, but the most of the reef was surfaced by coral that had been broken into fragments by the pounding of the sea.

When the ocean is in playful humor, as it was on that morning, the top of a coral reef has a round of sport that is all its own. The rollers from out at sea are not so big as to carry danger, but they grow higher as they come closer, and end with a splashing of sheets of water mixed with spray and foam. The water rushed and played around me, cool and pleasant, but without a hint of a chill. It was a game of hide and seek ending each time with my bracing myself to resist the current around my feet as the remnants of the wave poured over into the lagoon.

When I finally dropped back into the calm water and began my leisurely swim to the shore, I found that the strangeness of the surroundings and of the transparency of the water was passing, and that I was beginning to be at my ease.

I idled along with just enough exertion to keep afloat, holding my breath much of the time that I might watch the strange ocean world below. The fish played and sported, and went about their every day errands in almost disregard of my presence.

And such fish! I had been prepared for something unusual from the grotesque colors and shapes that I had seen offered in the fish market at Papeete, but nothing like these. Even the clear, blue water magnified and distorted them. Fish there were of every color of the rainbow—red, blue, yellow and even vivid purple. Some had beaks and some had horns. Many were short and fat and one was long and narrow, and round like an eel.

The minutes passed, and still I idled in pleasant water. The distant shore was not inviting, as viewed from the ripple of the lagoon, and the world of fish below was ever interesting and ever changing. One big, flat fellow, who seemed to be about three feet long and almost as wide, was as much interested in me as I was in him. He floated and circled around at a depth of apparently ten or twelve feet, and most of the time he kept his nose and eyes pointed in my direction. When I first saw him, I had an uneasy feeling that he might be sizing me up for food. As he continued his inspection and came no closer, I concluded that it was plain fish curiosity.

Natives fishing on a river.

I raised my head to rest my neck and catch my breath. When I looked again and got my bearings the fat fish was just in the act of whirling and darting away. I watched for a moment and was surprised to see the other fish within my circle of vision start in the same direction.

"Something to eat," thought I, and lifted up to scan the air.

The water below, which had been so lively and industrious, continued deserted, except when I caught a glimpse of one lone fish darting by.

Then I turned my head so that I could see a little to the rear and well over to the right, and I saw the explanation. There was no mistaking the hammer-shaped head and the big mouth and the rounded body that was lazily swimming along in the water almost directly beneath me. It was a shark!

For the flash of a second my eyes saw brown. My heart jumped and seemed to stop beating. My arms unconsciously grasped out at the water, but they felt weak and helpless.

The destroyer was there. Another moment and he would dart toward the surface, and with the overpowering pain of the crushing grasp I would go to a quick death.

Then came the instinct for life.

My arms swung with frenzy against the water. I kicked and threw my body forward.

With motion there was the return of thought, but thought cold and weak with terror.

I wanted to draw my feet up to my body—to pull them away from the danger. But with the brute strength of determination I forced myself to kick them out and to do it again and again.

I beat and I fought against the water. My muscles seemed ready to burst with each pull. My ears roared and I tried to grasp for breath.

Would he never come? Was he playing with me like a cat with a mouse? I almost prayed for the end.

The shore was coming closer, but it still seemed miles away. I reached out my arms for it, and grasped the water to pull myself ahead. The water seemed to beat into a foam, but I was sure that I could not be moving forward—just bobbing up and down.

I almost thought it was the end when my knees brushed the bottom—and the race was over.

That night I asked Jimmy Christian —the Pitcairn Island boy—if there were sharks in the lagoon.

"Lots of them," he said, "and as tame and peaceful as pigs. When the men fish with nets they sometimes have to drive the sharks away with clubs."

For some reason the sharks in the waters of Tahiti almost never touch a human being.

A BELGIUM MOTHER

My mother says since father's gone a-marching off to war,
A thin old hungry wolf thing peeps right in our very door.
Now I don't see him ever, but I know she thinks him there,
She acts so very strangely, and I see her stare and stare.
Papa's a great big soldier man, so good and brave and strong,
He'll whip three German soldiers, 'cause he says they're in the wrong.
He's got a fine new sword and gun and uniform so neat,
He looked so very splendid marching up and down our street.

To-day a ragged one-armed man came creeping from the war.
His face all cut and bleeding, and his uniform all gore.
My Mother wrung her hands and cried when told about the fight—
She sits alone now moaning, by that weir-wolf all the night.

GERTRUDE LA PAGE.

HOGAN'S MASCOT

By H. P. Holt

CAPTAIN HOLT knew most roads leading towards the docks at Liverpool, but a quick glance round told him he must have taken a wrong turning.

There were very few people about, and it was rapidly getting dusk. The street was not a particularly savoury one.

The mariner was a holy terror with his fists when circumstances demanded it, but he buttoned up his coat, for it was sailing day, and he had just come from the owner's office. He had a considerable sum of money on him. He took his bearings as accurately as he could, and quickened his pace.

No clearly defined thought of danger crossed his mind, even when two men emerged from a passage just behind him.

Suddenly one of them took a stride forward.

"Got a match, gov'nor?" he asked.

The environment was not one to encourage sociability, and Captain Hogan, turning his head slightly, said "No."

At that instant the second man, with the soft, stealthy movements of a panther, stepped forward and a knuckle-duster struck the mariner on the back of the head. Instinctively he clenched his fists, but the blow had been a hard one, and Captain Hogan felt a sudden nausea. His legs refused to support him, and the rough pavement seemed to rise up and strike him.

He was not quite unconscious, and he became aware of the sudden arrival of a fourth person in an atmosphere which resembled a tornado. This individual towered over the others, and his arms shot out like streaks of lightning. Captain Hogan's assailants fell to the ground and crawled out of range.

The captain, who had only been stunned momentarily, quickly began to recover and started to feel in an inside pocket.

"No, they haven't had time to do any thieving," said the big man, seeing the victim was anxious about something. "I just happened to come along about ten seconds too soon for 'em."

"I'm mightily obliged to you for sailing in," replied Captain Hogan. "Sea-going man?"

The big man nodded.

"What rating?"

"I used to be an engineer, but—well, I ship as an able seaman as a rule now."

"Lost your engineer's ticket?"

"No-o. But it's no use to me, at least not in civilized countries."

"What's wrong?"

"Just rotten luck." For the first time Captain Hogan noticed that the man's expression was sad and almost hopeless. "I seem to be a sort of Jonah. At least they say so. Sure as I sign on a ship something goes wrong—mutiny, broken down engines, collision or rocks. Bad-luck Brady they call me, and nearly every chief engineer afloat and owner seems to know it. Still, one must earn a living, and I won't go in the stoking gang, so I've been sailing as A. B. under fancy names lately."

"Looking for a job now?"

"Yes; I've been hanging around the docks for a day or two without any luck. Do you feel fit enough to stand now?"

"Well," said Captain Hogan, as the

other man helped him to his feet, "if you care to come along with me I'll fix you up somehow. We're sailing at once for New York. I know the engineers have got a full staff, but I can find a place for you as A. B."

And so Bad-luck Brady was one of the crew of the Firefly as she turned her stern on Liverpool. Before the skipper had climbed into his bunk that night he had the satisfaction of receiving a report that the new hand was a demon for work, and left most of the others standing still.

MacAllister, the chief engineer, was a dour Scot, with no imagination. He worshipped, when occasion permitted, at the little kirk near Peebles, and there was no room for superstition in his mind. He would walk under a ladder or spill salt with his mind unperturbed, but when he ran up against Brady, who was swabbing decks at dawn next morning, he rapped out an expression that had never been heard in the little kirk near Peebles.

Brady looked up from his work for a moment, and then went on swabbing.

"So ye've brought your tarnation bad luck on to this craft, hae ye?" said MacAllister.

Brady knew him. MacAllister had been chief while Brady was second on the Indian Ocean when she struck a reef that was never marked on any chart, on the West African coast. Most of the crew were saved. The others had always been counted among the victims of Brady's unlucky star.

MacAllister snorted and went about his work, but he could not get the presence of Brady on board out of his mind. Before long he sought an interview with the skipper on the subject.

"I'd like to know what daft mon signed Bad-luck Brady on here," he asked.

"I don't think he is in your department, Mr. MacAllister," Captain Hogan replied, stiffening visibly.

"Weel, don't blame me if the engines fall through the bottom or the crank shaft smashes this trip," snapped the Scot.

"That is your department, Mr. MacAllister," retorted the captain, with the suspicion of a smile; and the Scot made his way to his own cabin, where he sought sympathy in three fingers of whisky and a dash from the syphon.

Before the day was out, the third engineer slipped and jammed his foot in the machinery. MacAllister uttered an audible prayer that Brady might discover an early route to perdition, and wondered vaguely whether a jury composed of shipowners would regard it as a crime for any one to throw the new hand overboard.

Within twenty-four hours of steaming it was clear that the coal was bad, and without pausing to reflect that the same thing occurred nearly every other trip, the chief engineer added that little matter to the score he had against Bad-luck Brady.

But Brady had the strength of two ordinary men and the brains of ten ordinary A. B.'s. Moreover, he worked conscientiously, so Captain Hogan was quite unmoved when MacAllister now and again threw out dark hints about the folly of sailing with such a well-known Jonah on board.

The engineer had discovered by now that it was the skipper himself who had signed on the new hand.

"Weel, I'm only hoping no harm comes o' it," said MacAllister, "but mark my wor-rds, it was a bad day's work when ye did it."

"Listen to me, Mr. MacAllister," said the skipper, "did you ever hear or even suspect anything against Brady as a man?"

The engineer considered a moment. He was loth to speak well of the new hand, but he knew that every one agreed that Brady was a clever engineer and as straight as a gun.

"Don't remember," said MacAllister.

"No, I don't expect you do," retorted the skipper. "If I am any judge, Brady is as clean a sort of man as ever stepped on board ship. You've got a good job, Mr. MacAllister and a growing family with a good roof over them and plenty to eat. You don't

know the meaning of the word 'want.' Brady does, and unless I'm mistaken, he has fought like a lion against long odds. His luck has been out, and men like you have gone out of their way to kick him when he was down. Brady has a little woman in Liverpool and a kid, too. He is a trier, and just because he is down on his luck I've given him a chance. I know some ships are unlucky and men fight shy of them. I'm not particularly religious —but God never meant a straight man who is struggling to keep a wife and kid to be hounded or to be shunned like an unlucky ship that probably wasn't straight from the moment she left the stocks. No, Mr. MacAllister, I don't want to quarrel with you, but Brady is good enough for me. We all get runs of bad luck till the change comes. And it somes sooner or later, when a fellow-being offers a helping hand. Put it this way if you like—I am taking Brady with me as a mascot."

"Weel, if you've gone daft I canna argue with you," snorted the Scot; and as the Firefly happened to be favored with particularly fine weather during her run to America, MacAllister grew gloomy and puzzled, for he was convinced that there was grim danger lurking ahead and he could see no sign of it.

The sea was still in one of her quiescent moods when the return voyage began, and there was no sign of a storm until the boat was within two days of Queenstown. The wind came up in ominous puffs from the south. Captain Hogan, from the bridge, cast anxious eyes round the horizon and hoped it would not veer round and blow hard from the southwest. MacAllister, too, with the sea-going man's intuition, felt there was the possibility of a gale, and he made a mental vow that, whatever happened, he would not sail again in the Firefly with Brady on board.

Towards evening the hull of a great liner, outward bound, hove in sight, and when she was within a couple of miles of the Firefly, Captain Hogan noticed that a string of bunting was run up.

"What port are you bound for?" was the message he read with the aid of his glasses.

"Queenstown and Liverpool," the Firefly answered.

"I want to transfer a passenger to you," was the next message.

Captain Hogan grinned. The Firefly was not an elegant liner. In fact, passengers were luxuries she never carried. He rang the telegraph to stop the engines, and wondered vaguely whether it was a case of sickness. His craft was not fitted with wireless, and he was left in uncertainty until the mammoth mail boat sidled up and a life-boat shot away from her. Within two minutes some cabin trunks were handed over the side of the Firefly, and a bronzed man followed them. Mail boats have scant time for loitering, and before Captain Hogan was even aware of the passenger's name, the liner was again churning his way westwards.

"I'm Silas P. Hank," said the stranger when the skipper greeted him.

A movement of the skipper's eyebrows indicated his surprise.

"Any connection with Silas P. Hank's Tinned Dainties?" he asked.

"I'm it, sir," replied the stranger, and Captain Hogan knew he was having the honor of entertaining a man whose millions were so numerous that their owner could not count them with exactness.

"I'm real sorry to have caused you this delay," went on Mr. Hank, "but you can name your price and I'll double it. I'm top hole grateful to you."

Captain Hogan regarded him with some admiration.

"You must be a man with remarkable persuasive powers to have stopped that mail boat, sir," he said.

Mr. Hank's left eyelid flickered. There are practically no limitations to what a multi-millionaire can do, but he must not always talk about it afterwards.

"I hope the trouble isn't serious, ob-

served Captain Hogan with no inquisitive desire.

"I'm going back for a bride, sir," replied Mr. Silas P. Hank, so overjoyed that he obviously could not contain the information. "I came away from London with a breaking heart, but I got a wireless message this morning that put a different complexion on affairs. I just couldn't have waited while that boat chugged all the way to America and back. If I had to buy the liner and the captain, too, I'd have managed somehow or other to turn back."

Mr. Silas P. Hank's spirits were bubbling over. He was more like an excited school boy than the head of one of the greatest business concerns in New York, and he was feverishly anxious to get back to the girl's side.

Towards evening the wind chopped round towards the southwest and freshened considerably. When dawn broke over the gray desolation of water there was a heavy sea running and the Firefly pitched badly. MacAllister's face wore a curious expression, for though no man views the prospect of a gale at sea with joy, he found a melancholy pleasure in feeling that his warning was coming true. There was every sign of the presence of Bad-luck Brady being felt on board now. Even MacAllister realized that it was an inauspicious moment in which to approach the captain on the subject. He would dearly have loved to "rub it in," but he refrained, and retired to his cabin, where he poured out a generous whisky with which to fortify himself against the troubles that were looming ahead. Several times during the morning he paid flying visits to his cabin for additional fortification of the same kind, and he was engaged in that occupation when he felt a jarring vibration run through the frame of the Firefly. He heard the telegraph ring quickly and the engines were shut off.

MacAllister was somewhat surprised when he rose to investigate the cause of the ship being stopped to realize that he had rather overfortified himself. The lurch he gave as he made his way along the deck was not due entirely to the movement of the steamer, and he swore gently when he bumped his shins on a stanchion.

The second mate was hurrying aft.

"What the matter?" asked the engineer.

"Nothing much. We've grazed some sunken wreckage, but it doesn't seem to have done any damage. I expect we've floated past it by now."

The news was agitating, and MacAllister felt the need of a little stimulant. He made his way back to the bottle of fortification, and then went to superintend matters in the engine room. Just as he had descended the companion (with great care, for a slip would have involved a considerable fall) the captain rang "slow ahead." Steam was turned on again, but after the propeller had made a few revolutions the engine began to strain and splutter. The man at the throttle opened it out a trifle, but the straining increased and then the machinery stopped altogether.

"What's matter?" asked MacAllister, thickly.

"Blowed if I know," said Barnes, the second engineer. "Seems as though a pipe were choked."

MacAllister swayed with the roll of the vessel and looked reflectively into space.

"It's that tarnation Brady," he muttered. "Ought to have thrown him overboard."

A messenger came hurrying from the bridge to know the cause of the engine stopping.

"Tella skipper it's his bloomin' mascot," said the chief. "We're all to be drooned."

Within sixty seconds the skipper himself came thundering down to investigate. One glance at MacAllister was sufficient to show the hopelessness of relying on him.

"Is it going to be a long job?" Captain Hogan asked, addressing Barnes. "She's rolling about like a tub, and I am very anxious to make Queenstown as quickly as possible."

The second engineer, a willing, but not particularly capable man, glanced at MacAllister, shrugged his shoulders and said: "I'll get her going as soon as I can."

Mr. Silas P. Hank paced to and fro feverishly. He offered to give the entire engine room staff a full month's wages if they effected the repairs within an hour.

Brady, who had been standing near the stern, approached the captain, and Hogan remembered suddenly that the new hand was known to be a skilled engineer.

"Have they found out what's wrong, sir?" he asked.

"A pipe seems to be choked. I'd be glad if you'd give them a hand, my lad."

Brady smiled.

"The pipes are all right, sir. Will you come this way, and I'll point out what is the matter?"

The new hand led the way to the stern, which was heaving and dipping in the swell.

"Wait till she lifts right up out of the water," said Brady.

As he spoke, the vessel's nose ducked, and the water fell away from the stern. Brady pointed. For a moment there was visible a wire which trailed astern.

"The propeller had picked it up from the sunken wreckage, sir," said Brady, "and when the engines restarted that wire got bound round our propeller shaft. We shall have to be towed in unless they can cut the wire adrift."

The captain's jaw became set. The situation was serious. There was no sign of a vessel that could tow them—a very expensive proceeding at any time—and the chief engineer was not in a condition to tackle the task. Meanwhile they were drifting. The propeller shaft was three feet under water most of the time.

"It can be done," said Brady.

"How?" asked the captain, quickly.

"Get all hands to shift as much cargo as they can lay hands on up into the bows. She'll rise enough to let a man use a cold chisel and hammer on the wire."

"Slip down and fetch up the second engineer," said the captain.

Barnes came on deck and the captain explained the position.

"It can't be done at sea," said Barnes, decisively. "You'll have to wait for a tow and take her into dry dock."

"Will you shift that cargo and let me have a go?" put in Brady quietly. He knew exactly what the danger and difficulty of the task were, but he spoke with calm confidence.

Captain Hogan glanced at the water as it licked the stern. Brady, with his enormous strength and skill as an engineer, was probably the only person on board who could perform the task—if it could be performed at all.

"All right, my lad," said the skipper, and the next minute he was giving instructions for every one on board to join in moving cargo.

All hands labored like fiends, the captain and the proprietor of Hank's Tinned Dainties working as hard as any of the others. Winches screamed and creaked. Packages and bales were stored as far forward as possible. Inch by inch, the nose of the Firefly sank, and at the end of two hours Brady inspected the result of their labors.

"The stern will have to come up another foot yet," he reported to the captain; and the work was resumed tirelessly.

After another hour Brady fashioned a cradle, and, with a life line tied around his body, was lowered over the stern. Captain Hogan knew full well the difficulty of the task the man had set himself. The propeller shaft was still awash most of the time. Brady would have been under the utmost disadvantage even if the Firefly had been in still water. As it was, each heavy sea played with her as though she were a cork. At times, when the steamer was sliding over a green sea the man in the cradle was suspended dizzily far above the water, and by herculean efforts he might manage to make two or perhaps three blows with

the chisel. Then as a great solid mother-wave swirled six feet over the shaft, he was trailed behind, half-drowned, and hanging on for dear life. No ordinary man could have stood the strain for more than a few minutes. Brady, however, was not an ordinary man, but even his endurance was tried to the utmost. When the water was rushing over his head and he felt as though all the breath was beaten out of his body, he set his teeth. He knew that if only he could last out long enough to cut through the twisted wire and free the propeller nobody would be able to point the finger of scorn at him. The salt water stung his eyes, which smarted so badly that he could hardly see where to strike, and the heavier seas strained every muscle in his body.

Once a sudden rush of water and a jerk on the ropes that held the cradle knocked the chisel from his benumbed fingers. He called to those on deck to haul up.

His face was changed when Captain Hogan saw him. He had the expression of a man who had been engaged in a Titanic struggle against heavy odds and would not admit that he knew the meaning of the word "failure."

"Give me another chisel," he ordered curtly, and a few moments later he was again lowered.

"Do you think he will succeed?" asked Mr. Hank, addressing the skipper.

"Don't know," the latter replied. "He's up against it."

At last they heard Brady's voice again, and he was quickly hauled up. In an instant the captain saw in the expression on the man's face that he had finished.

"She's clear now," reported Brady, as he was lifted over the side; then he staggered as he made his way towards the fo'c'sle. Just as the engines were restarted and the Firefly resumed her journey, Brady reached the side of his bunk and pitched headlong in a dead faint.

* * * *

When Mr. Silas P. Hank left the ship at Queenstown in breathless haste he turned to Brady and handed him an envelope. A moment later he had vanished down the gangway.

Brady opened the envelope, and his eyes grew round. It contained a check for a hundred pounds.

Three days later, after Captain Hogan had had an interview with Mr. Schwartz, the owner, in his office at Liverpool, during which the skipper had expressed certain views with fluency, Brady received instructions to give Mr. Schwartz a call.

"We are losing the services of MacAllister, the chief engineer of the Firefly," said Mr. Schwartz. "Will you take his place?"

A lump came into the throat of the powerful engineer. He was thinking of the little woman and her child.

"Thank you, sir," he said in a strange voice, forcing the lump back. And then he hastened to the little woman and child.

HOMESICK

The meadow lark, with golden throat
Forever sings this one sweet note
California!
Sweet, sweet, California!
This challenge flung from fragrant hay
Clear and sweet at close of day,
California!
Sweet, sweet, California!

GERTRUDE LAPAGE.

BARBARA

By Gertrude Orr

BUT, BOB——" pleaded the man, bending towards the girl who sat beside him on the stone wall.

"But, Jim——" she interrupted him, mockingly, and she flashed him a teasing smile as she swung her heels back and forth against the wall. She looked like a woodland sprite in her summer gown of cool green. The big shade hat that she had tossed aside lay at her feet, and the last rays of the setting sun lent a glint to her dark hair, coiled close to her head.

"Barbara," said Jim Manning solemnly, "you look good enough to eat. And you're bad enough to exasperate a saint. Not being a saint, Bob, I give you warning here and now that some day I'm going to get very very angry when you tease too hard, and then—well, you'll be sorry then," he ended darkly.

Barbara stopped swinging her heels and regarded her companion with a new interest as he sat glowering at the green fields which stretched for miles before them, and finally merged into a distant bit of woodland. Rambling walls of stone divided the land into irregular patches of meadow and pasture that blossomed with the wild flowers of early summer.

"Jim," breathed the girl, staring with wide blue eyes at her companion. "You almost interest me." She broke off quickly, and the teasing imp danced again in her eyes. "And pray, monsieur, when will the fireworks begin to explode? At least you'll give a poor girl fair warning, won't you? I'm so helpless." And she lowered her lashes and folded her hands sedately in her lap in the effort to look demure. But the man refused to respond to her challenge and stared moodily ahead of him.

Barbara watched him from the corners of her eyes, and oddly enough her heart began to quicken its pace. Certainly Jim Manning was good to look upon in his walking suit of English tweed that showed off broad shoulders and deep chest to good advantage. His hair was very blonde, and his eyes, sombre now, were of clear gray.

Bob listened to the thumping of her heart in amazement. Five years she had known Jim and listened mockingly to his wooing. Five years he had showered her with unobtrusive attentions, with flowers which she shared carelessly with her younger sister, and candy that she fed to other beaux. She couldn't remember the time, since she had come to the little village of Dorranceton to teach school, when Jim Manning had not been "among those present" in her train, just a comfortable background. As the youngest of the village doctors, he was a great favorite with every one. Practice was not burdensome, so he had divided his leisure time between earnest study and companionship with the pretty little school teacher. There had been a bond between them from the first, for both were just out of college and filled with the earnest desire of the new generation to play a real part in life and to be of service to humanity. Yet the girl was amazed and almost indignant at the fluttering of her heart now.

"Well," she said at last, with an effort, after they had sat in silence for several minutes, "if you're going to sit there like a bump on a log, we might as well go home."

She looked down, measuring the distance to the ground, then jumped

lightly. She smothered an exclamation as she twisted her ankle a bit; then glared at the man who still sat motionless. Whatever was wrong with —Jim the courteous, always present with the helping hand?

He jumped down from the wall at last, and still in silence they started across the fields. Bob held her head very high and walked several feet from her cavalier, who paid no heed to her. Well, let him sulk if he wanted to. She was sure she had not done anything. Of course she had just told him that she was going to the dance that night with Russell Robinson, instead of with him. But then, Robinson was a fascinating newcomer; just arrived at Dorranceton for a few weeks' stay. He wasn't as good a dancer as Jim, who "hesitated" divinely; but then she could go to a dance with Jim anytime. And besides, Jim never protested when she changed her mind about dates with him.

Bob began to get angry too. Now if he was half a man, even, he would insist upon his rights. But since she first had known him, he always had let her have her own way. She had broken countless engagements with him for other men, just because the others wouldn't be put off, and Jim would.

"Bob," said the man, suddenly, "please don't go with Robinson to-night."

"And why not?" asked Bob, haughtily.

"Because you promised to go with me," he replied quietly.

"Oh, promised," said Bob, flaring up. "Yes, but why should I keep promises of that kind, if I don't want to? You never before have objected when I broke engagements with you. That's the reason I've done it so frequently. You're not a man, Jim. Oh, must a woman tell all her secrets—even how she must be wooed? Of course a girl will dance and flirt and be as fickle as the day is long until the man comes who can awaken her inmost heart. She does not seek love and marriage unless there is a man who is so much stronger that she is no longer afraid of love. You are not man enough to make me do things, Jim." She stopped breathless, as she caught sight of Manning's face, flaming with anger. He seized her violently —then released her even more suddenly; checking with an effort the torrent of words of his lips. His face turned from red to white as he struggled to control himself.

"Bob," he said, with shaking voice, "if you were a man you would regret those words. But being a woman you dare to say the unpardonable thing; relying upon your womanhood to protect you from yourself." He stopped for an instant, drawing a long breath; then went on more quietly: "Listen, Bob. You don't mean for an instant the words that you have said. A woman, of course, is primitive still in many respects; even to-day when we talk of the emancipated woman. You have earned your own living for several years, Bob. You claim to be an ardent advocate of the Woman Movement, and you preach the need of woman's suffrage and the equality of man and woman. Yet you taunt me, saying that you do not love me because I leave you free to follow your own mind, instead of forcing you to go my way. Consistent, isn't it, this cave woman's ideal of a mate who clubbed her into obedience, with your modern day talk of woman's rights?" He ended with a bitter laugh.

Barbara listened to him with wide eyes, standing there at the edge of the field. Her gown shimmered softly in the twilight and she still held in her hand her big shade hat.

"Jim," she said, and there were tears in her voice. "Forgive me. I said it thoughtlessly. I'm sorry."

"You can't change the words by saying you are sorry," said the man, gravely. "I have loved you for more than five years, Bob; and gradually you have turned to me. In these past few weeks we have been so close together that I believed you were awake at last. Then when you promised to go with me to the dance to-night, I

had set the time for telling you of my love, believing that my hour was finally come. Why—fool that I was—I even dared to get this." He laughed wryly as he drew from his pocket a marriage license that bore the names of "Barbara Hunt, 24; and James Manning, 29 years."

Barbara stared at it with flaming cheeks and eyes that suddenly glowed. The man watching her took a half step towards her.

"Why didn't you make me; Jim?" she murmured.

Her words broke the spell, and the man turned away with an impatient shrug of his shoulders. He thrust the license into his pocket.

"Make you!" he repeated angrily. "You would try the patience of a saint, Bob. I'm not a cave man, even if you are a cave woman. I wouldn't have a woman for a wife who had to be made to do things. A man wants a woman to come to him of her own free will; because the love in her heart sends her to him and makes him necessary to her life and happiness; even as she is necessary to him. Let's go home now," he ended abruptly.

Bob was very thoughtful that night as she dressed for the dance. She was trying to analyze the contradictory feelings that filled her heart. She was keenly aware of a smarting vanity that had been wounded by Jim's uncompromising words. He evidently thought her no end of a fool.

"But wasn't he right?" asked a tart little inner voice; and Bob, forced to look things squarely in the face, had to admit that there was a good deal of truth in his words.

"I haven't been fair to him," she thought, as she adjusted a white aigrette in her hair—then satisfied with the reflection in the mirror that told her she was looking her best that night in her gown of sheer white. she turned away and stood at her window. In the bright moonlight she could see the distant glimmer of pasture walls off to the right; and the scene of the afternoon came back to her vividly.

"A man wants a woman to come to him of her own free will—because the love in her heart sends her to him."

Jim's words rang in her ears. Love! Had she ever loved a man that way? Bob thought of all the men who had come into her life. Since she has been in pinafores, there always had been some boy. But how little influence they had had on her life. She had played the game with them, and they had come and gone and left as little trace as the frolicksome wind. Then Jim had come. He always had been different. For all that he had loved her from the first, and she had known it, he had said little to her of his own wishes. They had been the best of comrades. As Bob thought of the days they had spent together tramping the fields near the little village; reading together, talking for hours of every subject in the universe, she realized suddenly how amazingly congenial they had been, and how well Jim had "worn." They had agreed on all the vital subjects, and on those which were unimportant; they had argued endlessly, each with delight in the other's different viewpoint.

"He has climbed to the hill-tops and glimpsed the great valleys, the plains and the mountains over which the life road threads," thought Bob. "He never has been lost in the valley. What couldn't a man and woman accomplish if they worked together; laughing and weeping like their fellows, yet never forgetting to climb for a few minutes each day to the hill-tops, glimpsing anew the life road as a whole.

She lifted her face to the night breeze, and suddenly the stars were clouded with a mist and big tears rolled down the girl's cheeks. She sank down on the floor, regardless of the lovely new white gown, and, burying her face in her arms, wept unrestrainedly.

The tears were gone with the swiftness of an April shower, and lifting her head she dried her eyes.

"I have been thoughtless," she said. half-aloud. "I have not realized that I held the Pearl without Price right in my palm. But to-night I will tell

him of the great love in my heart and ask him to forgive me."

A quick smile came to her lips at the thought, and she stood there for a few minutes more, dreaming with her eyes on the stars. What a home they would have! And of course there would be a cozy library filled with the books that help to keep before the mind's eye the vision from the hill-tops. They would bend their united efforts towards the great ideal of Service—not the self-preening Service, that shouts its name abroad; but the truer Service, that accomplishes cheerfully the thing at hand, with a smile of welcome to the wayfarer at the door—a helping hand to the neighbor in distress, and the constant quiet work of helping others to see that hill-top vision.

The maid who brought up Russell Robinson's card interrupted her, and with a sigh she turned away from her window, with its lovely bit of starlight night, and went down stairs.

Barbara was radiantly lovely that night as she entered the ball room, and the man who accompanied her watched her with regretful eyes as she greeted her friends. He wanted to tell her how beautiful she was and how much he loved her—but for him she was as distant as the stars that she had been watching. As her eyes wandered over the room, searching, searching, he realized with a pang that the radiant light in her eyes and the flush in her cheeks was for another man; and turning away abruptly he left her, surrounded by friends, and walked toward the smoking room.

At the door he was almost knocked down by a disheveled young man who rushed in, waving a paper in his hand.

"For heaven's sake, what is the riot, Billy?" inquired one man as the crowd gathered about the breathless Billy Deerfield.

"Riot!" he sputtered. "Riot is the right word. The coal miners up in Wakefield have gone on strike, and the Governor has ordered out the State militia. See, here's the Telegram's extra," and he held up a vivid pink sheet. "Jim Manning got a telegram from the Adjutant-General an hour ago to call out his company. He's down at the station now, making arrangements for entraining. Say, he looks great in his captain's uniform. I guess the boys will see real fighting, too."

Barbara's heart seemed to stand still as Billy rattled on; then, as she drew a great breath, it began to beat so hard and fast that she thought she would suffocate.

"I must see him," she said, as soon as she could make herself heard in the commotion. "Billy, take me to him," and seizing the astonished Billy by the arm, she fairly dragged him out to the veranda and down the steps.

"Bob, you're crazy—the dance—your dress," expostulated Billy, gasping from the unaccustomed pace, for Billy was fat and leisurely as a rule, and already that night he had broken training once and run for a block to be the first one to break the news of the strike to his friends.

"I must see him," repeated Bob monotonously. "If you won't go, I'm going alone."

Billy whistled softly. "Well, I'm with you if that's the way you feel," he said. "Just wait a minute," and rushing back to the house he grabbed the first hat that he could lay his hands on and a cape for Bob. He ran to catch up with her, and silently they hurried down the street and hailed a passing car at the corner. The other passengers looked curiously at the girl in her evening gown, who seemed so preoccupied, and at the man who accompanied her. Billy tried to keep up a polite conversation, but finally relapsed into silence, as Bob paid no attention to him.

"If he should be shot; if he should be shot!" The words pounded themselves in her ears with each beat of her heart, and Bob clinched her hands hard to keep the tears from her eyes.

In a few minutes they were at the station, and almost before Billy could help her, Bob had swung off the car, and with the man trailing behind her hurried through the big swinging doors

into the waiting room of the station. As she caught sight of Jim, half surrounded by the militiamen of his company, Bob stopped short. A wave of inarticulate shyness swept over her, and, breathless, she turned back.

"Oh," she half-whispered, "I must have been crazy. I—I—don't believe I should have come, Billy. Take me back."

"Well," drawled Billy, completely exasperated, "about your being crazy, that's right enough. Here you run me to death coming down here, and now you want to run me back. I won't be dragged around in this fashion by any crazy women. Hey, Jim!" he shouted, raising his voice and beckoning as Jim turned. "Come over here."

He paid no attention to Bob's mute appeal as Jim, after a surprised glance, came hurrying towards them, but strolled off, leaving her standing there.

"Say, this girl nearly ran me to death coming down here to see you," he expostulated as he met Jim half way across the room. "I'm going to turn her over to you, for——"

Billy broke off with the sudden realization that he was talking to himself, for Bob and Jim had turned their backs on him. With a hopeless shrug of the shoulder, which called down heaven's pity on all such imbeciles, Billy joined the group of militiamen.

"Bob! You came to me!" said Jim, softly.

"Oh, Jim," said the girl, glancing around nervously and twisting her fingers, "I scarcely knew what I was doing. Billy said a strike and something about men being killed, and then I was terrified, suddenly, lest you should be hurt. I—is it foolish of me? Oh, Jim," she implored, stretching out her hands to him, "will there be danger for you?"

Jim laughed gaily, and regardless of onlookers, held her hands close. "Dear heart," he said happily, "no great danger—though I wouldn't mind if there was. I wouldn't mind anything to-night, for you have come to me."

"But Jim," insisted the girl, "you are going away. And I—I wanted to tell you to-night," Bob took a big breath and raising her lashes she looked squarely into the man's glowing eyes. "Jim, I love you so."

"Bob," he breathed, and crushed her hands. "Oh, damn these people," he added, with a hopeless glance around him.

The girl gave a little laugh that was close to a sob as she leaned towards him.

"Must you go to-night?" she whispered.

"Yes, it must be to-night," said Jim, straightening up. "But Bob," and a sudden flash lighted his eyes. "You remember this?" and he thrust his hand into his breast pocket and pulled out the marriage license he had showed her in the fields. "Bob," he hurried on, "I couldn't leave you now, to-night, unless—Bob, dearest, won't you, please?"

The girl stared at the license with wide eyes, then with an odd little half-laugh, she nodded.

"I'm ready," she said, lifting her head proudly, and there were tears in her eyes as the man stooped with a smothered exclamation and pressed his lips to her hands.

"It will have to be here," said Jim, as he straightened up with an anxious glance at the clock on the wall. "There is Dr. Forbes, now. The very man!" and dashing across the room he caught the astonished clergyman who was ambling towards the station gates.

"But my dear man," protested the bewildered minister as Jim dragged him across to Bob. "My train leaves in seven minutes. I'm going to——"

"So am I," broke in Jim, gaily. "But I'm afraid Bob might change her mind while I'm gone, so you'll have to marry us quick. I didn't mean it, dear," he added, as he caught Bob's reproachful look. "Of course I know you won't change your mind, but I'm not going to give you a chance. We'll be married to-night, and then later—"

His eyes were eloquent, and Bob's lashes drooped shyly.

Billy Deerfield, by this time resigned to the lunacy of his friends, was

pressed into service as best man, and with the interested militia company, which had gathered around at the news of what was happening, as witnesses, the wedding service was hastily read by Dr. Forbes. The men discreetly turned their backs at the end, filing through the gates to the waiting train.

"It's a queer wedding, dear," whispered Jim, taking his bride in his arms. "But how I love you. It's agony to go now, but I won't be long. Then our honeymoon."

He kissed her passionately, and Bob's arms tightened around his neck.

"It breaks my heart to have you go," she murmured. "But at least we are married. Good-bye and good luck, dearest," and with a last kiss, she slipped out of his arms as the station master sang out a final "all aboard."

Her eyes were wet, but she waved to him gaily as he ran through the gate and climbed on the last car of the train, which was slowly pulling out. He lifted his hat and waved to her, then was borne out of sight.

Bob stood there motionless an instant, then turned to Billy standing by her side, patiently waiting.

"But it won't be long," she said with a half-sigh and a glance after the train. Then she laughed. "Billy, take me back to the dance. We'll be there in time for the supper extra, and it's a Maxixe."

SPRING, IN ENGLAND

Spring like a prodigal flinging
All his heart's love to the day;
Till nature laughs 'neath the burden
Of lilac, laburnum and May.

Crowns of imperial purple,
Pyramids white as sea spray,
Heavy with splendor and perfume
Lilac, laburnum and May.

Tresses of golden laburnum,
Pennons that droop as they sway,
Bees that are brown in each blossom,
Lilac, laburnum and May.

Hast borrowed the robes of the sunset?
O Queen, for thy garments so gay;
Regal in crimson and ermine,
Lilac, laburnum and May.

Pageant of color and perfume,
Flaunting in festal array;
Birthday of beauty in blossom,
Lilac, laburnum and May.

How our hearts leap at thy coming;
Grieve when thou passeth away—
Why can't it always be spring time?
Lilac, laburnum and May!

MABEL WILSON.

IN THE GAME

By Helen Christene Hoerle

JIMMY FORD dashed his pen to the desk in a wild frenzy of despair, and swore roundly. Words would not come to fit his thoughts. For an hour or more he had been laboring over that same paragraph, and it was not right yet.

Grabbing his hat and coat he strode angrily from the room, locking the door behind him. From the studio next to his came the pleasant whirr of a typewriter operated, evidently, by an expert, not an amateur like himself.

With a scowl on his long, lean, rather handsome face, Jimmy raced down the stairs, disdaining to use the elevator.

"Any mail for me?" he inquired of the burly janitor. "As usual," he scowled even more darkly, as two long white envelopes were handed to him. "Oh, by the way," he added casually, swallowing his wrath, "who occupies the studio next to mine?"

"Number 26, Miss Terhune. She's a writer, too, only she sells her stories," the janitor added, significantly.

Mr. Ford frowned, and with a curt good-afternoon left the building. Even the janitor made sport of him, because he couldn't sell his stories. Heaven knew he tried hard enough, and the editors wrote him encouraging letters, but they always ended with that "but."

As he dashed madly along, his hands dug down deep in the pockets of his costly overcoat, and his forehead puckered into a hard knot, Mr. James Ford tried to puzzle out why his stories did not sell. Before he had solved the question, however, he found himself outside the fashionable bachelor apartment he called home. Mounting to his luxurious rooms, he was greeted by his valet.

"Miss Harrison called up, just a minute ago, sir, and——"

"Jove, I forgot." Ford grasped the receiver and called her number. "That you, Lucile? I'm sorry, my dear, I clean forgot the tea. Can't I chuck it?" he begged.

"Jimmy," came back in horrified accents from the other end of the wire, "Mrs. Haydon is giving it for us, and——"

"Oh, Lord, I know. I'll call for you in twenty minutes."

Mr. Ford hung up the receiver with a bang. In four months he would be married, and then this infernal, perpetual round of teas, dinners, receptions and luncheons would be over. So Mr. Ford thought. If he had only known——

Twenty minutes later he sprang out of his tiny electric, and in less time than it takes to tell, Mr. Ford and his fiancee were on their way to the detested tea.

Miss Harrison, looking very charming, and quite conscious of the fact, in a clinging blue gown, and black hat and furs, which showed the milky whiteness of her skin, and mass of golden hair, pouted adorably as she snuggled down in her corner of the little car.

"Jimmy," she cooed, "you look horribly cross. What's the matter, dearie. You're not angry because——"

"Nothing," he snapped, as he drew up short at a crossing.

"I know," she exclaimed heatedly. "It's some old story now, isn't it?"

He nodded, his jaw locking determinedly.

"I knew it," she rejoiced. "Jimmy, it's so foolish of you to spend your time writing stories people won't buy when

you might spend the time with me. Then you only waste money on that horrid studio, and all. You don't make any, but then you don't have to, you are so enormously rich."

"Please," the man begged, "don't let us go over all that again."

"After we're married," she began, her mouth settling in a straight line, but her fiance interrupted.

"After we're married I'll have put in three whole hours of work, before you arise in the morning, and I'll never speak to you of writing," he promised, wishing deep down in his heart that Lucile would take an interest in his work and sympathize with him. He would work better if she did, he felt sure.

She looked up at him with a smile that lit up her face for an instant and then left it as inanimate and uninteresting as before. Mr. Ford stopped the car before a handsome brick house in Gramercy Place.

"Jimmy," Miss Harrison stammered nervously, "Dr. Bangs has ordered Auntie South for a month. We leave Saturday. Can't you possibly go, too?"

Mr. Ford shook his head. "I'm sorry —but I can't, Lucile. I have no desire to leave New York in the middle of winter for some hot Southern resort," he returned, gravely, as he assisted her to alight.

Instead of grieving over his fiancee's departure, Jimmy was ashamed to admit even to himself that he rejoiced in the fact that he would have a whole month to write, or do as he pleased. No luncheons, teas, dinners, to bother him. It seemed too good to be true.

Saturday he was at the train to see Mrs. Monroe and her niece off for Florida. Dutifully he presented both ladies with an enormous bunch of violets and several of the latest novels. He kissed his fiancee on the brow, and then watched the train till it disappeared out of the station. With a sigh of relief he jumped into his waiting machine, and was whirled away to the building in West 39th street, where he had his studio.

There for a week, James Ford worked to his heart's content, eating, sleeping, living, writing, in the two plainly furnished rooms, where no one could find him. There he wrote, and reveled in the fact that there was no one to disturb him. No one knew where he was except Harris, and he had instructions not to call up unless something most important turned up.

For a week, Mr. Ford was supremely happy, notwithstanding the fact that that the only word he received from his fiancee was one of those unsatisfactory postal cards, telling him of their safe arrival. Then one day a story, "the" story that Mr. Ford would have banked his all on, came back. Despairingly he tore open the envelope. The same old story, well written, but——

Jimmy sank into a chair. It was no use. Lucile was right. He was a fool to try to write. He couldn't. He might as well give it up, go South and dawdle away his time like the other young men of his set.

Suddenly he remembered the woman in the next room. She wrote and sold her stories—maybe. Mr. Ford dashed across the hall and knocked vigorously on the door of Studio 26 before his courage deserted him.

"Miss Terhune," he questioned, as the door was opened by a tall woman. Whether she was young or old Jimmy couldn't tell in the dim light.

"I am Miss Terhune," the woman replied in a rich, well modulated voice. Mr. Ford immediately liked the owner of the voice.

"My name is Ford, James Ford," he began.

"Won't you come in?" she asked, and led the way through the tiny hall to a large, airy room the exact duplicate of Jimmy's own.

"Now," she smiled frankly at him.

In the soft, mellow light Mr. Ford saw a woman of about his own age, a woman with a wealth of tawny hair, slightly gray where it was brushed back from the broad forehead, a full mouth, and two of the most wonderful eyes Jimmy had ever seen. Great

violet orbs, soft and dreamy, yet with a suggestion of mastery and determination in spite of their tenderness.

"You have the next studio," she prompted, wondering what the man wanted of her.

James nodded. "Yes, I'm afraid, Miss Terhune, I'm an awful dub, but ever since I graduated from college six years ago I've been writing stories." He paused.

"That won't sell," she supplied.

"You're right. It's a sort of a hobby with me, just as other fellows go in for golf or tennis or riding. This writing stunt is a hobby with me. The editors say the stuff's good, but it doesn't go."

She held out her hand. "You have something there?"

He passed the manuscript to her. "Miss Terhune, would you read that and tell me what's wrong with it."

"My dear boy," she laughed, vastly pleased with his confidence. That laugh reminded James of the tinkling of ice against a glass, a very thin glass. "You flatter me. I will read it, of course—should love to."

"Thank you." He rose to go. "You sell your stories, so ought to know what's wrong."

She assented. "Yes, I sell my stories. Thank goodness." But the eyes and voice were strangely sad.

After the door closed on the tall figure, Maida Terhune stood lost in thought. "Poor chap," she muttered. "Six years at it. Good thing he does not need the money. I should never had had the courage. He's engaged to Lucile Harrison. Poor devil." She shrugged her shoulders and settled herself to read the manuscript she held in her hand.

Early next morning there was a light knock on the door of Mr. Ford's studio. Instinctively he knew who it was, and his heart beat a little more rapidly than usual.

"Good morning," Miss Terhune smiled brightly. "It's awfully early, I know. But I want to get to work and don't like to be disturbed, and I guess you don't either. Mayn't I came in?"

Mr. Ford blushed as he apologized for the appearance of the room.

"I sat up half the night reading the 'Girl in Green,'" she began when she was seated. "It's a great story, but—"

Jimmy groaned. "I know; that's what they all say. It's great, but——"

"Do you want to know what's wrong?"

Mr. Ford nodded eagerly.

"It's all external. You don't feel any of the emotions you write about. This is a story of a poor girl; you've never known a poor girl in your life. You write of things you don't know. You say hate, but you have never hated any one or anything in your life. Now, have you?"

"I don't think I have," Mr. Ford admitted.

"No, nor love, nor any of the great emotions. You've never lived or felt," the woman had risen and stood gazing down at him, her bosom rising and falling spasmodically. "Learn, then. Learn what love, hate, horror, joy, mean. Then you'll write, and not till then," and she was gone.

For an hour Jimmy Ford sat in the chair where she had left him, the woman's words ringing in his ears. Even as she was speaking the truth of her words were felt by him. Never had he really hated, or, now when he came to think of it, loved. He didn't love Lucile; he admired her beauty, the way she wore her clothes, perhaps; but love—he laughed a hard laugh, so different from his usual light-hearted one.

The telephone on his desk jingled noisily.

"Anything wrong, Harris?" he asked when he heard his valet's voice.

"I don't know, sir. A gentleman is here to see you, sir, from Mr. Crosse, sir."

"Send him down here to me." Crosse and Craven were his solicitors.

"Mr. Ford," the nervous little man began when he was seated in Jimmy's studio, half an hour later, "Mr. Crosse sent me to see you, sir. We wrote you a week ago, but——"

"I haven't received any mail in over a week," Ford told him.

"Mr. Ford, sir," the little man continued, twirling his hat nervously, "Mr. Ford, you know all your money was invested in R. & S. Railroad stock."

"I know that," Ford helped him out, "R. & S. was father's hobby."

"Well, Mr. Ford, the R. & S. has failed——"

"What the devil's the matter?" Jimmy exploded.

"I'm afraid I have to tell you, sir, that you are wiped out, er—R. & S.——"

"Is that all?" Ford winced as with bodily pain. "Completely wiped out?"

"Exactly. Mr. Crosse would like to see you——"

"I'll phone him. Thank you." And the little man found himself in the hall mopping his brow and clearing his throat.

Penniless. Ford didn't like the word. It grated on his sensibilities. Now he would have to work for his living. What would he do? Certainly not by writing. It would mean giving up his apartment, Harris too, and living here. He didn't mind that so much, but could he even live there?

That afternoon he wrote to Lucile, telling her of his loss, and that their wedding would have to be postponed indefinitely. The next few days were days of horror to the man. The beautifully furnished apartment was sublet, the furniture and curios sold to his friends at ridiculously low prices, and the few things he refused to part with moved to the 39th street studio.

Those days he assiduously avoided Miss Terhune, why he did not know. She must have heard about his loss, for the papers were full of the R. & S. failure, and his name appeared in black type as the largest stockholder.

All week he awaited a few lines from Lucile, and when it came, the world went black for him, for he had counted on her in this time of trouble and all his doubts as to his love of her had disappeared.

"Of course, now when you are starting in to make your living (Lucile wrote), it would be unfair for you to have a woman tagging on, like a loadstone around your neck. So, Jimmy, dear, you had better consider our engagement at an end."

No word of sympathy, only that. Their engagement was at an end. No one had stood by him. He was alone. When his money went, friends had deserted him, too. It was the same old thing that had happened to others, only now it was happening to him.

Feverishly he set to work, tried to write, but his mind was a blank. Finally one afternoon he could stand the solitude of his rooms no longer, so he crossed the hall and knocked once more on the door of Studio 26.

"Mr. Ford," the woman who sold her stories smiled delightedly, "do come in and join me. I'm just having a cup of tea. I'm a horrible old maid," she rattled on, as he followed her into the dimly lighted room. "But I do like a cup of tea in the afternoon, when I have finished my work. Cream or lemon?"

"Lemon, please," Jimmy mumbled, as he found himself ensconsed in a big chair with a cup of tea in his hand.

There was something soothing and satisfying to his tired nerves in the cosy, well appointed room. The woman in a clinging brown gown, fitted into the picture, and seemed to suit the spirit of the whole room. The softly shaded lights played on her hair and changed it to a dazzling gold. The brass candlesticks on the mantel shone brightly against the dull brown of the walls, while the heavy, old-fashioned mahogany furniture suggested a luxuriousness and cosiness rarely seen in wealthy homes.

The woman babbled on, her rich voice rising and falling as she talked of the news of the day. After he had consumed two cups of tea and had absently passed his cup for the third, Jimmy spoke for the first time since he had entered the room.

"I guess you saw in the papers that I'm down and out," he began dismally.

She assented. "I feel so sorry. What are you going to do now?"

James was glad she had asked that. He had rather hoped she would. "Get

a job, I suppose; that is, if I can," gloomily.

"What, give up your writing?" nearly dropping the tea pot in her surprise.

He nodded. "That was a past time. Now I want work."

"But can't you see," Miss Terhune persisted, in her most persuasive voice, "that now you have lived, something out of the ordinary has happened. You've felt some emotion. Now is the time for you to——"

"I've tried and can't. Lucile has broken our engagement," he remarked irrelevantly, showing plainly where his mind was.

"Just like her," she began, then hurried on. "There's your story. Write what has happened, Lucile and all."

Jimmy looked at her with horrified eyes. "I couldn't," he gasped.

"Yes, you can. That is all bosh. Go to it!" she spurred him on. "Millionaire loses money, girl throws him down, goes through Hell, gets pretty low down and is dragged up by another woman. It's stuff, you know, your element."

A smile curved the corners of his mouth, and the light of battle sprang into his brown eyes as he held out his hand.

"Thank you, Miss Terhune. I will. I see what you mean. I'll do it. You are a brick."

"Let me see it when you're finished. Do you use a nom de plume?" she asked.

"Will I. Wynne," he grinned, boyishly.

"Will I. Wynne," Miss Terhune, repeated, smiling at the whimsicality of the name. "You will win. It's in you."

The next few days the typewriter in Mr. Ford's room rattled wildly, and Miss Terhune caught glimpses of that young man rushing up or down the stairs going to or coming from his meals. On the evening of the fourth day Mr. Ford appeared, looking tired, and in a shaky, nervous voice, read "Only a Million," to the woman who sold her stories.

As his voice died away, she looked up with a wistful smile, her eyes full of tears.

"It's wonderful," she whispered. "It will sell. I only wish I could make people feel and see as you have made me."

And it did sell, not on its first or even second trip, but on the third, and Jimmy celebrated the occasion by taking Miss Terhune to Sherry's for supper. Half a dozen times during the meal he had started to ask her what her nom de plume was, for as far as he could see she didn't write under her own name. For the past month he had searched the contents of the magazines for her name, but couldn't find it. Dexterously Miss Terhune had avoided his question, and turned the conversation into other channels, but each time with a little heightened color and a little more nervousness. Jimmy wondered, and that was the one blot on an entirely pleasant evening. Why shouldn't she want him to know?

The weeks flew by on wings. Winter merged into spring, spring into summer. To Jimmy they were happy, busy months. After working all day he would cross the hall to Miss Terhune's domain, and there they would discuss and criticise the day's work.

In those months Jimmy found the memory of Lucile Harrison being supplanted by another vision, that of a woman with tawny hair, violet eyes, and a sweet, smiling mouth. Instead of resenting the intrusion, he welcomed it, and often when he awoke in the middle of the night he would seem to see those violet eyes looking questioningly into his. And then he would fall asleep again, perfectly happy.

It was the anniversary of the day Jimmy had first knocked on Miss Terhune's door. Jimmy smiled at the memory, as he stood, one hand on the knocker, and the other holding a great bunch of yellow chrysanthemums.

"You extravagant boy," Miss Terhune exclaimed, delighted nevertheless.

"Not a bit," he cried, catching her hands, and holding them firmly be-

tween his own as he gazed wistfully into her eyes. "Maida, dear, Travers has taken 'Money Mad,' and asked me to write a series."

"Jim," she beamed at him. "Oh, my dear, I'm so happy," trying to withdraw her hands, but the man held them tight.

"Listen to me, dear. I've been waiting for something like this to happen before I told you—Maida, dear, I love you, love you as I have never cared for any one before. Please, dear, please say you care for me and will marry me."

Her eyes dropped before the earnest pleading of his.

"Do you remember what I said once, Jim, a long time ago," she whispered. "I told you you would have to feel, live, what you wrote before you would succeed."

The man gazed blankly at her.

"Jim, I—I am Virginia Thompson." Her voice sank so low it was barely audible.

Ford sank into a chair and gazed straight in front of him. Virginia Thompson, who had set the world afire by writing—writing stories of women—he shuddered. It was impossible that Maida Terhune had lived the life she wrote about.

"Let me tell you about it," the woman pleaded, as she dropped wearily into a chair opposite his. "My father was a writer, and not a very good one at that. My mother died when I was a baby, and when he followed her I was left all alone at fifteen. I got a job in a department store. At night I went to school, where I took stenography, and studied hard, for I wanted to be a writer like my father some day. Then I got a position as cashier in a manicure shop, and there I met the man? He was a big, healthy, handsome creature, a member of Congress. Like many of the other men who came to the shop, he used to stop and talk with me. I think I liked him better than any of the others, but I really don't know. One day after I had graduated from school, and had obtained a position in an insurance office, I found him waiting for me. Naturally I was flattered, to think he had taken the trouble to find me. I was only nineteen." She paused, sighing softly.

The man sat forward in his chair, his eyes riveted on the dying embers in the grate, his breath coming in short gasps.

"What's the use of telling you the details. You know it was the same old story. One night, nearly three years after, he came to me, having been away from Washington for a week, told me his wife was dead, and now we could marry. I hadn't known he was a married man, and the brutal way he told me and asked me to marry him—— Ugh!" she shuddered. "I saw what would happen to me. In that second I realized that I didn't care for the man, but the luxuries his money bought me. The realization of what I had done came to me in a flash, and that night I came to New York."

She waited a long time for the man to speak, then took up the thread of her story again.

"By day I slaved in an office, and at night—at night I rewrote the stories my father had left, and sold some of them. Then I began to write myself, write, write, what I knew of life, life in all its sordidness. My stories went, they were a warning, and they tore my soul to shreds. I wanted you to know," she concluded appealingly, "to know before you asked me to bear your name."

All during her recital the man had sat like a statue, but as her voice died away in a soft sob, he rose to his feet and came toward her.

"Maida," he whispered, and in that whisper he had put all the love that was in his soul, "Maida, girl, I don't care what you have been, only what you are now. It's all in the game. The game of life. Some win, others lose. You won. Dear, I love you, that's all that counts." He pressed a kiss on her tawny hair, the hair that had caught him in its meshes.

"Jim," she whispered back, "teach me to play the game straight; it's lone-

some to play alone, and hard to win from yourself." Then she kissed him. "Jim," she continued fiercely, "Jim, the man's name was Harrison——"

"Not Lucile's——" he groaned.

She nodded assent.

"Oh, my dear," he crushed her to him. "Oh, my own dear."

VIS MEDACATRIX NATURAE

All men are brothers, sons of One:
When man by brother man is slain,
Upon the victor's brow for crown
E'er rests the curse of Cain.

With hate the chargers' hoofs are shod,
Fill'd riders with a fierce blood-lust:
How flowers with the face of God
Are fallen, prodigious dust!

O'erhead wheel monstrous birds of prey
On wanton Heaven-obscuring wings,
And still, despite the darkened day,
The tender turtle sings.

To re-bejewel a diadem
Black blood 'tween brothers born is bred,
And still full sweet upon its stem
The rose of love blows red.

Flames royal purple in the breeze:
Gold Youth fills full untimely tombs;
Still 'neath the moaning deathless trees
The modest violet blooms.

Obedient to the powers that be,
Burnt powder dims, befouls, the air;
The daisy still is fair to see,
The fragrant lily, fair.

Hearts poison fed to bursting beat,
Veins opened vent a spurious spleen;
Still, trampled of men's furious feet,
The grass is gracious, green.

How soon of war is left no trace
Upon the bloodiest battle-field,
The wounds Man makes of Earth's fair face
By kindly Nature healed!

HARRY COWELL.

THE STRANGLE HOLD

By Raymond L. Hill

CAUTIOUS, very cautious, was Private Easton. For he was afraid. He knew that to desert would mean dishonor and possible imprisonment; and yet, if he remained, he might be arrested for the murder of Cutler. The soldier wiped his damp, narrow forehead with the sleeve of his khaki coat. Then, gradually regaining control of his nerves, and clutching the string of the parcel that contained his civilian suit, he crept noiselessly out of the army tent in which snored his K Company comrades.

Beneath the stars that faintly lighted the Mexican border, the camp of his regiment lay quiet, sunk in sleep. The only movement he saw was in front of the guard-house, where Boyer was walking Post 1. The private paused, shifting his narrow shoulders under his canteen strap, trying to keep his breathing from sounding so loud. Between the tent shadow and a mass of shadows to the west stretched a starlit space. The sentry might see him traverse it and command him to halt.

"I'll have to risk it," resolved Easton. "Good Lawd, but I wish I had kept out of that pokah game. I didn't mean to kill Cutlah," in sullen defense. "I was mad because he swiped the cahd, and the bottle was handy, so I cracked him on the dome before I could stop myself. Reckon I'll never see the kid now."

The soldier decided to wait till the sentry's back was turned. He watched Boyer, a heavy, awkward man, who lumbered over his post in a flat-footed fashion, wheeling slowly, and sometimes yawning. The latter kept the toes of his big shoes pointed out, reminding Easton of a waddling, fat duck. He was now approaching the deserter. The pale starlight shone on his florid face as he glanced impatiently over one bulky shoulder at the tent in which the relief slept.

Footsteps sounded close by, causing the soldier to shrink back in the shadow. A sergeant, having been on pass, was returning from town. It was Hagemeyer, with his freckled face, blonde hair, light eyebrows and lashes, and strict ideas of duty and discipline. Easton felt irritated at the chill which had crept along his spine. He scratched into his clipped mouse-colored hair, feeling inclined to blame all of his troubles upon Hagemeyer, whom he cursed, his thin, sun-burned face twisted in a snarl.

Presently he quit swearing at the German sergeant. He knew Hagemeyer, who was about forty, with a peppery disposition, was always conscientious about doing his duty, and even if he had been a bit harsh occasionally, had doubtless felt no desire to be tyrannical in his constant efforts to overcome Easton's twenty-four years of being lazy, slovenly and never on time. To be honest with himself, he must admit that the sergeant's discipline was merely a minor cause of his temptation to desert; the main motives that prompted it were the letter from Fanny and his killing Cutler with the bottle.

Boyer turned. He waddled away, dissolving into the shadow of the guard house. The deserter darted across the starlit space. He moved swiftly down the company street, his shoes making no noise in the sandy soil. Soon he was beyond the camp where his regiment had been stationed

during its long, weary year of border duty.

Easton entered the outskirts of a sun-baked town. It was now after midnight. The rusty streets, with their dingy frame houses, stretched away as silent as a cemetery. In a dark alley the man changed his khaki clothes for the civilian suit, hiding the former under a barn, but retaining his canteen, which he filled at a well in an adjacent yard. The private then turned his steps to the west. He was passing out of town when something white in the shadows, looming up like a dead face, caused him to stop suddenly, all in a tremor.

"Pshaw!" he grunted, breathing more freely. "It's only one of them notices about Hogan."

For a little while he squinted his cat-eyes at the poster, tacked to a fence, which offered for the capture of "Red" Hogan, dead or alive, a reward of $500. The record described him as being a very bad man, having deserted from a cavalry regiment to join the guerrillas across the border, after which he had become a member of a bandit gang, some of whose raids had been committed over the line in Arizona. Hogan was wanted by the United States authorities for smuggling arms, stealing cattle and murdering two ranchmen.

Easton shuddered. A clammy sweat broke out on his brow. He thought of how Cutler had crumpled down beneath that fatal blow with the beer bottle. How long would it be before the sheriff would post up a reward for the capture of Private William Easton, murderer of a fellow soldier?

He fled from the village, never pausing or glancing back, his heart filled with the despair of the fugitive with a cutting conscience. Hour after hour he tramped across the lonely plains. Toward dawn he sank to the ground, tired and gloomy, and almost immediately went to sleep.

When Easton awakened, the sun was blazing in the blinding blue sky. His mouth was dry, with a bad taste on the tongue; his body warm and damp with perspiration. He tilted his canteen for a drink. The water tasted tepid and slightly bitter. He tried to summon energy to push on to the west. He kept thinking of the lines in Fanny's letter:

"I am better now, Willie, but ma and I are afrade the babys right foot will never bee straite and he will bee a criple unless he is opperated on and so cant you send sum money? for it will take 2 or 3 hundred $ so doc Green lows and the baby must go to the hospital at Mobile . ."

Easton was sorry that he had left his home in Alabama after a foolish but violent quarrel with his child wife. That had occurred a year ago. He had gone to Mobile and had enlisted in the army, and with a mixture of sullen anger and his usual procrastination, had not written to Fanny until the previous month. And ever since he had heard he was a father, and that his boy would be always lame unless taken to a specialist, the soldier had been tempted to desert and go home, to seek any kind of work, no matter how hard, in order to raise that operation fee.

"How can I get the money if I stay in the army?" mused Easton. "Didn't I risk all I had in that pokah game, hoping to win a stake? Then Cutlah stole the cahd, and I whacked him. Now he's dead. If I stay heah, I'll go to the pen, and what will Fanny do? Besides, I cain't get a squayah deal. Hagemeyer rubs it in. The old man turns me down. I've been asking foh a two-day pass foh a week. Do I ever find my name on the bulletin boa'd pass list? Nix. Now Millah and Isaacs josh me about bragging how I'd go up the line to where the —'s Cavalry is camped and see Higgins. Millah asked me at Retreat if I had looked at the boa'd. Guying me, I reckon."

Suddenly the soldier's eyelids flew open. What was that thud, thud, thud, in the distance? A pallor came through Easton's tan. He crawled to a ridge of sand and peeped over, careful to keep behind the cactus plants. Lying there, clutching a revolver and

listening, alert and cunning as jungle prey, he saw a file of deputies, determined looking men, ride by behind a bearded sheriff.

"They ah on my trail already," muttered the deserter. "Well, I'll give 'em a merry chase."

On the afternoon of the same day, from where he had stretched his lank form among the mesquite, Easton saw Captain Smart approaching with a detachment of K Company. The officer smoked a cigarette and talked to Hagemeyer. Lean, sun-bronzed and eagle-eyed, was the captain, a man so iron-like and indomitable that a fugitive might well fear him.

The detachment filed by not ten feet from Easton's hiding place. Hagemeyer carried his rifle in his left hand, while with his right he squeezed at a pimple on the back of his freckled neck, which must have hurt, for the deserter could see tears on the German's eyelashes, reflecting the fierce gleam of the sun.

"He can't be very far away," the sergeant was saying in his usual harsh voice.

"Means to slip over the line tonight," commented the captain shortly, chewing at his long, iron-gray mustache ends. "The sheriff's men will head him off from the west. We'll close in from this direction. The man must be taken."

The detachment marched away. The last Easton saw of the sergeant he was wiping tears away from his eyes with a limp but clean handkerchief. Yet in spite of the pain he persisted in pinching the pimple. It was just like Hagemeyer.

"Boys," grumbled the deserter, "I cain't pot you-all. I'd rathah let you nab me. But don't let them deputies try to capture Willie!" and in the flash of his yellow-gray eyes was a menace.

Easton's water gave out. He became hungry and thirsty. By the time darkness spread its fearful shadows, he suffered agony. His head swam with fever. Sometimes as he staggered along he would mutter deliriously about Fanny's letter, and would fancy he was begging Cutler to get up from the pool of blood under the poker table.

About midnight he heard a shot. A bullet kicked up some sand near the deserter's shoes. He glanced around in alarm. Some men were galloping toward him on horses, their rifles reflecting the starlight.

"It's the sheriff and his men!" gasped Easton. "Good Lawd!"

The deserted sent five shots at the horsemen. Then he scuttled around a knoll of sand. Almost immediately he heard bullets tattooing among the mesquite. Bending low and running, the fugitive heard the sound of firing grow less and less distinct, till it finally faded away.

For long, weary hours, Easton tramped to the west. When the moon rose, lighting up the plains with a weird splendor, he saw a single man not far away. He sat on a horse, still as an equestrian statue, and gazed to the north.

"So you think you can come ahead and get Willie?" snarled the soldier. "Theah, dahn you!"

And he emptied his revolver at the horseman in the moonlight, at which the latter wheeled his mount around, facing south. The animal stumbled and fell, evidently wounded. Easton fled, occasionally glancing back over his shoulder until both horse and rider were hidden by a hill of sand.

Presently the ground became more broken. Rugged rocks rose. Cactus stood tall in the moonlight. Sometimes the plants resembled his pursuers so closely that he shot at them defiantly, and often wildly. He was so sick that he hardly knew what he was doing, and did not realize his cartridges were going fast.

At length the deserter arrived at a shallow ravine whose boulders and thickets of mesquite had been transformed by night into frightful looking places. What treachery did they conceal, what secrets, what dangers?

Several hundred yards up the ravine he found a spring. It bubbled

from a basin among some huge boulders. Easton lay down on his breast and drank, careful not to take too much. Then he rolled over on his back and rested, his hands clasped under the back of his head, his eyes turned to the stars.

He felt tired and drowsy. After a bit he dozed. Easton dreamed of home, a dull little town among the Alabama pines. He saw a narrow, dusty street lined with rickety frame houses. Grandpa Potter was playing checkers with Truman Tanner, the undertaker, in front of the hotel, where a few loafers were whittling around the town pump. A litter of squealing pigs scurried from under the wheels of a wagon hauling logs to Jud Pettit's wailing sawmill. At the far end of a row of weather-beaten renting houses, in a dingy room, Fanny was rocking the baby to sleep in the big chair she had bought at the Simpkins sale.

Suddenly Easton was wide awake. A faint sound of shots to the northeast and the northwest reminded the deserter that the pursuit was converging from those two points.

"Damn fools, wasting good shells," he muttered. "Hogan would have more sense than that. Reckon I'll have to cross the line into Mexico like he does when the trail gets too hot. It's a choice between getting arrested and being captured by Hogan's bandits. I must hurry, too. I'm glad I feel bettah."

In front of him, to the left of a big rock, with a bright patch of moonlight. Across this came a shadow—the gray silhouette of a head and shoulders and a broad-brimmed hat.

Easton glanced up, his fingers fumbling at this revolver butt. Not ten feet away, his back turned, listening intently, stood a man.

"It's the lone deputy," thought the soldier. "I'll never give up. I've got to escape. If I don't, I may never see Fanny again—never get a peep at the kid."

To his terror, the fugitive discovered he was out of ammunition. He must fight this man with no other weapon than the empty revolver and his hands. There was no time to lose either, for the other deputies would soon ride up the ravine.

Easton's type, though normally easy going and slow to anger, have a passion to slay when cornered, and will die fighting viciously. Now of a sudden the deserter became a wily savage. Gliding from among the boulders, he flung himself furiously upon the man in the moonlight, at the same time aiming a blow at the stranger's head with the revolver butt. The latter, as if warned by some animal intuition, whirled and dodged in time to escape the steel drive. With no words beyond muttered curses, the men grappled and began to struggle back and forth among the rocks, lurching, slipping, breathing heavily, and fighting for good holds.

The soldier soon lost the revolver. He humped up his lean back to keep his antagonist from hugging him around the waist, for the stranger had very strong arms. Besides, Easton was a pretty good amateur wrestler, and naturally fell into this defensive position. His opponent appeared to know little about the science, but he had a certain awkward defense which, with his great strength, made him a dangerous enemy. He had long legs, too, and kept them spread apart. Easton could not get the fellow off his feet.

After a bit the soldier stepped on a flat-topped rock that turned over. The following moment he went down, crushed to the sand by his combatant, who immediately flashed out a wicked looking knife. The blade glittered in the wan moonlight over Easton's breast. Before it could descend, however, the deserter struck a hard blow just above the stranger's belt. The pit of the stomach is a dangerous place much neglected by brawlers, who generally strike out for the face. Easton's opponent doubled forward. The deserter seized the knife hand by the wrist, and, with a violent effort, wriggled around onto his breast.

The knife was now beneath the un-

der man, who could feel the other's legs straddling his back. For a moment there was a chance for that painful scissor hold; the next instant it was too late. Easton clasped the stranger's right arm under his own and rolled to the right.

The man went under. Also he abandoned his knife. The struggle now proceeded with bare hands. The soldier was about exhausted. But finally he managed to squirm around so that he had his adversary's head in the vice of his right arm. The crook of Easton's elbow closed in on the stranger's throat. He placed his left hand on his opponent's shoulder, clasped his own left wrist, and pried up. It was one form of the deadly strangle hold, and the deserter knew it was only a question of time how soon he would win.

"Damned fool deputy!" he breathed thickly, so exhausted that the cactus swam giddily in the moonlight. "But heah come the othahs both ways along the ravine. I'm a goner. Cain't run. . . . Too tiahed . . . clean played out . . ."

Presently he became aware that he had been pulled off his man. In a dim dream like way he saw Captain Smart, Sergeant Hagemeyer, Miller and several other soldiers, among them Cutler, the man he thought he had killed. The bearded sheriff was bending over Easton's recent combatant.

"He's coming around all right," boomed the sheriff. "Jones, you and Hammond keep an eagle eye on the prisoner," he ordered two of the deputies. "Thank God, he's run down at last!"

"Pretty shrewd, Easton," commented Captain Smart, "you taking that two day pass for such a purpose."

"So I got my pass," thought Private Easton drowsily. "Then I'm not a deserter."

"And us thinking you were visiting that Higgins fellow up the line in the cavalry," spoke up Hagemeyer, admiringly. "Never had you doped out to be much of a soldier, but you've showed me."

"He's the man for that corporal vacancy, sergeant," said Smart. "Give him a drink. He's all in. Wake up, Corporal Easton! Don't you realize you've won that $500 reward that was offered for capturing the bandit, Hogan?"

THE HOME-HEART

The sparrow to her low nest chained
  Is happier than the cuckoo free;
The slave of hungry mouths has gained
  The sweeter, larger liberty!
The rapture of the home-heart rings
  In all the hedgerows green,
  A peaceful note serene,
Domestic song, house-wifely carollings!

Snug in their nook, her nestlings hide
  Beneath a bindweed canopy;
The mother soul is glorified,
  Her own meed in her ministry;
A glad heart pulses in her note.
  The cuckoo's cry is bold,
  And loud it rings and cold,
But love has warmed the little sparrow's throat!

STOKELY S. FISHER

On the Early Santa Fe Trail

By S. Omar Barker

IN KANSAS and along its southern border, between the Arkansas and Cimarron Rivers, lies a broad plain —once the route followed by the traders from the East in their long and toilsome journeys to old Santa Fe. Here is the scene of our story.

It was in the summer of 1822. Dry, scorching heat poured down from the flaming sun, which literally seemed to fill the cloudless heavens, so great was its radiation of light. Gray sage, used as it was to the drought and heat, held forth sturdily across the broad plain. But occasionally, where roots were short, even this dweller in the desert failed to withstand the strain of drought and burning sun, and its gray leaves were deadened into a parched brown.

Of animal life there was none. The prairie dog had burrowed to coolness and moisture; the rattler had taken advantage of his hospitality; the long-eared jack-rabbit had fled to the desert's edge to escape the heat; the great herds of buffalo roamed in the valleys nearer water—along the Arkansas River to the east and the Cimarron to the west. Yet, out upon this sunburnt hell of heat and drought where dumb animals could not live, there ventured a company of men—Captain Becknell and his traders.

Three wagons, drawn by gaunt, lagging mules, trailed slowly westward. A stifling dust arose from their dragging steps, as with drooping ears and lolling tongues they picked a poor path through the sage brush. Behind the wagons, along the side, and in front, rode a cavalcade of bronzed men, about fifteen in number. Empty canteens swung under their arms and tantalized the burning thirst of the riders with the suggestion of the moisture which they had contained.

Thus through the long, hot day they trailed and made no stop, until far in the night, when exhaustion demanded it. A cheerless camp was then made, and the sufferers fell into fitful slumber, dreaming, in their pain, of water —water that always disappeared in a sudden awakening. Suddenly the cry of "Rain!" rang out in the still night air, awakening them all in happy expectation; but it proved to be only the raving dream of one of the younger members of the party.

The slight coolness of the dying night gave them new courage to proceed, with the hope that water might soon be reached. This time, however, the party separated. Becknell and four men kept straight on westward, while the others scouted north and south in search of water.

To the northwest went the young men, Brandon, who had cried out in his raving the night before, and with him two others—older plainsmen than himself.

Till ten o'clock they rode and hoped. Again there was a burning heat in the air, and its radiation caused a constant quavering of air before them. Suddenly Brandon halted. Far off in the west he could see cool, waving trees, and a lake seemed to shimmer in the sunlight. With a cry he spurred his steel ahead. The others followed, but knew in their hearts it was useless. A mile he rode, and the vision began to fade; a few steps more and the elusive mirage had disappeared. Brandon raised his hands to his face in despair. As he did so he felt his heated blood pulsing in his temples. How like dripping water the blood

felt! True, it was hot, but it had the feel of water and it brought a new idea and hope to his brain. Quickly, nervously he dismounted, and with his long bowie knife cut the top from the ear of his tired mule, and in spite of the mule's struggle against it, he put his swollen mouth to the wound and sucked the hot liquid blood. His tongue had lost its power to taste, and welcomed the liquid greedily. One of his companions, thirstier perchance than the other, followed his example. As long as the warm blood flowed it seemed to appease the burning thirst, and they remounted their mules and proceeded with renewed vigor. A moment only did their satisfaction last, until their dry stomachs revolted and the men retched horribly.

By four in the afternoon the three again sighted the wagons and approached them. There had been no water found by these either, and one horse was riderless, thus predicting without words what would be the fate of all.

Brandon, still sick from his drink of blood, told the others of how he had tried it and what its effect had been. Disregarding the possibility of evil effects the others resolved to try the blood.

A tall, gaunt wolfhound trotted underneath the wagon's shade, his tongue lolling and dry. His loyalty and love kept him with his masters even in this extremity. The wagon halted; there was the sound of a shot, and the faithful hound lay dead. Quickly the men cut in to where the blood ran fast, and drank, despite revolting stomachs. It was the same with them that it had been with Brandon. The hot, indigestible blood only increased their intense suffering after the first slight relief was gone.

Night came on again, and this time no stop was made. Death stared them, too, squarely in the face for any risk of time. Too well they knew that if they once should stop, another start might never be made. So on, on, on, in the hot, stifling night they trailed wearily.

At dawn a dark object was sighted across the plain. Becknell saw it and knew it for a buffalo. He tried to speak, but his swollen tongue would give him no utterance; he could only point. The animal seemed but little frightened, and the party was soon within shooting range, and had brought down the game. Hope was again in their hearts when they observed the distended sides of the fallen bull and guessed that a recent drink of water was the cause. Almost wildly they slashed the belly open, and found, to their extreme joy, that the huge paunch was filled with recently taken-in water. Brandon knelt and cut a gap in the stomach and pressed his lips to the water within, impure as it was. So they each in turn drank, for the buffalo's desert life requires a reservoir of no small size for moisture. Now lived a renewed hope in the travelers, for they knew that water could not now be more than a couple of days' journey away.

This slight relief from the burning thirst reacted on the strength of some, and exhaustion overcame them. Then Becknell, Brandon and two others set out rapidly toward the west, from whence the buffalo had come. Two long, weary days and the banks of the Cimarron were reached and water flowed in plenty. A slight rest was taken, and in the early night the party set out on the return to their comrades.

A cricket chirped in the night air—not so hot now that there was coolness within. The waters of the river rippled behind them, and a weak but hopeful whistle—something like Yankee Doodle—broke from Brandon's still swollen lips, as he heard the cheerful gurgling of full canteens on his saddle.

The Passing of the Buffalo

By Max McD.

THE passing of the buffalo is one of the greatest scandals of all history. Out of the one-time vast number of bison that roamed over and held the great American plains, there remain but few.

From time unrecorded, the bison lorded over all the fertile grazing land of this continent. The greater part of these herds were in the south and west —but when Europeans began to settle in America, small bunches of the animals were occasionally found near the Atlantic coast, though they were generally rare anywhere east of the Appalachian Mountains. From the Rockies to the Great Lakes in the north, from Kentucky across the continent to Nevada, in the south, and from Great Slave Lake on the north to Mexico on the south, the bison wandered in mighty droves, migrating as snow-storm and drought dictated.

Wide, rolling plains blackened as far as the sharp eyes of the settler could reach with huge, shaggy, humpbacked beasts, bellowing, fighting and pawing the earth until it trembled as though an earthquake approached.

Paul Kane, a traveling artist, on a trip to Edmonton in 1859, tells that during the whole of three days preceding his arrival at Edmonton, he saw nothing else along the plains as far as the eye could reach, so numerous at times that they impeded his progress, filling the air with dust almost to suffocation. At night, Kane frequently found much difficulty selecting a place to camp on account of the immense number of buffalo.

It is almost impossible for the average person of to-day to realize what the numbers of these herds amounted to, though an idea may be formed from the statement of Colonel Dodge in a report to the United States National Museum. In making a journey through Arkansas, he passed through a continuous herd of buffalo for twenty-five miles.

"The whole country," says Colonel Dodge, "appeared to be one mass of buffalo moving slowly to the northward, and it was only when actually among them that it could be ascertained that the apparently solid mass was an agglomeration of innumerable small herds of from fifty to two hundred animals, separated from the surrounding herds by greater or less space. When I reached a point where the hills were not farther than a mile from the trail, the buffalo on the hills, seeing an unusual object in their rear, turned, stared an instant, then started after me at full speed, stampeding and bringing with them the numberless herds through which they passed, and pouring down on me, all the herds, now no longer separated, but one immense, compact mass of plunging animals, mad with fright and as irresistible as an avalanche. Reining in my horse, I waited until the front of the mass was within fifty yards, when a few well directed shots split the herd and sent it pouring off in two streams to the right and left. When they had passed they stopped, apparently satisfied, within less than one hundred yards. From the top of Pawnee Rock I could see from six to ten miles in almost every direction. This whole space was covered with buffalo, looking at a distance like a compact mass.

It has been estimated that such a herd as Colonel Dodge describes would comprise at least four million

animals. It is difficult to realize that these animals were often a menace to wagon travel on the plains, besides stopping railway trains and at times throwing them from the tracks.

H. Mortimer Batten in his "Prints from Canadian Trails," gives us a picture of the migration of these great herds of buffalo:

"The snow is not yet gone, but the stirring and wakening of spring is in the air. The sun is going northwards, and far above the Mississippi and the Red River millions of wild fowl are speeding northwards too. South of the Missouri the buffalo herds, straggling over the prairie, become restless with the warming touch of spring. They are moving about in families—in little batches of ten or a dozen—and now and then an old cow is seen to raise her head, sniff loudly, then shaking her horns, to move a few steps from her feeding place. Her head is towards the north—she never moves toward the south, and presently, as another herd comes into view, the two combine and together move steadily northwards. The move becomes a general one. From every ridge and over every divide more buffalo comes into view, and thus the herd grows and grows till it gains the dimensions of a vast army—an army covering a space of perhaps four hundred square miles, every member of the colossal gathering obsessed with the one desire to travel north."

Regularly as winter came these animals moved to the southern part of their range. Upon reaching their winter quarters they scatter, and at the end of the season again return north. They traveled much faster than one would suppose from their ungainly appearance, and rarely followed any but their own well beaten paths. When free from ice, rivers as wide as a mile were crossed without hesitation. In winter the combined weight of the herds often broke the ice, precipitating the leaders. Those coming behind crowded into the hole, and often the whole herd might be seen swimming about trying to get out. Thousands of buffalo met death in this way.

Of these occurrences, Henry, an old explorer and trader of the early days, wrote in his diary:

March 28, 1801.—Ice on Red River breaking up, bearing great number of dead buffalo which have been drowned while trying to cross.

April 1.—River clear of ice, but buffalo continue to drift in entire herds. They form one continuous line in the current day and night.

April 18.—Drowned buffalo continue to drift, and many have lodged on the bank.

May 1.—The stench of the vast number of carcasses lying along the bank passes imagination.

Thus for a full month each spring the prairie rivers bore southward their cargo of buffalo meat, to be stranded eventually on the mudbanks of the Mississippi; and it is a fact that islands exist in the Mississipi to-day that were originally built up by the carcasses of buffalo.

Soft, muddy places and shallow pools were sought by these animals, where they rolled and wallowed until they had completely covered themselves with mud, which, when baked in the sun, formed an effective armor against attacks of annoying insects.

Some time in the late seventies the buffalo disappeared. The exact cause for the astonishingly rapid decrease has never been satisfactorily determined. Many have thought that some epidemic peculiar to cattle carried them off. Others say it was the wholesale destruction of the animals for their valuable hides. It is related that traders in the south sent men to the north to burn the grass so that the buffalo would not return northward to breed. It is known that as a consequence of prairie fires, incendiary or natural, the buffalo did not again frequent their old northern stamping grounds after 1879, but roamed the prairies of the Yellowstone country, where they were finally exterminated except in widely segregated bands.

Colonel Herchmer, the ex-commissioner of the Royal Northwest Mount-

ed Police, says he believes the extinction of the buffalo in Western Canada was the work of the United States Government. They, he claims, sent out sharpshooters with long Winchesters, and deliberately destroyed the buffalo in order to force the Sioux and kindred warlike tribes of Indians to sue for peace and mercy because of starvation. This, he thinks, was the revenge, most deadly in its effect, for the Custer massacre and similar outrages by Sitting Bull and his Sioux warriors.

While there were many individual or small traders in the foothills of the Rockies, the firms of T. C. Power and I. G. Baker of Fort Benton, Montana, were the most prominent and maintained a steady trade in buffalo hides and other furs. They had their own hunters, who made tri-weekly raids upon the shaggy bison. But they obtained most of their hides from the Indians, who quickly learned the advantages to be derived from exchanging a buffalo pelt for an ancient musket, a gaudy trinket, or a jug of firewater. The price of a hide was anything from a jug of whisky to six or seven dollars in money, depending upon the character of the hide and the shrewdness of him who sold.

Lieutenant-Governor Laird in a letter to the East in 1877, telling of a journey to make a treaty with the Blackfeet Indians, makes these observations:

"On the third day out we first sighted buffalo, and every day subsequently that we traveled, except the last, we saw herds of animals. Most of the herds, however, were small, and we remarked with regret that very few calves of this season were to be seen. We observed portions of many buffalo carcasses on our route, from not a few of which the peltries had not been removed. From this circumstance, as well as from the fact that many of the skins are made into parchments and coverings for lodges, and are used for other purposes, I concluded that the export of buffalo robes from the territories does not indicate even half the number of these valuable slaughtered annually in our country."

In 1870 there were hundreds of thousands of buffalo on Western ranges. In 1874 the I. G. Baker Company shipped from their post at Fort Benton, Montana, a total of 250,000 prime buffalo hides, in order to secure which the hunters had slain and left to rot or to the wolves, tens of thousands of young stock and aged bulls. White men slaughtered them for sheer lust of slaughter. Parties of European hunters used to go out and attack the buffalo just to see how many they could shoot in a day, leaving their unused carcasses to rot on the plains.

Then professional buffalo hunters began to follow the herds north and south, killing unscrupulously throughout the season. The buffalo existed in such numbers that at first it was thought that the supply of buffalo meat was inexhaustible. Others have been known to kill them by the dozens simply to get their tongues for table delicies. Factories were started for canning their tongues, and tons of meat were allowed to rot out on the prairie. Each spring buffalo hunts were organized on a gigantic scale, and the work of destruction carried out systematically. Indeed the buffalo hunting expeditions were conducted on strict military rules; pickets were posted each night, and scouts sent out to watch the prairie for the expected herds.

In the year 1882, two hundred thousand buffalo were killed; in 1883, forty thousand; in 1884, three hundred; and in 1885 the record comes to an end with the entry that disease and famine were running rampant among the prairie Indians.

Henry gives an interesting description of the pounds in which the buffalo were corraled and massacred. The pounds were made of trees laid one upon another, and interwoven with twigs, and in some cases they used stakes wattled with branches. Here and there they left openings big enough for dogs to pass through and feed on the carcasses of the bulls. The enclosures were commonly from sixty to one hun-

dred yards in circumference, with an entrance about ten yards wide. Stretching away from this entrance and constantly widening were fascines; after some distance they placed these only at intervals and finally mere cross sticks were placed here and there. In the time of Henry's father, the Indians used nothing else than this pound, with the spreading entrance, and instead of driving the buffalo in as they did later, they decoyed them by dressing up men in buffalo skins, and so cleverly did they imitate buffalo in their makeup and motion and the noise they made that Henry confesses if he had not been in the secret, he, too, would have been completely deceived. Later the young men of the encampments went out long distancs and gradually drove the buffalo in. A decoy was used when the animals were in sight of the ranges.

After the beasts rush into the pounds, the Indians keep them in a state of terror and mad rushing, by waving robes at intervals round the pound and from without.

In Lieutenant Butler's report to the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba in the early seventies he writes:

"The buffalo, the Red Man's whole means of subsistence, is rapidly disappearing; year by year the prairies, which once shook beneath the tread of countless herds of bison are becoming denuded of animal life, and year by year the affliction of starvation comes with an ever-increasing intensity upon the land."

The buffalo meant everything to the Indians. He was their house, their food, their clothing, their implements of war—hide, flesh and bone, he belonged to them. Their horses were picketed with buffalo thongs, and buffalo hair halters guided them over the prairie; their saddles were of buffalo skin pads, while the stirrups were of the same material. The Indian used his stomach as a cooking utensil. Making a hole in the ground, this organ was set in and filled with hot stones. No other animal of the plains served the Indian so well. He entered so vitally into their daily routine that a buffalo dance was devised to perpetuate the chase. In it they imitate the sneaking process of stalking game and dragging it home. To-day on every reserve in the West, buffalo skulls and bones adorn the tepees and lodges of the Red Men.

Dr. MacRae, in his History of the Province of Alberta, has the following interesting paragraph on the value of the buffalo to the Indian:

"Those Indians that dwelt in the south and west of Manitoba, and in the region between the rapid running Saskatchewan and the International Boundary of Canada and the United States, depended almost entirely upon the buffalo for food and raiment and all the essentials of life and comfort. He hunted the buffalo and his women followed in his wake. They stripped the monsters of their hides and horns and preserved the flesh. The moccasin, the fine robes, the leggings, were made from the tanned skins. From these, too, were prepared the tent covering, the bridle and the lariat. The horns became powder flasks, the sinews bowstrings, the bones ornaments. The flesh was the staple article of diet. What was not eaten fresh was dried in long strips, or pounded down into pemmican for future use. The cradle of the infant was buffalo skin; the shrouds of the dead warrior was his splendid buffalo robe. From time immemorial these children of the plains have lived on the buffalo. To rob him of this animal was to deprive him of his livelihood. To him the buffalo was the staff of life, the very condition of his continued existence.

"When, then, the white man began to come in numbers; when the buffalo was hunted for his robe; when these beasts were slaughted in thousands in all parts of the West, the outlook became serious for the Red Man. Improvident as he was, he did not realize the inroads upon his capital, his greatest source of well being. He joined in the great drives, the terrible slaughter, the wholesale destruction. He could not believe that there would be

any end to the innumerable herds that were as numerous as the sands of the sea."

The buffalo is an animal of rather a low order of intelligence, and his dullness has been one of the prime factors in his phenomenally swift extermination. Being exceedingly slow to realize the existence and nature of dangers which threatened his life, he would often quietly stand and see scores and even hundreds of his fellows killed with seeming indifference.

The bison, or anything pertaining to them, stands out boldly against the most picturesque background that the West affords, being associated with the Indians, the famous early explorers and settlers, and historic spots, with such poetic and dramatic scenes as may never again be witnessed. The buffalo will always be the leading animal character in the portraying of the early days of this country, and for this one thing the remnant of his mighty race should be carefully preserved. There are still a few wood bison running wild in the vicinity of Fort Resolution in the far north, but the Indians of this region are responsible for the death of thousands that have never been used for food. It is reported by travelers in the north that when these Indians come across a herd of buffalo they try to exterminate them by driving the whole herd into a bog and killing them at their leisure. When in 1907 Ernest Seton Thompson and Inspector A. M. Jarvis of the Northwest Mounted Police, visited the region near Fort Smith, they put the blame for the extermination of the herds there on the Indians.

In the United States the buffalo are increasing. Professor Hooper, President of the American Bison Society, at a recent meeting of that organization, said that renewed interest among the people of the United States and Canada assured the future of the buffalo. Census statistics presented showed that there were 3,453 buffalo in the United States in 1913, an increase of 19 per cent over 1912. There were 549 buffalo calves born last year.

In Canada, all the buffalo are east of the Rockies in the province of Alberta. Most of these are confined in the three government parks, Rocky Mountain, Buffalo and Elk Island. During the year 1913, eight head were shipped from Montana by M. Pablo, and placed in Buffalo Park. These, with the increase of 243 calves born in 1913, brings the total for this preserve up to 1,447. At Banff there are 31, and at Elk Island 81, making 1,559 buffalo on the three reservations in Alberta. Scattered throughout the Dominion in private and public parks there are approximately 40 more, or a total for the Dominion of about 1,600 head. This is a very satisfactory showing, considering that less than ten years ago there were not 100 buffalo in captivity in the whole of Canada.

The government is doing everything possible to purchase every available animal, and it is expected that this year the few remaining of the Pablo herd will be rounded up and shipped from Montana. Mr. Pablo asked for an extension of time that he might be able to track the outlaws after a snowfall during the past winter.

The Sleeping Maid of Tamalpais

By J. L. Dibert

I stand upon the great bay's shore,
And o'er the darkening waters gaze
To where the purple mountain lifts
Against the evening blaze;
And pensive fancy lingers with
The maid through the deepening haze.

When Drake, whose eyes were eagle-quick
The galleons of Spain to see,
Sailed blindly past the Golden Gate,
South from a friendly lee,
The Indian maid was sleeping then
Under the heaven free.

Over the wastes the padres toiled,
And soon there rang upon the air
The clang of mission bells that called
The simple tribes to prayer;
Yet still the Indian maiden slept
Upon the summit there.

The rugged Russians from the north
Came down to hunt on sea and bay
And from their skin baidarkas slew
The silly seals at play;
And still the maid on Tamalpais
Lay sleeping night and day.

A worker found some yellow grains;
There rose the cry of streams of gold,
And from the nations of the earth
Thronged lusty youth and bold;
But always the maiden on the mount
Was sleeping as of old.

The argonauts remained to build
A newer empire in the West;
And smoke of cities told the tale
Of provident unrest;
Yet ever the maiden sleeping lay
Upon the skyey crest.

The red blaze fades, the night drops down;
I turn for home, yet often glance
Backward to where the black mount looms
Against the starred expanse—
To where the Indian maiden lies
Couched in eternal trance.

A Great University---The Exposition

By Herman Whitaker

Author of "The Planter," "The Settler," "Cross-Trails," Etc.

"SOME CROWD!" exclaimed a voice at my elbow. It was. Once, at a labor meeting in Trafalgar Square, London, I saw a small boy swept off his father's shoulder and go rolling like a tumble-weed in a wind for a hundred yards across the packed heads before he fell through. Also, in 1910, I had watched from the balcony of the National Palace in Mexico City, the rurales of President Diaz savagely flailing with carbine butts the crowd that choked the Zocolo in a vain effort to open a passage for the procession of the "Centennario." Yet both of these notable crowds could have been lost in the vast assemblage that packed the Avenue of Palms in front of the Tower of Jewels on opening day. For five hours the batteries of turnstiles had clicked with the persistence of telegraph keys in a busy railroad office, registering the broad streams that poured through a dozen gates till the count passed the quarter-million mark. All that time certain of the early birds had waited for the electric spark which, sped by President Wilson's finger, should throw wide the doors of the Exposition; and when it came—as though sucked in by a powerful current, the massed humanity flowed into the palaces through a hundred entrances; in a few minutes flooded the forty-seven miles of aisles throughout their length.

Within the palaces some eighty

Palace of Horticulture and Towers entrance Court of Palms

thousand exhibits were all ready for inspection. For such a mass, all selected products of the last ten years, all interesting, it is extremely difficult to pick and choose. Eventually, from one pen or another, each will receive its just due. For my part, I shall merely follow the crowd and try to make an imperfect record of its preferences. Down the great central aisle of Machinery Hall, through groves of engines, boilers, turbines, tractions, well borers and rock crushing plants, past a tin can factory in full blast—which had its admirers—and a great Hoe press that was turning out a colored Sunday "supplement" at one hundred thousand to the hour, the main stream made for Uncle Sam's Army and Navy exhibit.

Covering a wide range of activities and functions from the Coast Light Service, the Inland Alaskan patrols, this exhibit is of almost universal interest. In the section devoted to the former, one stares at certain huge vermilion mushrooms for some time before recognizing them for the apparently small red buoys that mark our coasts and harbors. Whistling and light buoys that are made to emit hoots or flashes by wave action, are dominated and thrown into the shade by the giant "Nun" buoys which, however, have nothing beyond their size to recommend them. Near them stands a complex apparatus which regulates a fog signal's brazen bellow so that a fog-bound mariner can judge his position by timing the intervals. But the gem of the exhibit is a huge reflector lantern. Though it is twelve feet high and six in diameter, its polished glass and crystal lifts it into the realm of jewels. One might fancy it as being worn on her bosom by a Brobidnagian giantess of Gulliver's Travels. And there are other lanterns—some cunning contrivances for isolated stations that light themselves at night, go out by day, and keep it up for months without any care. Add to these certain models of famous lighthouses, and large framed photos which explain every detail of the service, and it will be seen how easily one may comprehend the tender care Uncle Sam evidences for his coastwise mariners.

Palace of Horticulture from the Court of Palms

In these war times the army exhibits naturally command a great deal of attention. The rail alongside the loading machines which turn out 24,000 complete cartridges in eight hours, is always crowded. In a rack, close by, sections of shells are shown, cut down the center so that the contents are exposed to view—the timing machinery which explodes the bursting charge and drives out the close packed shrapnel in a hail of death. In size, the shells range from three inch for quick-firing garrison artillery to the sixteen inch that go with the big guns we are mounting at Panama. Set up on end, the latter stand five feet high, are big around as a wash tub, weigh a quarter of a ton, and require 665 pounds of powder for this discharge. They are the "Big Berthas" of the Germans, and after seeing them, one is in a position to understand both the surprise of the French that such enormous guns could be used in land war, and also the tragedy of the Belgian forts. A six-inch armor plate which has been shot through and through at trial target practice helps in the understanding of the latter. Around the holes where the shot pierced the plate, the metal is warped, twisted and burned till it looks like half-melted ore.

Even more interesting is the glass tank where a model war vessel floats in the midst of a nest of mines. With their corrugated iron bodies, bristle of contacts, long snake tails reaching down to the anchor, and certain indentations painted red that simulate big eyes, they look like some queer forms of sea life, new order of devil fish, or giant crustacea. Their first cousin, the Whitehead torpedo, on an adjoining rack, might pass, in turn, for an armored porpoise. The sailor who explains its deadly functions also shows how it is discharged from a model submarine, and dispenses general information concerning fifty and odd other models that cover every type of vessel in the American navy. Then, in a gigantic cyclorama, you may watch the gradual development of the navy from the "Bon Homme Richard" of Paul Jones to the latest dreadnaught. In stately procession a cen-

Southern entranceway Palace of Liberal Arts

tury of ships passes before the eye, and further information may be gained in a free moving picture theatre, one of seventy on the grounds, wherein drills of all arms and naval evolutions thrown upon the screen. There are other things, of course, hundreds of them, all equally interesting. Indeed, one might spend a whole day with this particular exhibit without beginning to exhaust its possibilities. Here I can touch only a few high spots.

The excellence which characterizes this exhibit is also maintained in all of the government displays in other buildings. It may be stated as a fact that in all of the eighty thousand exhibits few surpass in volume and none in general interest those of Uncle Sam. In the mining building all roads lead to the mint, where Exposition souvenir medals are put through all the processes of regular coinage, from the rolling of the hot metal into ingots, to the final weighing and counting by delicate machines.

In the governmental forestry exhibit a large model shows how the forests are utilized for the best advantage of the people at large. Looking down upon it, as though from a captive balloon, you see the trails, roads, meadows and pleasure parks, fish farms in the exact proportions that exist in the national reserves, the number of people who live in them, cattle and sheep, 19,000,000 of them in the pastures, the paper and lumber industries carried on therein—all set down on an accompanying chart to be taken in at a glance. A second model shows three aspects of the same piece of forest. In the center is virgin forest; on one side the same tract improperly logged; trees cut high above the ground wasting the stump, slivered stumps that ruined twenty feet of the butt log, young trees all smashed or broken completely down by careless felling, brush left scattered around, inviting fire, and all the other abuses of commercial lumbering. On the opposite side, the third section displays the same tract properly logged: trees cut off level with the ground, logs neatly piled on skidways, brush heaped up ready for burning with the

first rains, no smashed trees; a fruitful object lesson that will have its results in a more intelligent ballot when forest legislation is again in question.

Of equal interest is the display of the Public Health Service, with its realistic models that show you and I and neighbor Jones in our fields or houses, the manner in which we give and take diseases to and from each other. The typhoid "carrier" is shown at his deadly work; likewise the careless housewife who waited upon her typhoid husband, and cooked, between times, for a dozen boarders. Needless to state the results. Models of sanitary and insanitary schools teach their own particular lesson; and charts show how the seepage from a sewer slid down a slanting strata of water bearing gravel and gave typhoid to a whole community that used water from a cased well nearly a quarter of a mile away. Then there are the stuffed rats which carry the fleas which carry the germs that give you the bubonic plague and Asiatic cholera; and while you observe them with horror, your glance travels on to models of rat-proof houses, docks, ships, mills. You won't get the plague if Uncle Sam can help it, and forever after you will help him by casting your vote against the rat. The mosquito must not be forgotten. There are two of them, large as hens, the malarial and yellow fever mosquito, equally repulsive. No one blames Colonel Gorgas for exterminating them upon the Isthmus.

Close kin to this exhibit is the display of the American Red Cross Society. Here again the model is used to convey facts and figures and drive in needed lessons with a force beyond that of printed words. A dozen models show the wrack and ruin of famous floods and famines in all parts of the world, India, China, Europe, Africa, where the Red Cross has extended assistance. The model of a relief camp in Golden Gate Park aroused teeming recollections of the earthquake and fire. But what a wonderful sequel! Within four years from the time it was swept off from the face of the earth, San Francisco had made her bold bid for the Exposition on the floor of Congress, and now, five years later, it houses this with eighty thousand other exhibits in buildings that excel in beauty and grandeur all that have gone before.

Next to the relief camp stands a model of the Cherry mine, showing all the shafts and levels in which two hundred and fifty men were burned to death by explosive fires. It is a grisly thing to contemplate. So, for the matter of that, are the famine camps of China. But they teach a needed lesson, and, while teaching it, establish a wonderful record for the Red Cross organization, and illustrate the advance of the world at large in human feeling.

Second only in variety and extent to the U. S. Government displays are the exhibits of Japan. In each of the main palaces they cover from two to three acres, with tasteful booths in which characteristic goods of the Orient,—bronzes, inlays, lacquer and china ware, carved chests and ivory, silks and satins, are varied by the cotton, woolen and metal products of the Occident. A glance at the wide range and quality of the latter proves how real is the invasion of the Orient upon the world's markets. From the Philippines display one selects at once the beautiful hardwoods whose uses are illustrated by a pair of tables, each 12 feet in diameter, made of a single piece and polished to a lustrous satin finish. In the Philippine building, which is finished inside with polished columns of the palmo bravo and woven matting of the islands, is housed a rare collection of orchids. A second collection now in full flower is to be found in the Horticultural Building, where, also, a group of "Royal Palms," imported from Cuba at an expense of twenty thousand dollars each, raise their graceful feather fronds high up under the great glass dome. Crouched at their feet one sees a distant relative, a dwarf palm, also from Cuba, that grows only the thickness of a leaf in a year, and which had passed its green youth in the days that Christ

Figure of the Star; over one hundred decorate the skyline, Court of the Universe.

was walking the streets of Jerusalem.

If you would have more of the tropics, go study the rainbow fishes of Hawaii, for words may not describe them. One can only say that they stole their colors from the sunset. Through the warm waters of their lagoon they steal like a rosy dawn.

Or if you prefer industrial processes follow the distant thunder of machinery into the Palace of Manufactures, where you may watch any one of a hundred industries running just as they do in the home shops. Here a circular loom is turning out fire hose complete, ready to be screwed on to the hydrant. You may watch the highest grade of stationery in the course of manufacture, from the mixing of the pulp to the stamping of the finished product with a golden monogram, and carry away a sample package made under your own eyes. Or you can observe the birth of a Waltham watch, and trace its growth from machine to machine that appear to be possessed of human intelligence. If you believe one of the operators, they are superhuman. "Never stay out late at night and impair their efficiency," he put it. "Always on the job. Never miss a trick. Absolutely moral, to be depended upon." And if they do, in the end, wear out, so does the operator. Together they go to the scrap heap that lies ever in wait for both men and machines.

Thundering machinery rules also in the Palace of Transportation, where an enormous locomotive clanks and rattles its half hundred wheels and snorts its contempt of an old-fashioned, leather springed Wells-Fargo mailcoach on a stand near by. Inside, luxurious coaches, different railroads operate free moving pictures that depict the beauty spots and advantages of travel upon their respective lines. But perhaps the automobile section is even more interesting. There is nothing more democratic than the automobile these days. The "jitney 'bus" is a great leveler. So always a large crowd is to be seen studying the wonderful colored relief maps of the system of State highways that will soon furnish a fine surfaced road from the Gulf of California to Puget Sound. Another fine map displays a second great national highway from the Canada line in North Dakota to the Gulf of Mexico. The mountains, oceans, forests and canyons, are moulded on these wonderful maps with a realism that—I had almost said stirs the gasoline in one's tanks—stirs in one an intense desire to escape to the mountains where there are no speed limits. But the sight of a crowd

Entrance to Court of The Four Seasons from Court of Palms

at the far end of the section draws one away to witness the assembling of an automobile by half a dozen gangs, each working on a single operation and passing on their product, the whole turning out a finished machine down to the honk every ten minutes.

The crowd that watches the operation is principally masculine. Indeed, a stroll through any of the palaces brings at once into view the way in which a diversity of interest causes a segregation of the sexes. Follow a man and you will bring up at a machine. But you are attached for the day to a wife or sweetheart, then you are certain to be finally engulfed by the feminine stream that flows steadily toward the "Food Products." There a husband, father or lover may occupy himself in studying the big flour mill that turns out its hundreds barrels a day. But his womankind will be found packing the long counters where Mr. Ram. N. Puri bakes and hands out the little sweet Hindu cakes of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's Indian bazaars. In the next stall Miss Tsuruyo Tokunagai, looking very sweet and pretty in her national Japanese costume, dispenses delicate rice cakes all hot from the furnace. If you prefer them, Mr. Sam Wing Hop supplies Chinese dainties guaranteed not to be preserved mice or unborn birdlings. Russia, Mexico, Sweden, Germany, every nation, has

Main Tower or "Tower of Jewels"

a pretty representative to supply its choicest sweetmeats to eager patrons. Then there are pickle samples, teas, coffees, jams, jellies, sauces, condiments. After observing the progress of one lady from booth to booth, I am compelled to differ from the verdict delivered by a grouchy Scotchman:

"Heck, mon, but it takes a lang hour to mak' a meal i' the Food Products, what o' the sma' mouthfuls they hand ye."

I am sure that the woman I observed would not care to eat again for a week. Perhaps she was a Belgian refugee. Not that the food constitutes the feminine attraction. Food is a woman's business, and your modern woman is always ready to learn. For the same reason they haunt the sewing machine displays, or watch with absorbing interest the manufacture of Swiss embroidery, laces, stockings. These things all come in the day's work.

Though the proportion of male observers is here larger, it is natural that a woman's natural mother instinct should cause her to take a livelier interest in the educational exhibits. The playgrounds in operation on the Madam Montesorri plan; classes for defectives; manual and training schools; all of the wonderful educational developments of later days, are enthusiastically studied and admired.

A crowd of them are always to be seen around the great relief map of New York State, upon which flashlights of different colors show the location of educational establishments of all orders, training schools, medical colleges, commercial schools, the little red school houses and their big brothers of the cities, twenty different colors flashing alternately and ending in a combined blaze that must lift the last shadow of ignorance from the State.

The modern kitchen, with its scientific management, also the model dairy, are again popular with women, just as the model farm is with the men. A cannery in full blast attracts both sexes, though for different reasons: the women being interested in the fruits and vegetables that are being put up, the men in the actual mechanical processes. And there are many sights they share in common.

The Burbank display of curious flowers, plants and the methods by which the "Wizard" produces them, for instance, and the fine county displays in the California Building. They troop together through the beautiful gardens and courts; are to be seen in equal numbers in the Palace of Fine Arts.

For sheer beauty, this building ranks above all the others. If there is one thing in this world I have never wished to be, it is an emperor. If given my choice, I would almost prefer the rags of Lazarus to the imperial purple. But since I have learned that this lovely building, with its colonnades, massive grouped pillars, flowering bastions, airy dome and bordering lake was modeled after the Roman Emperor Hadrian's country villa, I have registered one exception. One might put up with being an emperor to live in so beautiful a home.

And its contents are worthy of their shrine. The Chinese and Japanese art exhibits alone are worth a trip across the continent. But in addition innumerable paintings, great works of art representing every age and school, fill half a hundred rooms. The Pre-Raphaelites, Renaissance, Impressionists, Cubists, all are here. Loan collections of famous old masters offer the art student exceptional advantages for comparison and study. Whistler, Sargent, Chase, Tarbell, the best of the modern Americans are showing in rooms of their own. Through every variety of theme, treatment and motif, the paintings make an appeal wide as life itself. Nor are the correlative arts neglected. The best in sculpture, bronzes, woven tapestries, are also to be seen. Summed, the galleries provide a liberal education in the fine arts.

And here is struck the key note of the entire exposition. It serves trade and commerce, it is true, serves them as they have never been served before. It will help our domestic trade, and draw that of the world at large into closer relation. And it cannot but promote good feeling among the nations. But this granted, the fact remains that its greatest effect will be educational. For the hundreds of congresses and conventions which will meet in San Francisco during the exposition year, it furnishes a huge working laboratory for the illustration and subjects and ideas; and no man may walk through its palaces without gathering knowledge on a hundred subjects hitherto strange. Summed in all of its capacities, the Exposition is a great university in which the most vital things may be seen and learned.

The Veterans' Home of California

By Fred A. Hunt

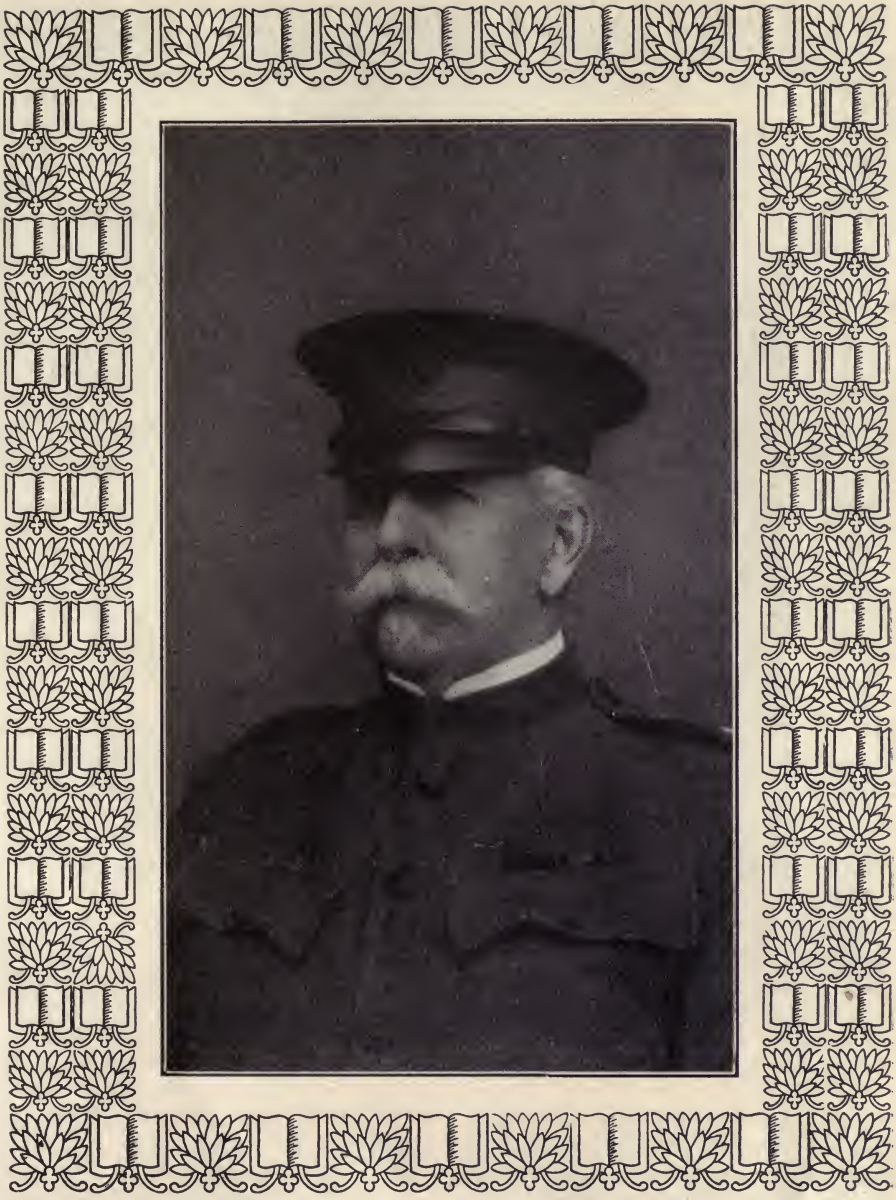
IT IS AN astonishing fact—in view of the curiosity that people evince for the ascertainment of the doings of their neighbors—that large domestic and State enterprises can exist and be almost entirely unknown to the people residing within radii of a very few miles from such institutions. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis (perhaps) folly to be wise," but ignorance certainly cannot be said to be either fortuitous or replete with sagacity in the case of The Veterans' Home of California.

The more particularly is this true because the road to the Home is one redolent with ozone, charming in all its aspects, and the traveling thereto is by rapid and comfortable modes. If one is the possessor of an automobile, he can reach Vallejo by either the Southern Pacific or by the Monticello Steamships from the wharf at the north end of the Ferry Building; thence up the beautiful and luxuriant Napa Valley is a most delightful ride, through the many ranches, vineyards and rural homes that lie along the route. Napa County justly boasts of the smoothness and adaptability of the roads for motoring, and the stone bridges that span the gullies or watercourses are a just means of braggadocio of the Napanese.

If the desirous visitor goes afoot, he can leave the Monticello depot and go to Vallejo, passing on the bay such places of interest as Yerba Buena Training School, Alcatraz Island, Angel Island, Point Richmond, the vicinity of San Quentin and the Mare Island channel. The passenger can well afford to stay over at Vallejo and visit the Mare Island Navy Yard, and realize how some of our mighty battleships are built, and also see some very interesting relics and mementoes of past wars. A ferry boat plies between Mare Island and Vallejo at specified schedule time.

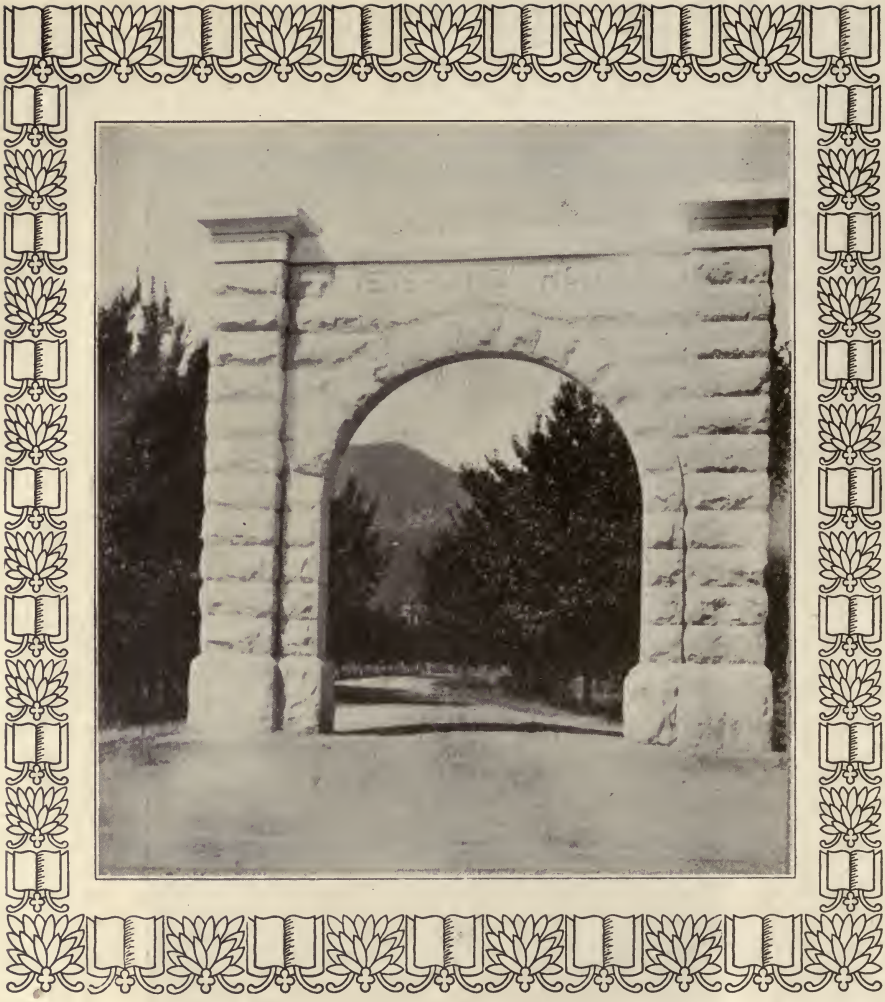
At Vallejo, the San Francisco, Napa and Calistoga Railway can be taken, which passes through the fertile Napa Valley and to as far as Calistoga, renowned for the variety of its mineral baths and its proximity to the Geysers. En route to the Veterans' Home, a number of small settlements are passed, until Napa City is attained, where a most flourishing city is reached, having four banks and all the adjuncts of comfortable and cultured civilization. Thence also can stages be taken for Napa Soda Springs, which popular resort lies in the foothills southeast of the Home. The Napa Valley is still traversed, embowered in orchards, farms, ranches and in a profusion of handsome trees; the State Asylum for the Insane being a short distance south of Napa City.

The Veterans' Home has an electric station of its own; the Southern Pacific station (Yountville) being half a mile north of the Home. The first object of interest to be viewed when the station is reached is the Arch that stands at the entrance to the main driveway, on either side of which driveway is an avenue of trees leading to the Administration Building, where Brigadier-General Wm. H. C. Bowen, the commandant, has his headquarters, and where several other minor offices are located. At these headquarters the visitor is welcomed and every facility afforded him, or her, to inspect the Home, its manifold localities of interest, and the eleven to twelve hundred Veterans resident there. Con-



Brigadier-General Wm. H. C. Bowen, Commandant of Veterans' Home of California.

tiguous to the Administration Building is the Social and Amusement Hall Building; therein are the Social Hall, where the Veterans play (some play at) billiards, cards, chess, etc., and the Amusement Hall, where several "movies" are displayed a week, and where semi-occasional dramatic entertainments are given; some most excellent (notably those presented by the Twelfth Night Club of San Francisco) and some that send an odor of barn-storming to high Heaven. But that variety which is the spice of life precludes any very hostile criticism on the part of the Veterans, for is not



Arch at entrance main driveway

even a rank performance a variation to the monotony of waiting until the Angel of Death shall summon him to the cemetery that lies on the side-hill to the northwest of the Amusement Hall, and just south of which the cortege wends its way with the dead soldier to the cemetery.

In the Administration Building is also located a well selected library and a commodious reading room, which, however, is not nearly large enough for the designated purposes. Application has been made Mr. Andrew Carnegie (in the furtherance of his reiterated desire to leave no money behind him, but to erect libraries in such places as they would be of the most benefit) to have a new library building erected here; certainly there could be no place where it would be in more constant use or of greater value to the residents. Up to going to press Mr. Carnegie had not been heard from. Another admirable suggestion was made at the same time, and that was that a large Amusement Hall should be built as an addition to the library, the present Amusement Hall being entirely inadequate and

Social and Amusement Halls Building

not being annoyed with too modern means of ventilation. To a man ensconced in the foliage of an arboreal growth, it would seem as if a person with dead oodles of simoleons would jump at the opportunity of alleviating the few remaining years of the men who recked not of life when the country needed their services (the average age of the Veterans here is 68 years.) But there is never so effectual a blinder as a large quantity of money, and the possessor gets an opaque screen before his eyes that makes him myopic to anything but self-interest or gratification of personal vain-glory. Contrarities establishing a rule, that may be why magazine and newspaper writers are generous.

Northward to the main dining room where some eight hundred men are fed, and well fed, daily—three mastications per diem. The meals are not only substantial and well cooked, but well served by the corps of feminine waiters. It is inutile to give a menu, for things may look excellent on paper and have an antithesis in comestibility. The appearance of the aged Veterans speaks more eloquently than could reams of eulogium.

To the west of the main dining hall are the Quartermaster's and Commissary's offices and warehouses, the bath-house, and in the rear the Main Telephone Exchange. Again northward of these are several smaller buildings, such as the ice house, store house, etc.; between these and the large warehouses is the power house, with its battery of boilers, and the electric apparatus for transforming the electric current and the steam-heating plant.

More directly to the north is situated the Directors' Cottage (which is not a cottage at all, but a fine residential house), and to the north thereof is the Nurses' residence, colloquially termed the Birdcage. Northward again, and the Annex is perceived. There are the very unfortunate, the demented and the feeble minded, watched constantly, and with the verandas of the place strongly wired. Contiguous to that is the hospital dining room and the tuberculosis ward, much too small for the patients needing special treatment, one-fourth of the patients requiring hospital treatment (25 per cent

Exterior of main dining hall.

of the residents) being afflicted with that dire disease in a greater or lesser virulent form.

Northwest of Hospital Building is the Baseball Park, where nearly every Sunday the national pastime is exhibited, the home team being way ahead of the varied visiting teams, much to the gratification (and occasionally to the personal emolument) of the Veteran fans.

The barracks of the Veterans are designated by the Company letters, A, B, C, D, E, F, G and Q, the latter being the seclusion for the rebellious or recalcitrant. Southeast of the hospital is the building where Unity Post, G. A. R., and McCalla Camp, Spanish War Veterans, meet, as do also a society of the Women's Relief Corps and the quarters of the waitresses. Therein are also located quarters for special duty men and a small section of barracks.

There is also a restaurant on the grounds, where meals are served three times a day and of fairly good quality; necessarily such meals are paid for by the gourmands, and the prices are reasonble; an adjunct of the restaurant is a small baby-wagon, which appears at the entrance or the main dining room at breakfast time, and therefrom eggs (hard, medium and soft-boiled) are vended for the ovumcular taste of the Veterans; at dinner time a covered wagonette is trundled to the same location, and bottled milk, chunks of pie, etc., are sold. Some astonishment might be felt by strangers to see the grizzled Veterans anticipating the opening of the entrances to the dining room, and with pieces of pie carefully reposing in their tenuated hands as to whether some special diet were not distributed before the tables were attained. But it is only an individual expenditure of the nickel currency and a specious reminiscence of the "pie that mother used to make." At supper-time a resumption occurs of extraneous dainties displayed in the vehicle, whereby little dainties may find the "seclusion that the (epigastric) cabin grants," to the comfort of the aged Veterans' dietetics. Very sweet teeth have the Veterans, and the amount of candy that is sold them at the Post Store is somewhat astonishing. The Post Store is thus a benefit

Veterans' Home Post Office, one of the most popular locations in camp around Pension Day.

in the furnishing of the candy, tobacco and many other things outside of the regular supply contributed by the State (tobacco is given the non-pensioners at regular intervals), because the profits arising from the sale of the various articles is devoted to expenditures in sundry amusements for the "Old Boys."

Contiguous to the Post Store Building is what is commonly termed the Stone House; but is officially known as the Guard House. Therein are located men that have attacked "jackass brandy" with undiscriminating ardor, and have arrived on the Reservation "with three sheets in the wind and one flying," or where men are confined for violating some of the simple rules regulating the camp.

Relative to the predilection of a few of the Veterans for extreme indulgence in intoxicants, there is always available a pass to leave the confines of the Reservation, and then the libidinous and bibulous individual can do as he pleases, unless he happens to land in the capacious maw of the civil authorities. Should such be his adverse fate, he is not allowed to go on pass clad in the uniform of the Home, but he is compelled to wear citizen's clothing, a regulative measure that precludes the identification of the offender with the Home; the man may disgrace himself, but it is desirable that he do not disgrace the uniform.

With the large quantity of Veterans, civilian employees and adherents, it can readily be perceived that the Veterans' Home is, in truth, a city in the country, with all the advantages and necessities of a city of the premier class, such as septic tanks, advantageous pipe line, orchard and farm, comprehensive stables, cow barn, fire department, large chicken and hog ranch, etc. The chicken ranch houses some 7,000 chickens, and there are in-

cubators, brooders and all needful appliances. The hog ranch has two Tarnworth boars that are about the size of steers and the practical edifices for the raising of the shoats and the pigs "of larger growth."

Scattered about the grounds (comprising 910 acres of land) are several isolated cottages and shacks that have been erected by individual Veterans, with more or less architectural taste and contractural judgment.

Several times the question has been discussed as to the expediency of having other cottages, where the wives and widows of deserving Veterans may also find hospice. The separation of husband and wife, after many years of marital association, seems ruthless and needless, and very many States, in recognition of this hardship, have admitted women to their Homes, and have also provided for their maintenance.

As stated in a report published subsequent to a personal investigation of the various Homes where women are admitted by a member of the Board of Directors: "Whatever additional expense the State may incur in providing buildings for soldiers' wives and widows is offset in a measure by the diminished outlay in counties for the support of the indigent. Apart from any question of expense, the problem is presented, is it right?" There is but one judicious method of judging any personal problem, and that is "to put yourself in the other fellow's place." Consider whether after a lifetime of association, whether you would like, under the pressure of stern necessity, to be severed from the helpmeet who, in the heyday of her love and pride in you, relinquished you from her love, heart and home that you might battle for the country; is it a just recompense to her that, in the time when her husband needs her ministrations so sorely, he should be sequestered from her and be bereft of the consolation and comfort that she alone can bestow? In lieu of a reward for her and his self-denial for the country's sake, does it not seem like a virulent punishment? It is an old, old Commandment: "Those whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." Common humanity, proper recompense for exalted patriotism, and the fact that so few years remain to the Civil War Veteran assuredly insistently demand that those few years should be attended by all the thoughtful consideration and kindly care that a grateful people can bestow; to ignore such claim is to let it be inferred that the sacrifice involved in battling for the Union was an effort and achievement unworthy the displayed gratitude of those that now luxuriate in a united country and the homogeniety that results therefrom. It might not be an unworthy mental exercise for our people to think whether there is any reasonable recompense too great to render to those warworn, defaced and disease battered Veterans, for the valiant service they rendered in the hours of our country's tremulous contiguity to the verge of disruption; if there is not, render unto the modern Caesars the things that are Caesar's.

In the Home itself such beneficence is manifested to the Veterans that are not definitely qualified for immediate admission to the Home; they are admitted T. A. P. (temporarily at Post) and given ordinary fatigue to compensate the State for their keeping.

As to the Home itself, that was the outgrowth of a spirit of fraternity, charity and loyalty evinced by the Grand Army of the Republic and the Mexican War Veterans who, on October 25, 1882, became incorporated under the title of "The Veterans' Home Association." Subscriptions were taken up to the amount of $60,000, and on April 1, 1884, the Home was opened with 42 entrants, and Lieutenant-Colonel E. P. Wood, 17th Illinois Infantry, a practicing physician at St. Helena, as Commandant and Medical Director. At that time but few buildings were extant, as needs developed more were added; necessarily time has worked havoc with such edifices, and necessity demands the replacement of

these old worn out constructions by erecting newer and more applicable buildings.

As the years passed and the Veterans became aged and debilitated, the residents at the Home most materially increased, and the monetary burden became too onerous for the founders to carry. Consequently, in 1899, the Home was ceded to the State of California, with all the land, buildings and improvements (valued at $321,149), conditioned on the support by the State of the Home thereafter. Of the cost of the Home, but $60,000 came from the State.

From the initial 42 residents at the Home the number has grown, year by year, until at the present time there are between 1,100 and 1,200 men who avail themselves of the Sheltering Arms extended by the State. As a general prospect, the Veterans are not exactly qualified as exhibits at a competitive beauty show, neither are *chevaux-de-frise* nor breastworks similitudes of the Acropolis at Athens or the Capitol at Washington; but the defenses alluded to are most effective in the prevention of armed aggression, and that is where the Veterans have a beauty that no mere physical contour can equal. No one can do more than "give up his life for his friend," and that is what the Veterans risked, cheerfully, when such sacrifice was the clamor of the country.

At retreat each evening, and when the flag is lowered by a veteran of 83 years of age, the band plays the Star Spangled Banner, and every Veteran in the vicinity stands up (no matter how debilitated he may be) and doffs his hat to the beloved flag; shall we do less to its preservers? As queried in a report of January 1, 1887: "They (the Veterans) were not always old and weak. They were once young and gallant soldiers, full of enthusiasm for their country and its institutions. They followed the Old Flag with honor in a successful war against a foreign foe, and maintained its glory untarnished upon many hard-fought battlefields at home. They were ready to make any sacrifice for the good of their country. They risked life, and many of them shed their blood in its service. Shall they want for food in their old age?"

The Veterans at the Home come from all States in the Union, and no discrimination is made as to whence they came; the sole condition precedent to their entry is that they have battled for the Union. In the vicinity of Memorial Cottage stands a large tree, around which clings a luxuriant growth of ivy, the initial portion whereof was taken from the battlefield of Gettysburg. The Veterans cling to the stalwart people of California for adequate support. Shall they cling in vain?

Reminiscences of Early Virginia City

By a Californian

The following chapter from the life of George Thomas Marye, an early California pioneer who was a resident of Virginia City during the years from 1869 to '81, gives a fuller account perhaps of the town at that time, and of some of its people than has yet been published. Virginia City cut such a brilliant figure during the years of its fleeting prosperity and played such an important part in the life of the nation that its story must always have a lasting and alluring interest.

THE STORY of Virginia City, Nev., lying on the famous Comstock Lode, has never been adequately told, and perhaps it will never be, but certain it is, there never was a place more worthy of an eloquent pen. Of all the wonderful places in the wonderful development of the mining industry of California and of the Pacific Coast, there was none comparable with Virginia City, which was as much more interesting than all other mining localities as were the mines of Washoe superior in richness and magnitude to those of any other mining district. The town stood in a class by itself; there was no other town like it. Of the appearance, though beyond the dimensions of a village, it was a city, a cosmopolitan city, with the diversified interests and varied social features of a large and important center. Its rise was as rapid as the swing of the sun above the horizon at the equator, and in a few years its fame was spread throughout the world, and its influence had made itself felt on the monetary system of every civilized nation. Its lawyers, its doctors, its clergymen, its miners, its business men, were in many instances of commanding ability, and in some instances were eminent in their respective fields of endeavor. So many persons of refinement and cultivation had been attracted to it by the fame of its mines that they were not cut off from the social amenities and pleasures to which they had been accustomed. In some respects the features of an old and long settled community mingled with the shifting and strenuous life of a mining camp, but throughout the entire population, from the wealthiest mine-owner to the porter who handled your luggage at the hotel, there was one dominant idea, the enthusiasm of gold.

It would be as inaccurate as it would be unjust to say it was a mere sordid lust for gold. It may have been that with some, perhaps with many, but that was not the feeling of the community. It was a big-hearted, generous desire for achievement, to acquire the means of doing greater things, and that feeling was no doubt strengthened during the first years of the history of the town by the knowledge that the precious metals which were there being added to the wealth of the world were doing much to uphold the credit of the nation. And throughout all the days of its beneficent prosperity, its citizens were as conspicuous for their open-handed liberality as they were for their public spirit in large undertakings.

The outward aspect of the place was that of a great village perched upon the side of a high mountain. There were many hoisting works belonging to the different mines, and great piles of waste rock dumped near them, and they were a very conspicuous feature when you looked at the town before entering it from the Geiger Grade, or when you looked down on it from the side of Mt. Davidson. But they were not much in evidence when you were on C street, which was the main business thoroughfare, running from the Geiger Grade which led up from Reno to the Divide which led down to Gold Hill.

That was the general appearance of the place when Marye first went there in the spring of 1869, but to the early comers it looked far more desolate. The adventurous prospectors who explored the region for the precious metals were not attracted by the inhospitable soil and climate, or lured by the surrounding deserts and rocks, to make their locations on what was afterward the site of Virginia City, although the view of the country and mountains around about, from high up on the side of Mount Davidson, is not without a stern and rugged beauty and grandeur. The early Washoe discoverers expected hardship and looked to their mines for compensation, and they were not disappointed in either expectation.

The California miners of '49 and of that early period did not need much money to carry on their work; if they had enough to buy a pick and shovel and a pan or rocker, they had all they needed. But the placer mines, as the surface deposits were called, where the early miners washed gold dust and nuggets from the banks and bottom of shallow streams, were soon exhausted, and those in quest of the precious metal had to seek the deeper and less accessible deposits which, in those great convulsions of nature which had raised and lowered mountains and turned streams from their courses, had supplied the placers with their gold. In 1860 and '61, many valuable deep mining properties had already been located and extensively developed at great cost on the Mother Lode in California, and in the middle 'sixties the Reis Brothers, Ferdinand, Gustave and Christian, pioneer merchants of Downieville in Sierra County, sold the Sierra Buttes mine, which they had already opened and worked to quite a depth, to an English company for nearly a million dollars, which was then the largest single transaction up to that time in California or on the Coast.

But when the mines of the Comstock began to be opened, it was soon recognized that the work would have to be carried on in a vastly larger way than ever before in our country, or, indeed, anywhere in recent times, and it was also recognized that the outlay of money would have to be in keeping with the magnitude of the work. And the problem was, where was the money to come from? Certainly not from any one individual. Any one man who had money enough to open and develop one of the great mines of the Comstock had money enough, as things went then, to retire from business, and he certainly would not risk it all in such a hazardous enterprise. But the people of San Francisco, where the mines were owned and where their development had to be financed, were ever as resourceful in creating the means to carry out their great projects as they were bold and adventurous in their enterprises, and so the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board was organized through the agency of which each one was enabled to invest so much of his store in the development of the mines as he felt warranted to risk.

A member of the board of long standing, Mr. Joseph L. King, has given us an interesting though fragmentary account of the organization of the Exchange, and he has given us, too, an incomplete history of the highly important and conspicuous part played by it in the business activities of the financial center of the western part of our country. It would take, no doubt,

Jas. Clair Flood

a very elaborate narrative to fully present its position and influence, for it not only performed the functions common to exchanges in all commercial centers, but it embraced within its membership many, if not the majority, of the most enterprising men of San Francisco, and it was influential in all the walks of life and in all the great undertakings of the city. And through its instrumentality the ownership of the Comstock mines became nation-wide and their fame world-wide. Marye never became a member of the Board, but at the time when the number of seats was increased, in 1875, and William Sharon, James Clair Flood, James D. Fry, Charles N. Felton and L. T. Huggin became members he bought a seat for his son, who had joined him in business and who afterwards became one of the most active members of the Board, and was its president for a number of terms.

The distribution of the honor and of the profits of the first discovery of the mineral bearing vein on the side of Mount Davidson seems to show something of the irony of fate. The early profits, such as they were, went very unevenly to a good many different people, but least of all to the first discoverers, and the honor of the discovery has not been accredited either to the men who first suspected the presence of the vein or to those who did the first work on the ground, or to the one who made the first informal location on the site of the great ledge. The two brothers, Hosea and Allen Grosh, of Pennsylvania, from their knowledge of the surface deposits in Gold Canyon and their investigation of the surrounding country, were the first to assert that there should be deeper and more extensive deposits in the neighborhood of the mountain they knew as Sun Peak. They both died from hardship and exposure before their well reasoned anticipations were verified by later developments. The first work on the surface of the vein was done by Peter O'Riley and Patrick McLaughlin, though of course in entire ignorance of what was beneath and around them, and the first attempt to make even an informal mining location there was made by James Finney, an old miner from the State of Virginia. The names of these men, except perhaps in the public schools of Virginia City, are entirely unknown to the general public in connection with the mines of Washoe. The lode received its name from Henry Comstock, a Canadian, who acquired in some way an interest in the claim of O'Riley and McLaughlin, though he does not seem ever to have done any work there, and the lode was called after him with no greater reason or justice than the Americas were given the name of Americo Vespucci. James Finney, who was generally known as "Old Virginny," and who was held in high esteem as a miner by his associates and acquaintances, has had his memory perpetuated in the name of Virginia City.

The first discoverers and their associates, the early miners on the ledge, had very little idea of the extent and nature of their discovery, and their efforts at development with the utensils of the placer miner were neither very successful nor very profitable. It was not until two of their number, Comstock and Penrod, procured a couple of arrastras and two mules, at the cost of a large undivided interest in their claim, that the work began to be profitable, and the yellow stuff which was

Jno. P. Jones

too hard to break with the pick and wash in their pans was found to be a rich chloride of silver. A few days afterwards, samples of the black rock which the miners had neglected and had been looked upon as an impediment in their work, were sent to Placerville in California to be assayed by a competent assayer, and he declared them to be silver sulphurets carrying a high percentage of gold, and worth in the neighborhood of $4,000 a ton. From that time on, quartz mining was an established industry in Washoe, that is, established in the sense that where there is a known ore body the energy and ingenuity of man will always reach it to make it available for the purposes and benefit of mankind.

But of the thousands who took part in the rush to Washoe in the spring of 1860, following the excitement during the winter over the reports of the new silver mines, very few had an idea or even thought of the immense difficulties which would have to be overcome in order to wrest the treasures of the mines from the bowels of the earth, and turn them into the useful channels of trade and commerce. The ledge lay high up on the side of a barren mountain, itself surrounded by a desert, and everything needed by the miner for his shelter and subsistence had to be brought from a distance at great labor and expense, and everything needed in quartz mining had to be brought from San Francisco. On San Francisco devolved the heavy though profitable task of furnishing the money and the means to open the mines, but then, as now, San Francisco "knew how," and she went at it with a will. She performed the task and reaped the reward, for before the great fire of 1906 half the most important buildings in the business district of the city had been put up with money made on or from the Comstock.

Fortunately, almost with the beginning of work on the Comstock many improvements were made in mining methods and machinery through the ingenuity of American engineers and machinists, and they tended to lessen the expense and to offset to that extent the added risk and doubt arising from the mass of litigation which grew out of the irregularities and uncertainties of the early locations on the lode. The companies, organized for the most part in California to develop the mines, acquired by purchase or other means the original locations of the early miners, but they all had to go into court to have their titles determined and their boundaries defined by judicial decision. A mining location when properly made under the United States Statutes, and with a due observance of their provisions, is as good a title as any, though perhaps not as readily proved as a patent, but the first locations on the Comstock were not of that character. They were made by men who knew little about the law, and who were as careless in complying with the requirements with which they were acquainted as they were indifferent about those provisions of which they had no knowledge. The tangled mass of litigation which ensued took time and pains and money to unravel, and those companies which were unsuccessful in their suit and were pronounced to be without title to their property dropped out of existence or sank into oblivion, and their stockholders found themselves ruined or impoverished. A Rudyard Kipling might write a volume of absorbing interest on the romances of

James G. Fair

the Comstock, and another no less affecting on the tragedies of the Comstock, meaning not the vulgar conflicts between brawlers, and lawless and violent men, but the deeply pathetic tragedies of disappointed hopes and broken lives.

And so, amid conflict and dazzling discoveries, like brilliant flashes from Aladdin's lamp, and the impetuous rush of fortune hunters, Virginia City grew from a mining camp to a village, and from a village to a city of national importance, though always with the look of a village, for it it furnished the nation what it most needed during the stress and strain of our great War of Secession; and into a city of international importance, too, for the additions it made to the stock of the world's precious metals had their effect on the monetary system of every civilized country.

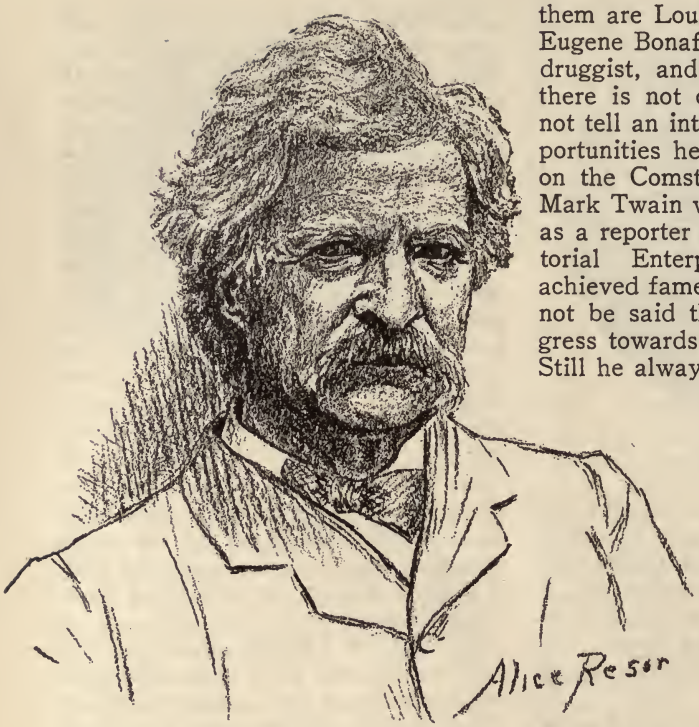
The early stages of development were very rapid, the canvas tents of the first miners were soon followed by board huts, and they in turn were succeeded by substantial frame and brick buildings and extensive hoisting works, and when William H. Blauvelt, who afterwards became the oldest resident of Virginia City, first went there in 1863, it was an active, thriving town of perhaps seven thousand inhabitants. It was not an easy trip to Virginia City at that time, for it took three days from Sacramento by stage to Carson City, and the stages were crowded and the roads bad. The stages were known as the Pioneer Stage Line, and owing to the extensive business with Virginia City, the line was very profitable. It was the property of Louis McLane, president of Wells Fargo's Express Company, and among all its lines the company had none as remunerative as the one belonging to its president. There were three stages every day, and they were so crowded inside and out with passengers that seats had to be engaged days in advance. There were three persons on each row of seats, just the number the row would hold sitting close, and there was no room for shifting one's position. The first day out from Sacramento the stage went as far as Placerville, and as the road was too bad for night travel, a halt was made there until the next morning. The next day was a long pull from Placerville to Strawberry Inn, which usually was not reached until late in the evening. The third day landed the tired passengers at Carson City, and it is hard for us to realize how glad they were to get there. There still remained a long mountain climb to Virginia, but the road was perhaps better, certainly was shorter, and the passengers were able to select one of several modes of conveyance, and were not confined to the cramped quarters of the Pioneer Line. Besides, the first part of the trip from Placerville, over the Sierras, was apt to be enlivened by occurrences none the less disagreeable for not being unexpected. The crowded Concord coach would frequently upset, though the driver would say facetiously that it had not upset, but only turned up edgewise, and the passengers would have to clamber out as best they could through the spaces on the sides, covered with leather curtains which were left unfastened for just such emergencies. At other times the heavy stage, where the mud was deep, would get stuck in a hole and the driver would invite all hands to get out, and would call on the men passengers to help get the vehicle out of its difficulties. The call was

Lloyd Tevis

nearly always responded to with the utmost good humor, and it never seemed to occur to the passengers that they had bought transportation which they were entitled to, and that they were under no obligation to do the work of relay horses for the stage company.

Stage drivers in those days had quite a high idea of their own importance, and their estimate of themselves was shared by a majority of their passengers. They were usually, though, pleasant enough fellows, and did not impose their authority too much on the traveling public. To this, however, there were some exceptions, and on one occasion during a winter in the middle '60's, when there was a good deal of half-melted snow and ice on the ground, and the roads were in pretty bad condition, the driver seemed to take a peculiar satisfaction in calling out his passengers more frequently than was needed. Among the travelers was a tall, raw-boned fellow named Morgan, who afterwards became quite a friend and general utility man of Senator William M. Stewart, and another was a well known real estate and mining stock operator of San Francisco, S. P. Dewey, who was somewhat noted among his friends and acquaintances for his self-importance and rather pompous manner. The passengers at first met the frequent calls to alight and lend a helping hand with good humor, and they no doubt felt some compensation for the inconvenience of getting out into the mud in their amusement at seeing their consequential fellow-traveler pushing or pulling at the heavy coach. But after a reasonable number of halts the passengers began to feel that they were being imposed on, and when the next one occurred, Morgan strode up to the driver and said: "Look'ee here, my man, if you make us get out and help you out of another mud-hole, I'll toss you into it." The driver was quite surprised at this interference with what he considered his prerogatives, and was disposed to resent it, but he looked his man over, and became convinced that the speaker was quite willing and able to carry out his expressed intention, and the stage made the rest of the trip without any assistance from the passengers.

In 1863 the Virginia House on the southwest corner of B street and Sutton avenue was the leading hotel in Virginia City. A few years afterward it yielded the first place to the International which, during the brief period of Virginia City's fleeting greatness, was to it what the old Palace was to San Francisco before the great fire, but in 1863 the Virginia House held the lead. The country was then in the midst of the war between the States, and for some reason the Virginia House had been selected by the Southern men in Washoe as their headquarters. Charles B. Fairfax, or as he was popularly and affectionately known to all Californians, Charley Fairfax, was there then. He was the tenth Lord Fairfax in the peerage of England in his own right if he cared to claim the title, but he was a devoted son of Virginia and unwilling to sever his connections with the old State, where his forbears had had enormous grants of land from the Royal Government, and of the virtues of which he was himself a noble example. Once he was stabbed in a cowardly manner by a man in Benicia. He drew his revolver, for he was armed, as every one was in those days, and covered his assailant, and



Mark Twain

then said: "I could kill you if I wanted, but I don't, on account of your wife and family." His wound was serious, but he recovered, and was at the time we are speaking of in Virginia City with his wife, a very lovely woman, the sister of a prominent lawyer of San Francisco, Calhoun Benham. Benham had gone South and was fighting in the Southern army, but, as he used to say then and afterwards, he was born on the wrong side of the Ohio river to get much promotion in the Confederate service. Frank Denver, Judge Barbour, Judge Reardon and Frank Hereford, who was afterwards United States Senator from West Virginia, were all there, too, but they were too much engrossed in developments on the Comstock to show any greater interest in the Confederacy than a rather vehement expression of sympathy.

There were not many people living in Virginia City in 1863 who are living there now, some fifty years afterwards, but there are some, and among them are Louis Wardell, Ruff Hardy, Eugene Bonafous and A. M. Cole, the druggist, and it is safe to say that there is not one of them who could not tell an interesting story of the opportunities he had to make a fortune on the Comstock. "Sam" Clemens, Mark Twain was there, too, employed as a reporter and writer on the Territorial Enterprise; he afterwards achieved fame and fortune, but it cannot be said that he made much progress towards either in Virginia City. Still he always wrote with much feeling and keen appreciation about pioneer days in Nevada and California, and his account in "Roughing It" of a vacation from his labors in Virginia City, passed at Lake Tahoe, will ever remain the best description of the subtle charm exerted by that place on all who visit it, until its wondrous beauties of mountain scenery and pellucid waters inspire some great poet. Alfred Bigelow Paine, Clemens' biographer, who visited Virginia City not long after Clemens' death, to gather material for his work, was probably able to glean much information which would entertain the reader and present Mark Twain in an amiable light, for he was universally liked in Virginia City, but it is not likely that he learned much that would foreshadow Mark's greatness, for he never did anything to bring him permanent renown until he published "The Innocents Abroad," some time after leaving Nevada.

(*Concluded in Next Issue.*)

Henry Meade Bland, Poet and Blue-Bird Philosopher

By Agnes Johnson Meckfessel

HENRY MEADE BLAND is a poet; how important a poet we do not yet know." Thus wrote George Wharton James, nine years ago, in his introduction to Henry Meade Bland's "A Song of Autumn and Other Poems." Since Mr. James' judgment, the poet has not disappointed his friends. They are frequently delighted with some bit fresh from his pen.

As a poet he is still in process; as a Bluebird Philosopher he is the finished article. Some years ago in a magazine article this same philosophy was called "an indefinable something impossible to analyze," but since then Materlink has lent us this good name.

The fates have been kind in mapping out a life for this odd genius; that has brought him into touch with humanity, growing humanity, for besides Poet and Bluebird Philosopher, he is a Teacher. He in turn had many teachers, and every teacher, every student, along with his love for nature, has left an indelible imprint upon him.

Certainly it was far back he learned the value of saving the kernel and letting the chaff go. He is unconsciously generous in his efforts to pass this lesson on.

Doubtles when he climbs the mountains of imagination and looks towards the fertile valley of his yesterdays, there are many shadows, the same as in other mortals' lives—but they are softened, serving only to bring out the colors—or are lost in the maze of a healthy, happy boyhood spent in mastering the stubborn adobe soil, hunting the wild duck in Sutter's tule or accompanying his good Methodist father on his hundred mile circuit drives.

His father, who was an itinerant minister, often made long circuit rides, taking the boy, Henry Meade, with him. As a minister, he changed his field of work time and again, so that Mr. Bland had varied experiences in numerous schools and many different teachers. Instead of the frequent changes undermining the foundation of his education, they strengthened it by each teacher adding a touch of his or her personality to the growing boy. It was the proper life for a boy, for both the mountains and valleys he lived among lent their beauties to him for his childish appreciation.

Mr. Bland's grandfather, on his mother's side, loved books, and named all his daughters after novel heroines. His mother traced her ancestry back to Dick Steele, associate of Addison. His father had a voluminous memory, and knew much of the Holy Writ by heart, and he passed this gift of mind on to his son. Mr. Bland is able to quote a stanza, or sometimes a page of poetry upon almost any theme that poetry has been written on.

There are many tangled and briary paths leading up to his earning the titles of A. M. and Ph. D. Comparatively few know that he possesses the scholastic title. He is not generally known as Dr. Bland. Friends rather think of him as Henry Meade Bland, and forget he has any dignified initials after his name.

Step by step he has ascended out of the valley of youth and inexperience—first as a teacher in an academy, later

Henry Meade Bland, Poet and Bluebird Philosopher.

as a principal in grammar grades, then as a principal in High School. During his upward climb he became aware that he needed a work on entomology to help him on his way. He therefore published his "Studies in Entomology," that later proved to be a great help to the teachers of California. This little book reads like an exquisite fairy tale, yet it is crammed with valuable information. At present he is instructor in English literature in the San Jose State Normal. In this way his influence is felt in almost every part of the State, as the young teachers going out bear with them results of his teachings.

He has for years advocated a higher grade of young men in the country schools. He has also always been opposed to the part politics plays in the school system of the State.

The "Sketch" of 1899 quotes Mr. Bland: "I should like to see a higher grade of young men in the country schools. . . who give their life work to the profession. I also hope to see the school system removed from politics. What can it avail even if we can snatch the fire of the immortals from

the altars of heaven if the vulture of politics is to tear forever at our vitals?"

Perhaps it is Mr. Bland's definite philosophy of teaching that has served to nurture the ever-present "blue bird" "element, that has become a part of the man. In teaching literature—especially that which is in appreciation—he does not allow adverse criticism to creep in. The minds that come under his influence are already surfeited with negative criticism and he endeavors to drive this out. He dwells much upon the beauties.

A lover is a creator—and Mr. Bland is a lover of things both great and small, and is able to create beauty where it is not always apparent to others. He finds beauty in nature's most modest efforts. The following poem shows that every phase of nature is recorded in the poets heart.

I am fire and dew and sunshine,
I am mist on the foamy wave,
I'm the rippling note from the field-lark's throat,
I'm the jewel in the cave.

I'm the lightning flash on the mountain.
And the cold rose-red of the dawn,
I'm the odor of pine and purple vine,
I'm the willowy leap of the fawn.

I'm the sigh of the south wind of autumn,
I'm the scent of the earth at first rain,
I'm the wild honker call of the earliest fall,
I'm the yellow of ripening grain.

I'm the music no singer has dreamed of,
I'm the picture from no painters art,
I'm the rhythmic time of no poet's rhyme,
I am joy in the humans heart.

Nor is this all—no simple or childish woe is so small that its telling does not strike a cord of understanding in his benevolent nature.

He has made a careful study of his own process of teaching, even going so far as to get shorthand reporters to take his lectures that he might know what he was saying and how he said it—but not even the recently perfected dictaphone could catch the eloquent silence that he falls into over some fine lines or thought, while teaching.

He is an ardent lover of poetry and poets, be they humble or exalted. Because he is human and has a keen sense of humor, he does not let even the most trivial limerick or jingle pass his way without enjoying it to the utmost.

Years ago there tramped into his life an apparently worthless vagabond, whom Mr. Bland, yclept "The Mute, Inglorious Milton"—John Leonard by name.

To others this man might have been just a "hobo," but to Mr. Bland he was poet, philosopher, dreamer and artist. Among his many weaknesses he was an inveterate cigarette smoker, and the two had discussed this weakness many times. Mr. Bland has many a hearty laugh over the following quatrain which "The Mute Inglorious" left behind.

"To all who smoke the deadly 'cig.'
And are to it as slaves,
The lone coyote soon shall dig
And monkey round your graves."

Not many years ago one of his fellow teachers, upon returning from abroad, was telling Mr. Bland about the beauties she had encountered; and the noted people she had met. Mr. Bland expressed a wish that he might some day have the privilege of traveling, whereupon she remarked:

"You do not need to go abroad for beauty of nature or inspiration: you bring the world to you." This is true. He does not need to go to foreign climes to find the "blue bird." He has found it here at home.

He numbers many of the present writers and poets as his friends. He spent many happy hours with the late Joaquin Miller in his home on the

"Hights," enjoying the field, hill and sky as only two poets can.

He had every chance to learn all the details of the Sierrian poet's life, and at present is writing the biography of Joaquin Miller. They corresponded frequently. It is a well known fact that Miller's handwriting was almost illegible. I have known Mr. Bland to hurriedly thrust a letter of the poet's into some of his friend's hands, saying: "Here, read this quickly. I'm in a hurry—and tell me what you think about it." Then laugh heartily to himself, while the puzzled and embarrassed victim endeavored vainly to make out the hieroglyphics. He was a friend during life, and at death one of the Sierrian poet's last attendants up the "last trail."

Not many years ago, at a banquet given at the Normal School at which Mr. Bland's friend, Herbert Bashford, the poet, was present, Mr. Bland asked him to favor them with readings from his poems. Mr. Bashford replied that he would be glad to do so, only he did not have any of his poems with him. Then Mr. Bland produced his own copy of Mr. Bashford's poems and gave it to the author. When Mr. Bashford attempted to open to a certain page, he was compelled to get out his pocket knife and cut the pages.

"I see," said he, smilingly, turning to Mr. Bland, "you read my poems often."

For just a moment there was an awkward pause, then Mr. Bland modestly replied:

"I do not need to read what I already know by heart."

It was an article of Mr. Bland's in the "Craftsman," of New York, that first attracted universal attention to Jack London.

He and Charles Warren Stoddard were great friends, and to him he wrote these lines:

"Sometimes I shall stroll to your Afternoon Land
To rest me and muse and recall the old dreams,

Charles Warren Stoddard.

And when I am there, by the low-rhyming streams,
I'll linger once more for the touch of your hand;
And then when you, too, come again to the Isle,

We'll stray arm in arm down the sweet
afterwhile."

Henry Meade Bland has had published about seventy-five poems and magazine articles. One of his favorite poems, one that was recently published and met with great success, is "Sir Henry Hudson":

"The great Sir Hendrick spread his
sail,
And sailed in the cold north breeze;
With veer and tack he sought the track
To the mellow summer seas.

"To the mellow summer seas he ranged
With singing cord and sail;
Those seas, he said, in the sunset red,
Know neither a reef nor a gale.

"For he dreamed a magic strait somewhere,
Loomed in the storm-swept coast;
But through and through his coward
crew
Were a-fear at the breakers' host.

"And the Half Moon reeled in the
stormy wind
And crashed in the icy tide;
But Sir Henry stood as a sailor should
With joy in that splendid ride.

"But his men a-near in craven fear,
Gazed longingly behind,
And the wild sea-mew fierce-screaming
flew,
And the salt gale whined and whined.

"Then knives flashed bare in that thin,
cold air,
There was dread in the breakers'
boom;
'Your sea,' cried the crew, 'is a demon's brew,
And you sail to your icy doom.'

"They launched his trim and stout lifeboat,
They gave him sail and oar,
Then turned again to the sunny main
Of the safe Atlantic shore.

"Since then, O many a year has sped
But who has forgot that he
Was the very 'first that ever burst'
Into that unknown sea.

"And what of that mutinous, traitorous
crew,
Who fled from the great emprize?
No friendly bard shall shape a word
To cover their coward lies.

"But of him who failed and still sailed
on,
And yet in the end went down—
No wreath I bring, no song I sing
Is worthy his great renown."

Mr. Bland owns a ranch located in the picturesque hills near San Jose, that he has appropriately named "Star Land." Whether this ranch produces anything more lucrative than stars and the blue sky and the mysteries of murmuring brooks, I do not know. These are sufficient. It is a "Poet's Paradise." Here Mr. Bland and often his poet friends come to rest and dream and write.

Mr. Bland possesses another piece of property that to him is priceless. It is a book, very modest looking and beginning to show much wear: Herbert Bashford's "Freedom of the Heights," written by the poet himself, in appreciation of Mr. Bland's ranch, "Starland," occupies the first few pages. On the next page Joaquin Miller has very plainly and simply shown his affection for the owner in these words: "My dear, dear, gentle boy Bland." Then there follows many arrows and dashes and dots—perhaps Mr. Bland knows what they mean. It is is signed, "With love to you and yours. Joaquin Miller.

Many, many poems and quotations follow, signed by as many "kindred spirits."

There's one quotation from Victor Hugo in Jack London's school-boy handwriting. Ina Coolbrith has added an exquisite touch in her little poem on friendship. There is a short poem, a description of Monterey, written "To Henry Meade Bland, in memory of a charming visit to George Sterling's bungalow at Carmel-by-the-Sea, with

some happy hours at Monterey, new and old," by Charles Warren Stoddard. There is an original poem by "George Sterling." A page that closes with, "The happy man is the man who has learned in this active, busy life, to mingle real poetry in sufficient quantity with the material things, and that you have done. With cordial affection, George Wharton James," throws light upon the personality of the owner.

As plow boy and minister's son and teacher of little children, as friend of spurned and lauded, as poet and poet's companion, Henry Meade Bland has patiently climbed the hill, ever bearing with him the "Bluebird," but setting it free so that others might possess it. He has not reached the summit, but with the indomitable spirit that inspired the prayer,

"Nay, let me not weaken,
Hold my face to the blast,
Weld the armor upon me—
Let me fight to the last,"
Who can tell how high such a mortal will climb?

"No one can set a point and say
My goal is won.
The height we come to at the close of day
Is but a mile post on the soul's highway.
Our quest lies on and on."

And so naturally follows, and we cheer him on his way:

"I only keep a-climbing.
I know the stars of God are overhead;
And by yon far-off gleaming spirit-wand,
The meteor's gleam, I know that I am lead;
And so I keep a-climbing.

"I only keep a-climbing.
It may be yon blue range will be the last,
It may be many others 1oom beyond;
And yet I know the summit will be passed,
And so I keep a-climbing."

WINTER BUTTERFLIES

By Mary D. Barber

ON THE COAST of California, about ten miles north of the Golden Gate, the little village of Bolinas nestles in a cleft between the hills. The homes of the summer residents stand out boldly on the hillside, commanding a magnificent view of the ocean and the "sand-spit," which stretches away in a curve three miles in length, till it meets the base of Mt. Tamalpais, where it ends abruptly in a rocky cliff.

It is here, where the Pacific, true to its name, lies shimmering in September sunshine, that I love to sit idly on my porch, enjoying the wonderful beauty of sea and sky and mountain, waiting, watching for the winter butterflies.

Whence come they—these migrant butterflies—hovering, flitting, whirling like brown autumn leaves caught in a gust of wind?

In early summer, on mountain meadows hundreds of miles away, a dull-green, black-banded caterpillar feeds on young milk-weed leaves. From the chrysalis of this caterpillar the milk-weed-butterfly emerges, draws its nourishment from the blossoms, lays its eggs and enjoys life in the mountains till the chill of approaching autumn in the air warns it to seek a milder climate. The time for migrating has come, and thousands of these frail creatures start on their unerring flight toward the coast.

Year after year I have awaited their coming with the same expectant joy that one looks for the first flowers in spring. As surely as the leaves fall, as surely as the first rains refresh the parched earth, so, unfailingly, come the butterflies.

On sunny days they hover over the garden flowers and flit gleefully above the breaking waves, but at evening one must go to the groves to see them hanging in dense masses under the branches on the southerly and easterly sides of the cypress trees. So thickly they hang that one side of a cypress appears brown, as though covered with dead leaves, and often the branches droop with the weight of these tiny creatures clinging in countless thousands, close together, so that they may conserve the warmth of their frail bodies. On bright mornings they are all a-flutter as the warm sunshine awakens them, but during stormy weather they remain torpid for days and even weeks, benumbed by the cold, yet clinging tenaciously to the branches. Many are wrenched from their stronghold and lie scattered on the ground like a carpet of fallen leaves.

After a long continued storm is over, the butterflies, so water-soaked that they are unable to fly, may be seen drying themselves on the low bushes of a sunny hillside. This they accomplish by spreading their wings out flat and keeping up a continuous trembling motion till the moisture is evaporated.

Last winter was an unusually severe one. In a terrific gale on January 16th the schooner "Polaris," unable to hoist a bit of canvas, vainly casting anchors which dragged and snapped their chains, was dashed, a hopeless wreck, upon the rocks, within sight of the grove where the butterflies safely weathered the storm, to flit next morning over hedges of calla-lilies and "snow banks" of marguerites, while the staunch ship was pounding to pieces in the surf.

What a feast the birds would have if these insects were good to eat! But an offensive secretion which emanates from their bodies renders them unpalatable.

Protected in this manner, they are enabled to enjoy a longer life than is allotted to other species; and I have seen numbers of these as late as the middle of March, feasting on an acre of wild mustard blossoms, the survivors having grown very large by that time.

The milkweed butterflies are great migrants, having been known to cross the Pacific Ocean, and have even reached the Philippine Islands. They migrate in search of ideal climatic conditions, so in stating the fact that they remain in Bolinas all winter no word in praise of our climate need be added.

MISTRESS MAY

Mistress May comes down the road, light and laughter bringing
All the birds on all the trees split their throats with singing.
Daffy are they which shall be laureate to the lady,
Meadow lark 'neath open sky, wren in thickets shady.

Apple blossoms wreathe her brows, lilacs heap her fingers,
See the daisies spring and bloom where the maiden lingers.
Bold South Wind has kissed her cheek, lusty Sun is jealous,
Every lad's knee-deep in love and watchful of his fellows.

But the minx, what does she care? Laughing low and merry,
Flower-sweet breath and truant curls, lips of ripened cherry.
What bears she upon her arm? Friend, what need to ask it?
Well, the witching madcap knows my heart is in her basket.

ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD.

Crossing the Plains, Days of '57

A Narrative of Early Emigrant Travel to California by the Ox-Team Method

By Wm. Audley Maxwell

Continued From Last Month

THE next excursion off the route in search of novelty was on a clear afternoon a few days after passing the "Devil's Gate," when three young fellows decided to take a tramp to the rock ridge lying to our right. We hoped to find some mountain sheep. From the Sweetwater River to the ridge was apparently half a mile, across a grassy flat. We knew that the rare atmosphere of that high altitude often made distances deceiving, and determined to make due allowances. Having crossed the river and being ready for a sprint, each made a guess of the distance to the foot of the rock hidge. The estimates varied from two hundred yards to three hundred. Off we went, counting paces. At the end of three hundred we appeared to be no nearer the goal than when we started. The guesses were repeated, and when we were about completing the second course of stepping, making nearly six hundred yards in all, one of the boys espied a mountain sheep on the top of the ridge, keeping lookout, probably, for the benefit of his fellows, feeding on the other side, as is the habit of these very wary creatures.

With head and great horns clearly outlined on the background of blue sky, he was a tempting target. Without a word the three of us leveled guns and fired. Mr. Mountain Sheep stood perfectly still, looking down at us. We could not see so much as the winking of an eye. Making ready for another volley, we thought best to get nearer; but as we started the head and horns and sheep disappeared behind the top of the ridge. Further stepping proved that we had shot at the animal from a distance of at least half a mile. Our guns were good for a range of two hundred yards, at most.

Much of the time, especially in the higher mountains, we were in possession of little knowledge of our position. There were no marks that we observed to indicate geographical divisions, and we had no means for determining many exact locations, although some important rivers and prominent mountain peaks and ridges were identified. We knew little, if anything, then of territorial boundaries, and thought of the country traversed as being so remote from centers of civilization—at that time but little explored, even—that we could not conceive any object in attempting to determine our location with reference to geographical lines; nor could we have done so except on rare occasions. Our chief concern was to know that we were on the best route to California.

We crossed the summit of the Rocky Mountains by the South Pass. Though it was July, the jagged summit of the Wind River Mountains showed a considerable quantity of snow. Sometime after leaving the "Devil's Gate," we passed Pacific Springs. There we gained first knowledge that we had passed the summit, on observing that

the streams flowed westerly. Patient plodding had now taken us a distance of actual travel amounting to much more than one thousand miles, and, from time to time, into very high altitudes. About four miles west of Pacific Springs we passed the junction of the California and Oregon trails, at the Big Bend of the Bear River.

Green River, where we first came to it, was in a level bit of country. There this stream was about sixty yards wide; the water clear and deep, flowing in a gentle current. For the accommodation of emigrants, three men were there, operating a ferry. Whence they came I do not remember: if they told us. We saw no signs of a habitation in which they might have lived. The ferrying was done with what was really a raft of logs, rather than a boat. It was sustained against the current by means of a tackle attached to a block, rove on a large rope that was drawn taut, from bank to bank, and was propelled by a windlass on each bank. When a wagon had been taken abroad this cable ferry, the windlass on the farther side was turned by one of the men, drawing the raft across. After unloading, the raft was drawn back by operation of the windlass on the opposite shore, where it took on another load. The third man acted as conductor, collecting a toll of three dollars per wagon. All the horses, mules and cattle were driven into the river, and swam across.

The company passed along the shore of the Green river, down the Big Sandy River and Slate Creek, over Bear River Divide, then southwestward into Utah territory.

CHAPTER IV.

Disquieting Rumors of Redmen. Consolidation for Safety. The Poisonous Humboldt.

Soon after passing the summit of the Rocky Mountains there were rumors of a hostile attitude toward emigrants on the part of certain Indian tribes farther west. For a time such information seemed vague as to origin and reliability, but in time the rumors became persistent, and there developed a feeling of much concern, first for the safety of our stock, later for the protection of ourselves.

Measures of precaution were discussed. Men of our train visited those of others, ahead and behind us, and exchanged views regarding the probability of danger and the best means for protection and defense. We were forced to the conclusion that the situation was grave; and the interests of the several trains were mutual. As the members of the different parties, most of whom previously had been strangers to one another, met and talked of the peril which all believed to be imminent, they became as brothers; and mutual protection was the theme that came up oftenest and was listened to with the most absorbing interest.

By the time we had crossed the Green River consultations had matured into a plan for consolidation of trains, for greater concentration of strength. A. J. Drennan's Company of four wagons, immediately ahead of us, and the Dr. Kidd train, of three wagons, next behind us, closed up the space between, and all three traveled as one train. Thus combined, a considerable number of able-bodied men were brought together, making a rather formidable array for an ordinary band of Indians to attack. Every man primed his gun and thenceforth took care to see that his powder was dry.

Still the youthful element occasionally managed to extract some humor out of the very circumstances which the older and more serious members held to be grounds for forbodings of evil. One morning after we had left camp, a favorite cow was missing from the drove. "Jack" Aston and Major Crewdson, both young fellows, rode back in search of the stray. From a little hilltop they saw, in a ravine below, some half-dozen Indians busily engaged in skinning the cow. "Jack" and the Major returned and merely reported what they had

seen. They were asked why they had not demanded of those "rascally" Indians that they explain why they were skinning a cow that did not belong to them. "Jack" promptly answered that —as for himself—he had never been introduced to this particular party of Indians, and was not on speaking terms with them; furthermore, neither he nor the Major had sufficient knowledge of the Indian language to discuss the matter with them to advantage.

The route pursued led to the north of Great Salt Lake, thence northwesterly. Our line of travel did not, therefore, bring us within view of the Mormon settlements, which had already been established at the southerly end of the great inland sea.

We camped one night approximately where the city of Ogden now stands, then a desolate expanse of sand-dunes. A group of our men sat around the camp-fire that evening, discussing the probability of a railroad ever being constructed over the route we were traveling. All of them were natives or recent residents of the Middle West, and it is probable that not one had ever seen a railroad. The unanimous opinion was that such a project as the building of a railroad through such a territory as that over which we had thus far traveled would be a task so stupendous as to baffle all human ingenuity and skill. Yet, some twelve years later, the ceremony of driving the famous "last spike," completing the railroad connection between the Atlantic and Pacific, was performed on a sand flat very near the spot where we camped that night. The intervening period saw the establishment of the "pony express," which greatly facilitated the mail service (incidentally reducing letter postage to Pacific Coast points from twenty-five to ten cents). That service continued from the early sixties until through railroad connection was made.

After the consolidation of trains as described, our next neighbor to the rear was Smith Holloway, whose "outfit" consisted of three wagons, with a complement of yokewise oxen and some horses and mules; also a large drove of stock cattle, intended for the market in California, where it was known they would be salable at high prices. He had with him his wife, a little daughter, and Jerry Bush, Mrs. Holloway's brother, a young man of twenty-one years; also two hired men, Joe Blevens and Bird Lawles. Holloway kept his party some distance behind us, he having declined to join the consolidation of trains in order to avoid the inconvenience that the mingling of his stock with ours would entail, with reference to pasture and camping facilities.

A mile or two behind Holloway were the trains of Captain Rountree, the Giles Company, Simpson Fennell, Mr. Russell, and others, equipped with several wagons each, and accompanied by some loose stock.

All these were traveling along, a sort of moving neighborhood; incidentally getting acquainted with one another, visiting on the road by day and in the camp at evening time; talking of the journey, of the country for which we were en route, and our hopes of prosperity and happiness in the new El Dorado—but most of all, just then, of the probable danger of attack by savage tribes.

More than ever rumors of impending trouble were flying from train to train. Some of these were to the effect that white bandits were in league with Indians in robbing and murdering emigrants. The well known treachery of the savages, and the stories we heard of emigrants having been slaughtered, also by whites—the real facts of which we knew little of—were quite enough to beget fear and suggest the need of plans for the best possible resistance.

Up to this time there was frequent communication between trains, a considerable distance ahead and behind. As at home, neighbor would visit neighbor, and discuss the topics of the day; so, from time to time we met persons in other trains who gave out information obtained before leaving home, or from mountaineers, trappers or explorers, occasionally met while

we were yet on the eastern slope of the Rockies; men who were familiar with Indian dialects and at peace with the tribes, enabling them to learn much that was of importance to the emigrants.

Dissemination of news among the people of the various trains near us was accomplished not only during visits by members of one train to those of another, but sometimes by other methods. One of these, which was frequently employed in communicating generally or in signaling individuals known to be somewhere in the line behind us, was by a system of *"bone-writing."*

There were along the line of travel many bare, bleached bones of animals that had died in previous years, many of them doubtless the animals of earlier emigrants. Some of these, as, for example, the frontal or the jaw-bone, whitened by the elements, and having some plain, smooth surface, were excellent tablets for pencil writing. An emigrant desiring to communicate with another, or with a company, to the rear, would write the message on one of these bones and place the relic on a heap of stones by the roadside, or suspend it in the branches of a sage brush, so conspicuously displayed that all those coming after would see it and read.

Those for general information, intended for all comers, were allowed to remain; others, after being read by the person addressed, were usually removed. Sometimes when passing such messages, placed by those ahead of us, we added postscripts to the bulletins, giving names and dates, for the edification of whomever might care to read them. It was in this way that some of the developments regarding the Indian situation were made known by one train to another.

Thus we progressed, counting off the average of about eighteen miles a day from the long part of the journey that still lay before us, when we reached Thousand Springs, adjacent to the present boundary line between Utah and Nevada. This, we were told, was the source of the Humboldt River. We were told, too, that the four hundred miles down the course of that peculiar stream—which we could not hope to traverse in much less than one month—we would find to be the most desert-like portion of the entire trip, the most disagreeable and arduous, for man and beast. Such was to be expected by reason of the character of that region and the greater danger there of Indian depredations; also because the passage through that section was to be undertaken after our teams had become greatly worn, therefore more likely to fail under hard conditions. Furthermore, scarcity of feed for the stock was predicted, and, along much of the way, uncertainty as to water supply, other than that from the Humboldt River, which was, especially at that time of the year, so strongly impregnated with alkali as to be dangerous to life.

Nearly all the face of the country was covered with alkali dust, which, in light, pulverulent state, rose and filled the air at the slightest breeze or other disturbance. It was impossible to avoid inhaling this powder to some extent, and it created intense thirst, tending toward exhaustion and great suffering. We knew that sometimes delirium was induced by this cause, and even death resulted from it in cases of very long exposure under the worst conditions.

Sometimes for miles the only vegetable growth we found along the river was a string of willow bushes, fringing its course, and scattered, stunted sagebrush, growing feebly in gravel and dry sand, the leaves of which were partly withered and of a pale, ashy tint.

Feed for the animals was very scarce. It was not possible, over much of the way, to get sufficient fresh water for the stock; therefore difficult to restrain them from drinking the river water. Some did drink from that stream, despite all efforts to prevent it, the result being that many of them died while we made our way along the sluggish Humboldt.

CHAPTER V.

The Holloway Massacre.

It was decided that while in this region we would, whenever possible, make our camp some distance from the river, in order that the stock might be prevented from drinking the dangerous river water, also for the reason that the clump of willows by the stream could be used as a cover by Indians bent on mischief; and they, we now believed, were watching for a favorable opportunity to surprise us.

It transpired that the Holloway party neglected this precaution, at least on one occasion, sometime after passing the head of the Humboldt River. Their train was next behind our combination train, when, on the evening of August 13th, after rounding up their stock for the night, a short distance from the wagons, they stopped near the willows by the river and made what proved to be their last camp. Behind the Holloway company, but not within sight of it, were several emigrant camps, at points varying from a few rods to half a mile apart. The Holloway party retired as usual for the night; Mr. and Mrs. Holloway and their child, a girl of two years, in a small tent near the wagons; Jerry Bush, Mrs. Holloway's brother, and one of the hired men, Joe Blevens, in their blankets on the ground; while Bird Lawles, the other hired man, being ill with a fever, slept in a wagon.

There were others with the Holloway party that night; Mr. and Mrs. McCullum, Mr. Hattlebaugh, and a man whose name is now unknown. These four had been traveling near the Holloway party, and joined their camp on that occasion.

The following morning Mr. Holloway was the first to arise. While making the camp fire, he called to the others to get up, saying cheerfully:

"Well, we've got through one more night without a call from the Redskins."

"Bang," "bang," rang out a volley of rifle shots, fired from the willows along the river, less than a hundred yards away.

Mr. Holloway fell, fatally shot, and died without a word or a struggle. As other members of the emigrant party sprang to their feet and came within view of the assailants, the firing continued, when Joe Blevens, Mrs. McCullum, and the man whose name is not recalled, were killed, and Bird Lawles being discovered on his sick bed in a wagon, was instantly put to death.

Meanwhile Jerry Bush grasped his rifle and joined battle with the assassins. Thus far the savages remained hidden in the bushes, and Jerry was unable to see them; therefore his shots were fired at places where he saw the tall weeds and bushes shaken by the motions of the Indians, and he has never known whether his bullets struck one of the enemy. While thus fighting alone, for his life and his people, he received a gunshot in his side and fell. Endeavoring to shield himself from the bullets and arrows of the Indian band, he succeeded in dragging himself to the river bank, when, seizing a willow branch, he lowered himself to the foot of the steep cliff, some ten feet, reaching the water's edge. He then attempted to swim to the opposite shore. The effort caused him to lose his gun, in deep water. Owing to weakness due to his wound, he was unable to cross the stream.

Jerry Bush's parting view of the camp had revealed the apparent destruction of his entire party, except himself. Observing the body of at least one woman, among the victims on the ground, he believed that his sister also had been slain.

But Mrs. Holloway and the little girl were still in the tent, for the time unhurt, and just awakened from their morning slumber. Having realized that the camp was being attacked, Mrs. Holloway emerged from the tent to find no living member of her party in sight, other than herself and her child. For a moment she was partially shielded by the wagons. The first object that drew her attention was her hus-

band's form, lying still in death near the fire he had just kindled. Next beyond was the dead body of Blevens, and a little farther away were the remains of the others who had been slain. Her brother she did not see, but supposed that he had met the same fate as the others whom she saw on the ground. Jerry was an experienced hunter; she knew that he always owned a fine gun, and had full confidence that, if he were alive and was not disabled, he would defend his people to the last.

She saw some of the Indians coming from their ambush by the river. They approached for a time with caution, looking furtively about, as if to be sure there was no man left to defend the camp. As they drew nearer, Mrs. Holloway realized that she and her child were facing an awful fate—death or captivity. On came the savages, now more boldly, and in greater numbers.

The terrified woman, clothed only in her night robe, barefooted, not knowing whether to take flight or stand and plead for mercy; with the child on one arm, one hand raised in supplication, yielded to the impulse to flee. As she started, the attacking band resumed firing; she was struck, by arrows and at least one bullet, receiving serious wounds about the neck and shoulders, and dropped headlong to the ground.

Though conscious, she remained motionless, in the hope that, by feigning death, she might escape further wounds and torture. But the Indians came, and taking the arrows from her body, punctured her flesh with the jagged instruments, as a test if physical sensation would disclose a sign of life remaining. She lay, with eyes closed, not a muscle twitched nor a finger moved, while these demons proceeded, in no delicate manner, to cut the skin around the head at the edge of the hair, tearing the scalp from the skull, then leave the bare and bleeding head on the ground.

Horrible as all this was, it did not prove to be the last nor the most revolting exhibition of wanton lust for blood.

The little girl, who it is hoped had been rendered insensible at sight of the cruelties perpetrated upon her mother, was taken by the feet and her brains dashed out on the wheels of a wagon. To this last act in the fiendish drama there was probably no witness other than the actors in it; but the child's body, mangled too terribly for description, and the bloody marks on the wagon, gave evidence so convincing that there could not be a moment's doubt of what had occurred.

The marauders now began a general looting of the wagons. Some of their number were rounding up the stock, preparing to drive the cattle away, when the trains of emigrants next in the rear appeared, less than half a mile distant. This caused the Indian band to retreat. They crossed the river, and then placing themselves behind the willows, hurried away, making their escape into the mountain fastnesses. Owing to their precipitous departure, much of the plunder they were preparing to take was left behind them. Among the articles thus dropped by them was the scalp of Mrs. Holloway, and the rescuing party found and took possession of it.

Those emigrants who first came upon the scene found Mrs. Holloway apparently dead; but, on taking her up, they found that she was alive. Though returning to semi-consciousness sometime later, her condition was such that she was unable to tell the story then; but there were evidences showing plainer than words could have told of the awful events of that morning, which had converted the quiet camp of this happy, hopeful company into a scene of death and destruction.

Before noon a large number of people of the great emigrant procession had arrived. They united in giving to the dead the best interment that the circumstances permitted. Then the broken and scattered effects of the Holloway company were gathered up, and the now mournful companies took position in the line of pilgrimage and

again moved forward towards the Pacific.

Mr. Fennell, aided by Captain Rountree's company and others, attempted to save such of the Holloway property as had not been carried off or destroyed. They were successful in recovering about one hundred of the one hundred and fifty head of cattle which the Indians had endeavored to drive away, but did not regain possession of any of the horses or mules.

Jerry Bush found his way back to the scene. His wound, though apparently of a dangerous character, did not delay the relief parties more than a day after the attack, and it healed in the course of a few weeks. It was said that Cullum and Hattlebaugh had escaped, but if so, their whereabouts were unknown.

Captain Rountree took charge of Mrs. Holloway and her brother and brought them, with such of their stock and other belongings as remained, to The Meadows, on the Feather River. After partially recuperating there, an uncle, Mr. Perry Durban, came to their aid, and they were taken to Suisun. After full recovery from his wound, Jerry Bush located in Ukiah, and resided there some years. He still survives, now as a resident of Hulett, Wyoming, at the ripe age of eighty years.

The slaughter of the Holloway party occurred at a point on the Humboldt river some thirty miles east of where Winnemucca is located, a few miles west of Battle Mountain. This becomes apparent by careful estimates of distance traveled per day, rather than by landmarks noted at the time, there being no settlements there, nor elsewhere, along the route at that time.

It was perhaps two years after the Holloway tragedy when I went to a camp-meeting one Sunday at Mark West Creek, in Sonoma County, California. The people attending the service were in a small opening among trees. Standing back of those who were seated, I saw among them a woman whose profile seemed familiar, and later I recognized her as Mrs. Holloway.

My interest in her career was increased by the fact that I had known her before the journey across the plains, and had been present when she married Mr. Holloway. I recalled that event as having taken place in a little school house near Rockport, Atchison County, Missouri, near the home of her father, Mr. Bush, a prosperous farmer. It seemed a natural impulse which prompted me to ask her for particulars of that tragedy of the plains, although later there were misgivings regarding the propriety of doing so.

Mrs. Holloway appeared to be in good health, cheerful and possessing control of her faculties. Her head was covered by a wig, made of her own hair, which had been taken from the scalp that was recovered at the scene of the massacre.

All the heart-rending experiences that she had endured were imprinted upon her mind in minutest detail, and she was able to relate them in the exact order of occurrences. The recalling of the terrible ordeal so wrought upon her emotions that she wept, even to the limit of mild hysteria, which brought our conversation to a close, and soon thereafter she left the place.

I saw her no more, but learned some time afterwards that her health failed, then of the giving away of her mental powers, and still later of her death, at Napa City; caused primarily by shock and brooding over the misfortunes she had met on the bank of the Humboldt river.

It is difficult to believe that a woman, any woman—or any man—could, in a state of consciousness, endure such torture as was inflicted upon Mrs. Holloway, and refrain from disclosing to her tormentors that she was alive. But that she did so endure was her positive statement, and this was indisputably corroborated by evidences found by those who arrived at the scene less than an hour after the event.

(To be Continued.)

Jesus Died a Human--Raised a Spirit Being

By C. T. Russell

Pastor New York, Washington and Cleveland Temples and the Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"With what body do they come?"—Corinthians 15:35.

IN OUR CONTEXT, St. Paul shows that without God's purpose of a resurrection those who have fallen asleep in death would have perished as do brute beasts. Then he assures us that "Christ has risen from the dead and become the First-fruits of them that slept." Others, indeed, were awakened temporarily; as, for instance, Jarius' daughter, the son of the widow of Nain, and Lazarus the friend of Jesus. Yet none of these instances is counted as a resurrection: for it is written that Christ is the First-fruits of them that slept. Their awakening was merely of a temporary nature, and they soon relapsed into the death sleep. They did not have a full resurrection—anastasis—a raising up to perfection of life, such as Jesus' redemptive work guarantees to Adam and to all his race who are willing to accept it under the terms of the New Covenant.—Jeremiah 31:31-34.

The Scriptures clearly teach that not the body, but the soul, is promised a resurrection—that it was our Lord's soul that went to Sheol, Hades, the death state; and that God raised Him out of death on the third day. All Christendom has been plunged into difficulties by the unscriptural theory that the body is to be resurrected. We shall now note a few of the difficulties into which this error has plunged us as believers in the Scriptures, particularly in connection with our Redeemer's resurrection.

What Say the Scriptures?

In Christian minds the ordinary thought respecting our Lord's death and resurrection is that when Jesus seemed to die He did not die; that He, the being, the soul, could not die; that, instead, He went to Heaven; and then came back on the third day to get the body which had been crucified; that forty days later He took it to Heaven; that He has had that body ever since; and that to all eternity He will have it, marred with the print of the nails in His hands and His feet, with the marks of the thorns upon his brow, and with the spear wound in His side.

What a ghastly thought! How strange that we should ever have been misled into so unreasonable and unscriptural a theory! Some endeavor to gloss the matter by suggesting that our Lord's flesh is glorified—that it shines—the shining presumably making the wounds all the more conspicuous.

Our Methodist friends have thus stated the matter: "He ascended up on High, taking His fleshly body with Him, and all that appertained thereto, and sat down on the right hand of God." This medieval statement correctly admits that the fleshly

body was not the Lord's glorified body, but declares that He, the soul, took it with him as luggage. The clause, "and all that appertained thereto," presumably would refer to our Lord's sandals, walking stick and such clothing as the soldiers did not divide amongst themselves at the time of the crucifixion—if indeed He had any others! But our dear Methodist friends wish to be sure that nothing was left behind.

All this is of a piece with the theory that when the saints die they go to Heaven, but come back later to get their bodies "and all that appertained thereto"—the inconveniences that they have been rid of for centuries! How many trunkloads of things appertaining thereto may be taken by some, and how mixed an assortment by others, is not stated. Neither are particulars given respecting those whose clothing, etc., have meantime worn out. But we have had enough of this, if it has helped us to see the absurdity of theories received from the Dark Ages—if it has awakened us to thought and to Bible investigation on this interesting and important subject.

The Bible presentation is in every way reasonable, consistent and harmonious. St. Paul points out that "there is a natural body and there is a spirit body." He neither means nor says that the spirit body is a human body glorified. Quite to the contrary, He declares that "flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God"—no matter how glorified. A human being is so totally different from a spirit being that, as St. John says, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," in our resurrection change; and the Scriptures do not even attempt to give us an explanation.—1 John 3:2.

The Bible merely declares that as we now bear the image of the earthy—Adam—so we shall by the resurrection change be given a share in the nature and the likeness of the Second Adam, our glorious Lord. We shall be like Him and see Him as He is. But, be it noted, we must be changed from flesh and blood conditions to spirit conditions by resurrection power, in order to see Him as He is. Surely this fact proves that our Lord Jesus is no longer flesh, as once He was—"in the days of His flesh."—Hebrews 5:7.

Heavenly Bodies vs. Earthly Bodies.

St. Paul calls attention to the difference between celestial bodies and terrestrial or earthly bodies, and declares that they have different glories. He tells us that the first Adam was made a living soul, a human being, but that our Redeemer, who humbled Himself and took the earthly nature—"for the suffering of death" (Hebrews 2:9)—thereby became the Second Adam, the Heavenly Lord. The wide distinction between the Second Adam and the first Adam is clearly set forth; one was earthly, and the other is Heavenly.

St. Paul illustrates by saying that we know of many kinds of organisms on the earthy or fleshly plane one flesh of man another of beasts, another of birds and another of fishes. But however different the organisms, they are all earthy. So, on the Heavenly plane, the spirit plane, there are varieties of organisms, but all are spirit.

Our Heavenly Father is the Head or Chief—"God is a Spirit." Cherubim, seraphim and the still lower order of angels are all spirit beings. Christ Jesus, our Redeemer, after finishing the work of sacrificing appointed Him, was resurrected to the spirit plane—far above angels, principalities and powers—next to the Father. (Ephesians 1:20-23.) Thus we read: "He was put to death in the flesh, but quickened (made alive) in the spirit."—1 Peter 3:18.

The more we examine the subject the more foolish and unscriptural the views handed down from the Dark Ages appear. The Scriptures clearly set forth that our Redeemer, prior to becoming a man, was a spirit being—"the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." His leaving the spirit plane to become a man is Scripturally described as a great humiliation. Is it reasonable to suppose that

the Heavenly Father would perpetuate to all eternity that humiliation, after it had served its purpose? Surely not.

The Bible tells us why Jesus humbled himself to the human nature—"a little lower than the angels." A man had sinned; and under the Divine Law the Redeemer must be on the same plane of being as the one whom He would redeem. Thus Jehovah particularly specified—"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life." Hence the death of an angel or of our Lord in His prehuman condition could not have effected the payment of man's penalty and the consequent release of the condemned race. Thus again we read, "A body hast Thou prepared Me"—"for the suffering of death."—Hebrews 10:5; 2-9.

No one questions that this applies exclusively to our Lord's experiences during the years in which "He who was rich became poor for our sakes, that we through His poverty might be made rich." Surely it is unsupposable that the Father would arrange a Plan by which our Redeemer's faithfulness in accomplishing man's redemption would cost Him an eternity of poverty, humiliation, degradation to a plane "a little lower than the angels;" while the Church would be made rich and would attain a spirit state "far above angels" —be made "partakers of the Divine nature."—2 Peter 1:4.

"God Highly Exalted Him."

The very same Apostle who tells of our Lord's humiliation carries the matter to the climax, telling us of His faithfulness, as the Man Christ Jesus, even unto the death of the cross. Then he adds an assurance of the Heavenly Father's faithfulness in not leaving His Son on a lower plane: "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and hath given Him a name above every name."—Philippians 2:8-11.

This is in harmony with our Lord's words in His prayer to the Father. Ignoring the promises of a higher glory as a reward for His faithfulness, He prayed, "Father, glorify Thou Me with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was." (John 17:5.) In humility He asked no reward, but was quite content to serve the Father's Plan and then to return to His former glorious estate. The Heavenly Father's response to that prayer was, "I have glorified Thee, and I will glorify Thee again," or further—the implication of a still higher glory than that which He enjoyed before He was made flesh.

The Unconsecrated Cannot Understand

In the consideration of spiritual problems two lines of difficulties present themselves. When a natural-minded man undertakes to reason these subjects out, he finds them impossible of comprehension. St. Paul explains this difficulty, saying, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." (1 Corinthians 2:14.) He proceeds to tell us that all men are natural men except such as have been begotten again by the Holy Spirit. In their resurrection all natural men will receive earthly or human bodies, while all spiritual ones, New Creatures in Christ, will receive spirit bodies, as St. Paul explains in our context (Verses 36-50.)

Not all of my hearers can appreciate this—only those begotten again by the Holy Spirit. Others I ask to consider what I say and to hold it, if they please, until such time as, in God's providence, they may be begotten of the Holy Spirit, and thus be enabled to understand spiritual things.

Another class who have difficulty are spirit-begotten, but have been entangled in their reasoning by the declaration of the creeds respecting the resurrection of the body. It is difficult to unlearn error. When visiting foreign lands and learning of the hold of superstition upon the heathen, I concluded that we Christians experience just as much difficulty in unlearning our errors as do the heathen in getting free from theirs.

He Appeared and Disappeared.

During the forty days following our Lord's resurrection, His appearances to His disciples were but for a few moments each time, and in various bodies—once as a gardener, another time as a traveler, a third time as a stranger on the shore, etc. If all put together, these appearances would probably not have exceeded four hours out of the entire forty days. We were not critical students when we overlooked these things, and forgot to ask ourselves why these things were so.

Now we see more distinctly why our Lord did as He did. His disciples were natural men and could not appreciate spiritual things. Furthermore, they could not receive the guiding of the Holy Spirit until our Lord's ascension and apearance in the Father's presence on behalf of the Church, to make satisfaction for their sins and to make them acceptable joint-subscribers with Himself. Had Jesus ascended immediately after His resurrection the stunned and bewildered disciples would have had no assurance of His resurrection. They would have found it impossible to go out and tell the people that He had risen from the dead when they had no proof to this effect.

Even if Jesus had appeared to them as He did to Saul of Tarsus, this would not have been convincing and satisfactory. They might have said: Here is a phenomenon, but how can we positively associate it with the life and death of Jesus? Matters were different with Saul. He needed something to arouse him thoroughly and to teach him for all time, and others through him, that the Lord is not a man, but "that Spirit." Besides, the disciples were able to give Saul assurances of what they knew respecting Jesus' resurrection and ascension.

Our Lord adopted the only reasonable way of convincing His disciples that He was no longer dead, and that He was no longer human, but had been glorified and had become a spirit being. The two things were necessary, and they were done at the same time.

IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND

"Essentials of English Speech and Literature." An Outline of the Origin and Growth of the Language, with chapters on the Influence of the Bible, the Value of the Dictionary, and the Use of Grammar in the Study of the English Tongue, by Frank H. Vizetelly, Litt. D., L. L. D., managing editor of the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary of the English Language, etc.

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The story deals with an intricate plot punctuated with murder, labor strikes, several self-sacrifices and several patient love affairs against a large manufacturing plant as a background. The title of the story succinctly re-reveals the source of all the troubles that showered upon the hero and heroine.

Published by Sherman, French & Company, Boston, Mass. $1.25 net.

"A Poet's Cabinet," Being Passages, Mainly Poetical, from the works of George Lansing Raymond, L. H. D., author of "A Life in Song," Ballads and Other Poems, Etc. Selected and arranged according to subject by Marion Mills Miller, Litt. D., editor of the "Classics, Greek and Latin," Etc.

A comprehensive view is given here of the philosophic scope of Professor Raymond, as represented in his poems, and added interest is attached to his poems and philosophy from the extended influence the author has had on the many thousands of students under his instruction at Williams' College, Princeton, and George Washington Universities. His verse is simple, yet dignified, direct yet graceful, and clear-cut so far as he fulfills his own ideals, invariably imaginative. His theory is that in poetry beauty should

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usually characterize the illustration even of subjects that have in themselves little or no beauty. The book abounds in passages and lines which characterize the dictum of Aristotle that the purpose of art is to fulfill, and, as it were, tranfigure, Nature. The contents of the volume have been arranged in the alphabetical order of their subjects, so they are available without index.

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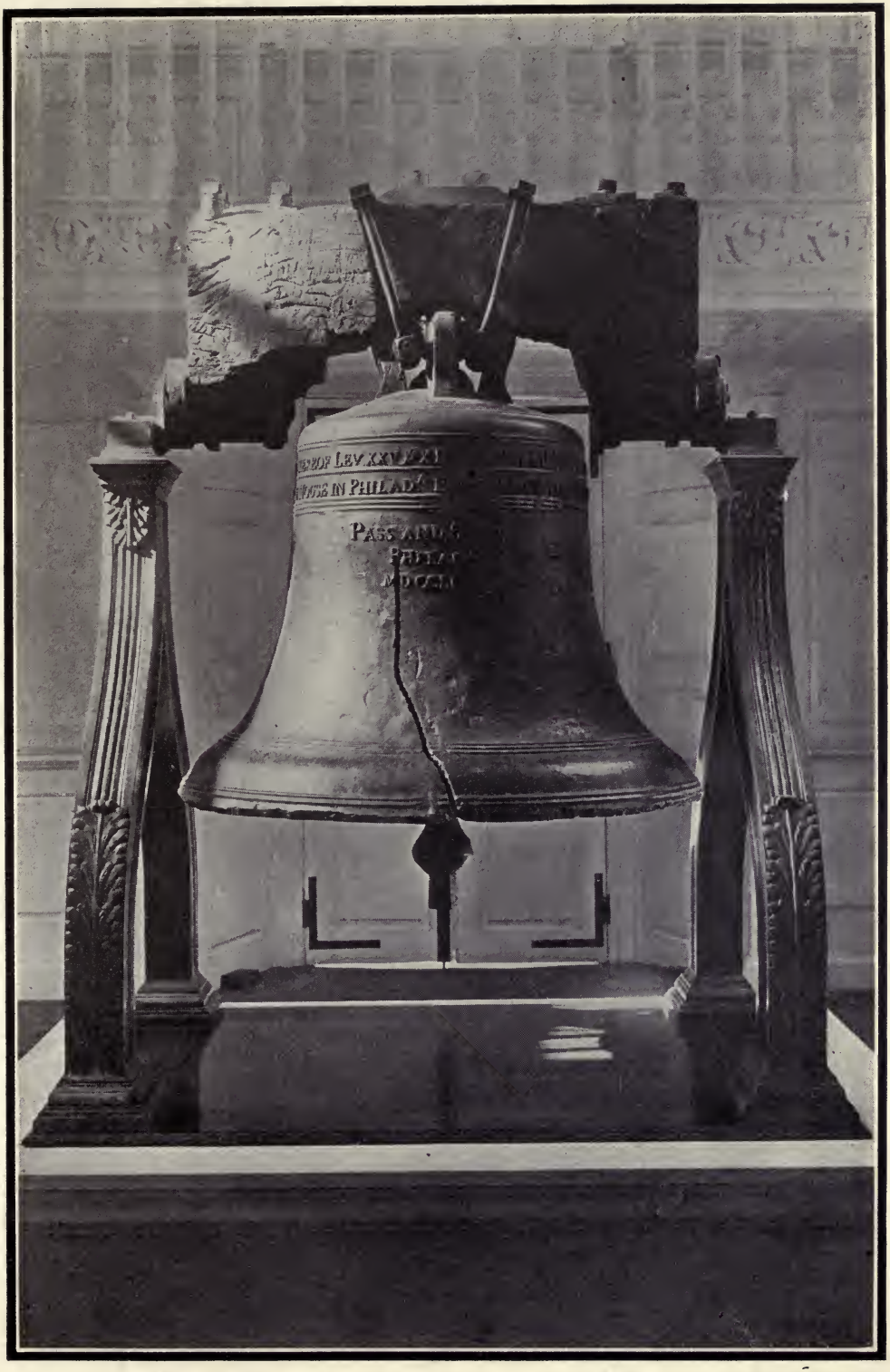

The Famous Old Liberty Bell of Philadelphia —See Page 510

"The Lily of Poverty Flat," a fair flower on the redwood forest trail.

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BRET HARTE

VOL. LXV San Francisco, June, 1915 No. 6

Jack Hamlin and "The Lily"

Bret Harte in "The Movies"

An Appreciation of the Film Form in Which the Great California Author's Literary Masterpieces are Being Revived

By Josephine Clifford McCrackin

AMONG the most sacredly guarded of my few treasures are two bound volumes of the Overland Monthly, the magazine that Bret Harte made famous. These volumes are of 1869 and 1870, years in which I was associated with the great Californian author on the editorial staff of that publication.

At that time, Californians' admiration and pride in their first and foremost literary celebrity were at their lowest ebb. But there is a renewed demand for Bret Harte's works, prose and poetry. And, strange to say, the motion pictures have brought about this awakening.

We might as well make up our minds to recognize this new recognition of the Bard of the Argonauts, and learn to say "movies" instead of "moving pictures," while we are about it.

Bret Harte himself, I think, would be rather flattered, upon more mature

consideration, with the staging of so many of his stories, sketches and poems, especially with the minuteness of detail, with the painstaking research the motion picture producers have gone into, to make their films faithful to Bret Harte's conception and representation of life in early California, as he saw it.

It may be, however, that, at first he would have exclaimed with nostrils quivering in disdain:

"What! I in moving pictures! Never!"

To be honest, I indignantly turned up my nose when I read in a local paper that, at Boulder Creek, in precincts hallowed by the memory of the massing of our forces during the struggle of the Sempervirens Club to "Save the Redwoods," had been located a motion picture company for the purpose of putting Bret Harte's "Lily of Poverty Flat" on the screen.

I did not know at this time that "Salomy Jane's Kiss" had already been filmed, though I saw it later and gave enthusiastic approval, feeling that sufficient homage had been paid to Bret Harte's unique standing in California's literary dominion.

Inquiring into the origin of this photo-play, "The Lily of Poverty Flat" I turned to my two volumes of the Overland Monthly and located "Her Letter" in the December number of 1869—a graceful, girlish epistle which Lily wrote to her sweetheart, Joe, whom she left in the "diggins" when her father, John Folinsbee, had struck "pay gravel" in Poverty Flat and had taken his daughter to Paris for the higher education, and possibly a titled husband. Joe might imagine she had forgotten him did she not send him this tender missive:

"I'm sitting alone by the fire
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even you would admire—
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm bediamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue;
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
Is wasting an hour upon you.

"Salomy Jane" rides into old "Hangtown"

Truthful James" and his "partner" seeking "color" on the North Fork

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The "finest soiree of the year"—
In the mists of a gaze de Chambery,
And the hum of the smallest ot talk—
Somehow, Joe, I thought ot the "Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "The Fork;"

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle,
Of the dress of my queer vis-a-vis;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow;
Of that ride—that to me was the rarest,
Of—the something you said at the gate.
Ah! Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
To the "best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water
And swam the North Fork and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
(Mamma says my taste still is low),
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
I'm spooning on Joseph—heigh-ho!
And I'm to be "finished" by travel—
Whatever's the meaning of that.
Oh, why did papa strike pay gravel
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night!—here's the end of my paper;

Redskins hold up the stage and kill the driver and express messenger

"The Lily of Poverty Flat" at her "dad's" merchandise store on main street

Bret Harte people alive in Filmland

Good-night!—if the longitude please—
For maybe, while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbed over the trees.
But know, if you haven't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in
the ditches,
And you've struck it—on Poverty Flat.

Pretty enough to quote again—those seven stanzas. "Her Letter" has, as a sequel, "His Answer to Her Letter," a reply penned for Joe, on his sick bed, by his partner, Truthful James, one of Bret Harte's favorite figures. Truthful, in his own inimitable style, tells her that her sweetheart is sick and delirious, but carrying her name constantly on his lips. Lastly comes "Her Last Letter," completing a trio of as graceful poems as Bret Harte ever wrote.

Out of this material has Charles Kenyon built up the story of "The Lily of Poverty Flat," even as the California Motion Picture Corporation has built up a miniature of the town of Poverty Flat, near Boulder Creek, in the heart of the Santa Cruz Mountains.

And the photo-play, "Poverty Flat," is no ephemeral creation of the stage-carpenter, but a solid, log-built village of over two dozen dwellings, stores, offices and saloons—a typical mining camp set up for photo-play "scenery" at a cost of thousands of dollars.

All these things I learned when I first went to Boulder Creek half in protest, half from curiosity, and quite ready to sneer at any attempt to put Bret Harte on the screen. But I became a convert when I found not only "The Lily" (Beatriz Michelena), graceful and girlish as the writer of the letter, but, also, Jack Hamlin, the gambler; Colonel Starbottle, Culpepper, his nephew; the partners, Joe and Truthful James, as well as the stage-driver, the express-messenger, the bandit, the outlaws, the Indians, the Vigilantes and the sheriff, all perfectly "made up" and correctly costumed—a band of pioneer characters who might easily have stepped out of the pages of Bret Harte stories.

I was immensely impressed with the replica of "Poverty Flat." The work, done in, on and about that picturesque little settlement reminded me of Bret Harte and of the detail and finish in every bit of his work, prose or poetry. I could recognize every building in the long, straggling street—the big coach barn, the post office, the express office, the saloons, "The Bear Trap" and "The Jumping Frog," the boarding house, the store kept by "Old Folinsbee," Col. Starbottle's law office, the Folinsbee home, Dolores' cottage and the blacksmith shop.

Were Bret Harte alive, could he go with me to see that main street of "Poverty Flat," he would exclaim with enthusiasm—for he could be surprised into enthusiasm, as well I remember.

And, just as he would rejoice in seeing his mining camp and its colorful population revived for this twentieth century form of entertainment, so he would enjoy seeing how the producing motion picture company has spent in-

Typical "Forty-niners" in a typical mining camp

finite pains in constructing a typical mining claim with the stream dammed, with ditches, flumes and sluices, all in operation, just as naturally as in the early '50's.

So, when I had inspected it all and had chatted with the directors of this stupendous undertaking and had learned, from many conversations, how enthusiastic the actors and actresses were in making their photo-play the acme of perfection, I felt quite at home and reconciled to the innovation.

When "Salomy Jane" came to my home town and was presented at a local motion picture theatre, I was an eager spectator. I had seen what the company at Boulder Creek was doing with its second Bret Harte film, and I was curious to see what was the standard of its first production. I met with no disappointment.

"Salomy Jane," founded on Bret Harte's story, "Salomy Jane's Kiss," gives one a surprisingly beautiful picture of the exciting early days in "Hangtown"—a name which, in this photo-play, is eminently correct, for one of the stirring scenes filmed is the "necktie party," in which a swarm of vigilantes make short work of the desperado who holds up my old friend, "Yuba Bill."

The plot in "Salomy Jane" concerns the hot resentment of the beautiful pioneer girl when a worthless wretch kisses her impudently. "The Man" surprises the ruffian, and, having his own grudge to settle, follows him, and in a savage hand-to-hand battle, slays him. Fugitive, and, worse, suspected of holding up the stage, "The Man" is saved from lynching by "Salomy." The thrilling experiences the two have in escaping from the vigilantes, the treachery they have to combat, and the romantic climax of their adventures when, safe from pursuers, "Salomy," of her own accord, lifts her face to "The Man" on horseback, and gives him the kiss which plights their troth —all these are vividly and sympathetically portrayed on the screen.

California's glorious sunlight, marvelous redwoods, dimpled hillsides, rocky gorges and dancing streams are only some of the scenic features which form the background for this gripping photo-play. To me it was the complete visualization of what Bret Harte penned. His own vivid language found an ideal complement in the wonderful photography in this motion picture.

This was the first of Bret Harte's works to be converted into what the motion people refer to professionally as a "feature film." I understand that it has proved immensely popular throughout the country, particularly in the New England States, where no doubt these vistas of our Golden State are enjoyed—and envied, in a peculiar sense.

Marin County, the Mount Tamalpais region, Lagunitas creek and the Bolinas ridges, all were utilized in securing characteristic bits of California scenery for the film.

No mining camp was constructed for

"Salomy Jane" rides away from the vigilantes with "the Man"

"Salomy Jane," as was the case in "The Lily of Poverty Flat," but Marin County region contains plenty of picturesque settlements with weather-beaten, tumble-down shacks, typical of the Sierran mining towns.

Having seen "Salomy Jane" on the screen, and having had the great privilege of witnessing the filming of many of the scenes in "The Lily of Poverty Flat," I was moved to ask the producers of these two photo-plays, "What else can you do?" And the answer was: "Put on 'A Phyllis of the Sierras.'" I have no doubt it will be well done. Boulder Creek will again be the locale for many of the scenes, for this region is ideally adapted to the purposes of this cycle of Bret Harte screen dramas. Charles Kenyon, again, will prepare the scenario, and the same competent company, headed by Beatriz Michelena, will produce the film.

Following "A Phyllis of the Sierras," the California Motion Picture Corporation will undertake an elaborate production of a photo-play based on Bret Harte's dramatic tale, "In the Carquinez Woods."

Through special arrangements with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers of Bret Harte's works, the California Motion Picture Corporation has the exclusive privilege of producing the bulk of his stories on the screen. Hence the filming of "Salomy Jane," "The Lily of Poverty Flat," "A Phyllis of the Sierras," "In the Carquinez Woods," and other photo-plays as yet not selected. It is a prodigious task, but it has been well commenced. A California company, backed by California capital, working in the heart of California's scenic wonderland and headed by a typical California girl, beautiful Beatriz Michelena — the combination should succeed.

I, for one, a convert to motion pictures, and an enthusiastic one, sincerely hope to see all of the immortal stories of Bret Harte eventually transferred to the screen, where, in picture form, they will delight millions and stimulate thousands at least to famil-

Jack Hamlin, Colonel Starbottle and Culpepper sit into a friendly game at the Jumping Frog Saloon

"Old Man" Clay emphasizes an argument with Colonel Starbottle

iarize themselves with the work of the man I consider California's greatest man of letters.

There will never be another Bret Harte; and those who are so faithfully reproducing the pictures that he drew for us of a time that is past, are entitled to the eternal gratitude of California and the world outside.

No account of the filming of Bret Harte's stories would be complete without a word about the beautiful little artist who has been given the responsibility of interpreting his heroines for the screen.

Beatriz Michelena is by birth, temperament and experience remarkably qualified to play the California mountain girls described by the famous California author. Daughter of a renowned tenor of San Francisco's pioneer days, herself a prima donna with an assured place on the modern operatic stage, a girl with a wealth of artistic tradition behind her, Miss Michelena's gifts do not stop there. She has rare beauty, vivacity, wit, intellectual attainments and athletic grace.

The first time I saw her, at Boulder Creek, I thought her the most provokingly charming creature I had ever seen. She was riding her milk white horse, her pet, Dick, and she was clad in a becoming modern riding habit. Her cheeks were flushed, her hat was tilted back over dark, curly hair, her brown eyes were flashing, and she was mischievously taunting the driver of the big stage, which carried the actors and actresses from Boulder Creek to "Poverty Flat."

"I'll hold up the stage," she cried saucily, "if you splash any mud on my horse."

And the driver saw to it that Dick escaped unscathed.

In a company of veteran actors and experienced actresses—a company of unusual merit, gentlemen and gentlewomen, Miss Michelena shone as a bright, particular star. The most winsome, unassuming, gracious presence, she shed radiance on her surroundings and worthily merited the homage

which was given her not only by her associates, but by the Boulder Creek villagers, who seemed to realize that, in this charming personality, they had a guest of rare qualities.

Being a Bret Harte heroine is no easy job. When you have been an operatic soprano, gifted with a voice of wondrous notes, it is asking a good deal to expect you to jump, fully clad, into a foaming torrent and swim across in icy water, just because the scenario requires you to perform the feat. Miss Michelena was urged by her associates not to attempt the swim, but to yield to a substitute. She laughed merrily at the suggestion, and, when the time came for the performance, she was ready and willing. She and her horse took the plunge and made the swim under heavy odds—difficulties which seemed for a while to be too great for her and her steed. Even the cowboys gasped with dread when they saw her buffet the powerful eddies of the swollen river, sink and rise again, only to sink once more.

It took the kind of nerve that belongs to the Western girl—the kind that can swim and ride and run and climb and never complain. Such an actress is this—my favorite "movie" heroine.

"Yuba Bill" tells the "kiddies" about the hold-up

"Between the towering walls of brilliantly colored pinnacles."

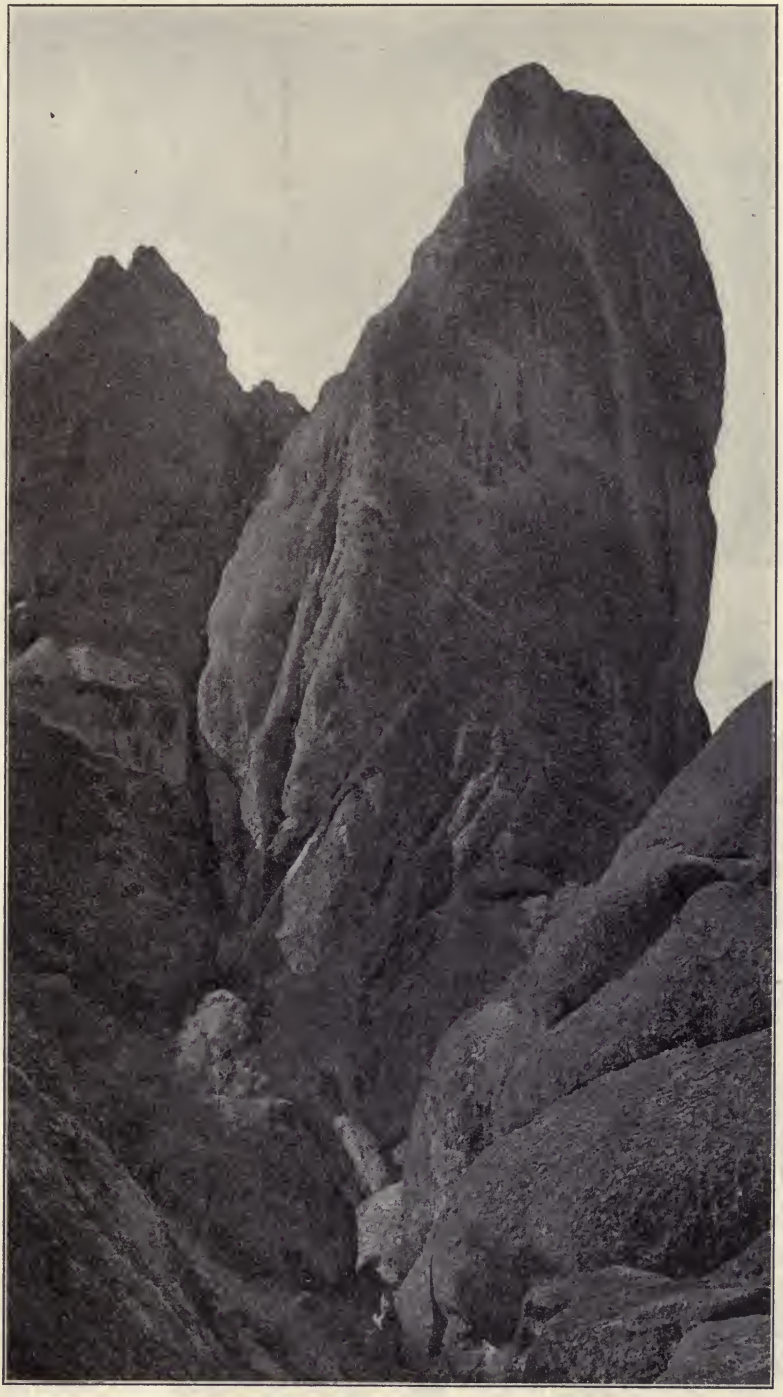
The Pinnacles and Their Wonders

By W. W. Canfield

ON THE "Road of a Thousand Wonders" on the Southern Pacific's turn at Betebel, 89 miles south of San Francisco, the traveler gets a passing glimpse of the San Juan Valley, where lie remarkable relics of early California history. At Betebel, so geologists claim, the San Benito River broke away from its northerly course to San Francisco Bay, and followed the newly opened pass to the Bay of Monterey, as a result of volcanic action, thus offering a natural route for the Southern Pacific.

At Sargent, the traveler takes one of Mark Regan's pioneer stages to San Juan and across the Pajaro River into San Benito County, where lie those great mountain slivers, the peculiar Pinnacles. So unusual and so peculiar are they that the area of land sprinkled by these sky-stabbing monuments has been reserved as a National Park.

Two miles out on this early-day coast line stage route, "El Camino Real," the King's Highway, ask your host for the story of the noted Senora Sanchez, survivor of seven husbands, whose home of early years you are now passing at the northern gateway to San Juan Valley. Nothing now remains, save a memory, of that once picturesque and spacious adobe, the homestead of "Los Animas" grant, and



Looking back upon these two gigantic rocks, resembling the entrance to the Garden of the Gods.

Pico Planco, principal peak of the Sierra Santa Lucia.

the lonely trees under whose friendly shelter the Dons and their vaqueros rolled and puffed their brown paper cigaritos. At this ranch home lived and died the genial and open-handed Gregorio Sanchez, first husband of the famous widow.

In the early days of Mission San Juan Bautista, nine deep-toned bells hung from a rude frame beneath the facade of the church. As evening fell, the vesper chimes of these bells, echoing and reverberating through the canyons, sounded to Don Gregorio, so the story goes, like the voices of lost souls —and he named the grant "Los Animas," the Souls.

Crossing the San Benito River, which is the southern boundary of the grant, in the north wing of the San Juan Valley, one is in springtime conscious of the odors from flower carpeted hills and ravines, blown by the Western breezes from "Los Aromas" rancho, thus accounting by their aroma for the name given this beautiful grant, the home of Juan Anzar. And now the products of the land lend their fascinating interest. Ripe fruits and berries with blending fragrance of blooming fields of sweet peas, intermingled with rich green fields of sugar beets and yellow waving grain are a passing delight to the traveler.

Passing the rolling hills of "San Antonio" grant on the right, thence through the widening wing of the valley, the traveler arrives at a beautifully situated table land nestled at the foot of the northern bulwark of "El Gabilan," on whose rocky summit John C. Fremont raised the Stars and Stripes in 1846, claiming California for the United States. Upon this plateau stands the picturesque and well preserved Mission of San Juan Bautista, a fitting guardian.

When one remembers the many disadvantages under which the California missions were erected, the crude resources at hand, both in laborers and materials, the ultimate success in the completion of the work by the rude Indians of that early day, the undertakings of the padres seems stupendous. Although relieved from active service by other priests, the dearly loved Father Valentine Closa is still retained in person and in spirit among his parishioners as the presiding official of

The coast of the Sierra Santa Lucia.

Between precipitous walls of towering rock.

Mission San Juan Bautista, and to his name be the credit given of having diligently labored for the preservation of the Mission and the upbuilding of the cause he so faithfully represented for many years.

In connection with the missionary work at San Juan much credit is due to the "Sisters of Charity," who for many years devoted their lives to the children of the orphanage and the Catholic school which was an adjunct of the mission. Twice daily, for mass and for vespers, was the devotional picture presented—emerging from the orphanage in procession, the children in company with pious, white-bonneted nuns, filed silently to the corridors.

Here settled, after their heart-rending experiences in the snow clad barriers to our State, a number of survivors of the famous Donner party—Patrick Breen and his noble wife, with their five sons and daughters—lending their might to the betterment of the missionary work here. To one of these, Judge J. F. Breen, history concedes the place of honor in the administration of the county's early judicial affairs. Here for the first time in the history of the town waved our country's flag from a standing mast, a flag made in '54 by one of San Juan's pioneer women. In its field of blue are but thirty-one stars, a relic held to-day as a loving tribute to its maker's memory.

On either side of San Juan in the hills and under their shelter settled other pioneers, Daniel Wilson, Dr. Thomas Flint, Benjamin Flint, Dr. Matthews, R. W. Canfield, George Crane, F. W. Kemp, Dr. McDougal, John Searle, Juan Anzar, Angelo Zanneta, Col. Hollister, Major McMichael, B. F. Ross, James McMahon, Daniel Harriss, Judge Heritage and others. Rev. Jose Antonio Anzar, brother of Juan, was the last of the Franciscan Fathers officiating at San Juan Bautista, from May 30, 1832 to August 21, 1854. During the early history of

the mission vast herds of cattle and flocks of sheep were pastured in the rich valley and on the upland ranges. At one time 40,000 head of cattle, 19,000 head of sheep and 1,600 head of horses were owned by this mission, regarded as the most wealthy in herds.

Within the outer mission wall, in early times, were held the sports common to the courts of Spain—bear and bull fights and reckless feats of horsemanship. On one occasion, confirmation ceremonies being the order of the day in the mission, Don Gregorio Sanchez was seen, in the generosity of his soul, scattering to the expectant crowd five thousand dollars in small gold coins which were contained in the folds of his "serrapa." In like reckless manner would Don Gregorio enter the Carriga gambling resort, scorning to play to win, and bet at times ten and even twelve thousand dollars on a single card in the game of monte, or with his cronies sport at billiards on horseback in the old Plaza bar room. Here did the for manana spirit prevail, dating back many years before the discovery of gold in California. In the old historic dance and gambling hall, on one occasion, was tossed, as was the custom, to a beautiful and bewitching dancing senorita (now Senora Laros, living at Monterey, and mother of twenty-four children) ten pieces of gold, $500 in $50 slugs. This was the reckless act of a rival suitor, Ruis Hernandes, who owned five grants of land ranging from San Luis Obispo to Santa Clara. During this particular dance the Senorita was presented, according to custom, with sombreros and serrapes, which at the close of the dance were redeemed by the owners with generous gold coins. This historic hall stands by the side of the old Plaza Hotel. This stopping place along the route from San Francisco to San Diego was famous in its day under the regime of the Zanettas. The first section of the old hotel was built five years before the Mission San Juan Bautista, and was used by the padres during the construction of that edifice. One should not leave the town without paying a visit to the old "Presidio" adobe, once the home of Governor Castro and the older Breens; interesting incidents of early times cluster about this spot. More of interest is here awaiting those who have the time to spare.

Leaving San Juan to revel in the memories of the past and to cope with the problems of the present, the traveler passes eastward in the valley through the thousands of acres of blooming seed farms, a newly created Paradise. These seed farms of C. C. Morse Co., the largest in the State, are a portion of the beautiful six league "San Justo" grant to whose former owners is given the credit of first bringing flocks across the plains to California.

Charming incidents connected with lives spent on famous grants are in waiting for your later visit.

Southward from Hollister to "Tres Pinos," the traveler proceeds, still in a southerly direction, following the San Benito River on the time traveled road, from the New Idria mines, over which drivers of eight and ten mule teams handled their prairie schooners loaded with jingling tanks of quicksilver, bound for San Juan, and so on to San Francisco. A few miles out on this road the ascent begins, and soon you are among the ranges of the inner coast mountains, "Pacheco" and "El Gabilan," the course of the San Benito River lying between.

On the eastern slope of the latter range is nestled the far-famed "Don Theophile" vineyard, the wine product of which the writer in childhood has seen transported aboard oaken wheeled Mexican carates, drawn by two and four yoke of oxen to the vineyard depot at San Juan Bautista.

Within half a day's journey up the river from Hollister we leave it by easy grade, entering the beautiful, more elevated and parallel "Bear Valley," where one breathes with delight the mountain odors of pine, sage and everlastings. Again at right. angles westward another tiny mountain valley is found of a sudden, leading into the

head waters of the "Chalone," which—streamlet only in summer time—finds its way out from the eastern approach to the National Monument commonly called the "Pinnacles." And here you find yourself on the bandits' trail of old which leads you into the caverns which afforded Tibercio Vasquez and his band ample protection from the pursuing sheriffs.

The first glimpse of the palisades makes an indelible impression on the mind. Upon one occasion while showing two San Franciscans through the Pinnacles Gorge, I brought forth an unusual demonstration of reverence. On occasions, my guests were disposed to be somewhat profane. Lighting the torches at the entrance to the caves I said: "Boys, this place is sacred." For awhile silence prevailed, then I heard occasional whispering. Two hours later, at the head of the gorge, while attempting to hitch an obstinate tug, one of the boys said: "Say, can we swear now?"

A relic of Mexican independence, one Ruis Mota, with his black-eyed daughter of sixteen summers, as fresh and keen as morning itself, and with the mountain stamp of confidence written on their faces, guided their horses aside from the trail to greet me in my camp under an overhanging rock. The modest, graceful girl was in marked contrast to the weapons she bore—on the left of her saddle bow a revolver, her coiled riata on the right. The father's sparkling, keen black eyes seemed not in keeping with his silvery locks and white mustache, neither with the seventy odd years past that knew him, at the age of twelve, a witness to his father's deeds in Mission San Juan Bautista in company with the generous Sanchez, his bosom companion.

Ruis Mota, Sr., refused several grants of land from Mexican rulers, operated in open independence with his herds in the valleys from Santa Clara to San Luis Obispo, free with his wealth; an inveterate gambler, he died poor like the rest of the first Spanish settlers. Ruis Mota, Jr., despite his age, is clear headed, and very interesting. He truthfully relates the actual happenings of early days in Central California, and to him the writer is indebted for many notable accounts.

The Pinnacle region consists of about six square miles of land covered with volcanic rocks of various sizes and an innumerable variety of shapes; some only a few yards in height, while others tower many hundreds of feet, their sides presenting no foothold for man's ascent. Upon their spires and dome-like tops no foot but those of the winged creatures of the air have ever rested. Between the towering walls of brilliantly colored pinnacles, in places along the two water courses, huge boulders, thousands of tons in weight, and some 100 to 160 feet in diameter, have been lodged promiscuously by volcanic action. In the southern gorge are the largest caverns of the entire Pinnacle region, one being 60 by 120 feet, its entire roof being formed by a single massive boulder which extends 200 feet above and is surmounted by a beautiful pine tree. It is possible to pass entirely through these two chains of caves by climbing under, over and around these boulders which form the floors and roofs. Torches and guides are needed here, and such provision is made for your accommodation by Mr. Schuyler C. Hain of Bear Valley. To him is due the credit of gaining the interest of Theodore Roosevelt, who issued during his first administration a proclamation setting aside 2,080 acres of this region as a national monument.

On the northern extremity of the most accessible pass is "Palisade Rock," about 1,500 feet high, with ninety acres in its perpendicular face. On the opposite side is the "Knife Blade," or "Picture" rock, which extends along the stream's course more than a thousand feet, with an average height of over 700 feet. From the upper side, looking back upon these two gigantic rocks, the resemblance to the entrance to the "Garden of the Gods" in Colorado is very striking, both as

Mission of San Antonio de Padua, founded 1771, near Jolon, Santa Lucia Mountains.

The old Plaza Hotel, famous under the regime of the Zanettas.

regards shape and coloring, but is easily four times its magnitude.

Between, and connecting these two groups of rocky spires which are nearly two miles apart, lies a great body of volcanic tufa, in places reaching 2,000 feet above the stream's bed. The tops of these rocks are of every variety of shapes possible for nature to carve with her elements, and in coloring these, she has been lavish with her brush.

With the assistance of a needed and trusty guide you may emerge from either of the chains of caves in the monument, and within an hour rest on the crest of El Gabilan range, with the north and south peaks of the Chalone rising nearby to southward. Between these points lies the ancient crater of Chalone, from whose eruption in past ages possibly the Pinnacles were results. Quien sabe?

Here, friend, give thanks for your privilege, before winding among the brush covered ridges, nearing Stonewall canyon grade, which brings you to "Soledad," and with a feeling of gratitude in that you have been permitted to visit one of California's rare gems, which has called in vain these many years to nature lovers.

Ere you turn for a parting gaze, drink in the glorious views of the beautiful central coast ranges portrayed in one grand sweep. Below, stretching away for many miles north and south are the famous cattle ranges of this section of Monterey County, which are contiguous to the Salinas river and valley.

On the opposite range, above the mesa lands, resting in its peaceful sunshine, "Paraiso" Springs, calls the weary traveler to rest and refreshment. In one grand panorama one may behold ere the descent is made the ranges of the Pacheco, El Gabilan, Santa Cruz, San Luis Obispo, Sierra de Los Padres, Sierra de Salinas, San Antonio, and rising in the western background, above them is the Santa Lucia's pine-clad crest, guardian of the Salinas Valley and the Pacific Ocean, from whose shore her crest rises 6,000 feet.

Who shall say that these wondrous gifts of nature shall still wait in vain for recognition?

And now, travelers, exchange the home of the deer and the eagle with their rugged shelter for the railroad's special train, the "Lark," and its comforts. Adios amigos.

Bierce---The Warrior Writer

By H. M. East, Jr.

AMBROSE BIERCE, the story-teller, poet, novelist, essayist and lampooner, was a warrior writer. I say "was," because it looks as if he had died on the battlefield. He joined the staff of General Villa, and has been missing since the fierce battle of Torreon, and friends have given up the old soldier scribe as dead.

Ambrose Bierce was a gallant fighter. He served in the Civil War, and was brevetted Major for bravery "in action." Not only did he acquit himself as a brave soldier, but he looked the ideal man who can fight for the cause of his country and for an opinion or principle. He had a fine fighting face, in which glowed a pair of sharp gray eyes. His carriage was erect and military, and even after he had attained the age of over three score years and ten, he sought the battlefield, when most men would have preferred to spend their declining years by the fireside.

He was an unique man, and his books are a valuable addition to American literature, in spite of the fact that much of the material is unpleasant reading. In fact, Bierce took a certain perverse delight in being devilish. His writings have a flavor all of their own. His satirical skits, printed a decade ago, in the San Francisco Examiner and News Letter, are the fiercest lampoons ever published. He scored and scorned every one, regardless of position, whom he thought should be criticised. He did not fear to be frankly impersonal, either.

Leaving his placid Ohio home after the Civil War, he went to London, and joined some Bohemians who gathered together in a cafe in Ludgate Station. Here, with such gay dogs as Captain Mayne Reid, George Augustus Sala, and later Joaquin Miller, Ambrose Bierce drank social glasses and discussed literature and life. He confessed with his usual frankness that they "went to bed too late in the forenoon. In short, we diligently, conscientiously, and with a perverse satisfaction, burned the candle of Life at both ends—and in the middle." His cynical satire created a stir, and his writer friends called him "Bitter Bierce." Fortunately he had a rugged constitution, and his Bohemian life did not seriously impair his health.

He made an uncertain living by writing. For a time he was in hard luck, especially when John Hotten, a London publisher, died owing him a good sum. Bierce, through Chatto, secured a check from Hotten, but it was dated in advance, and when it became due, Hotten very ungraciously died. Bierce, however, thought it was still time to get the check cashed, went to the bank, but dropped in at his club, and over a mug of bitters related his tale of tribulation. By the time he reached the bank the news of Hotten's death was known, and Bierce was stung! Sala wrote a brief epitaph on Hotten:

"Hotten, Rotten, Forgotten."

And Bierce attended the funeral, where he felt more than he cared to express.

While in London, Bierce wrote a series of humorous essays on zoology, and published two books, one entitled "Cobwebs from an Empty Skull." Gladstone discovered one of these books some years later at a second-hand shop. It was signed "Don Grile," and was a collection of weird occult tales, written in a fine style; for

whatever faults critics may find in Bierce's works, they admit the literary quality of his style. Gladstone praised the book, and London was interested for a space.

Meanwhile the warrior writer returned to California. This was in 1880. He soon experienced enough adventures to fill several books. Most of the time he lived in San Francisco, but he also did some mining near Deadwood, South Dakota. Here he met plenty of unique characters, including "bad men," whose favorite weapon was the six-shooter, an arm in which Bierce himself became an expert.

One night, accompanied by an armed guard, Bierce set out in a wagon to deliver $30,000 in gold which belonged to the mining company, of which he was the manager. A highwayman's shout "Hands up!" startled them in the darkness. The guard, who was armed with a rifle, was equal to the sudden dramatic situation, for he promptly threw himself over the seat, shot and put the bad man out of commission.

In San Francisco Bierce became the master of a group of young writers, who fairly worshiped him, being attracted by his powerful personality, his robust originality, and his clear-cut style and artistic craftsmanship. He originated a kind of occult cult, and it is in the psychic phenomena that he made some of his most daring and interesting excursions. From musings in this mystic realm came the unique story, "The Damned Thing," which belongs to the category of such mystery stories as Fitz-James O'Brien's "What Was It?" and Maupassant's "Le Horla."

Bierce always took a unique point of view of things, and declared that the horrors of peace were more terrible than the carnage of war, a view, enpassant, which seems to be popular in Europe just now! However, no one knew better than Bierce the pathos growing out of the inexorable irony of war, and for pure shudder-producing and sickening effect and hopeless protest, nothing outside of Poe can equal that grisly, blood-dripping tale, "Chickamauga." It is about a little boy who strays into the woods, plays soldier with a wooden sword, and is lost. Becoming weary, he falls asleep. Meanwhile, all unheard by the sleeping child, the terrible battle of Chickamauga is fought in the neighborhood. When the boy awakes he is surprised to see a number of grewsome things—for they are humans no longer—creeping, dragging themselves on hands and knees, through the woods. On and on they come, a seemingly endless procession of weird beings, many mortally wounded, many with their faces shot away. In their delirium they are prompted by thirst to go on and on, and so they drag themselves to a stream in the woods. Some drink, but many others are so weak from loss of blood that they fall in and drown. The boy, not understanding the meaning of war, thinks the wounded men would play horse with him. He leaps upon the back of a soldier, and is rudely thrown off. Finally the child returns home. He finds that his mother has been shot dead.

In many of his stories Bierce has achieved that impersonal attitude toward his characters that is so characteristic of Maupassant. However, this is rather an artistic and not a personal trait. Though seemingly cold and hard, Bierce was generous and sympathetic. In another powerful story, "A Son of the Gods," in describing the dead on a battlefield, he cries out: "Oh, those many needless dead!"

Though Bierce wrote many books, he is generally only known as the author of a novel, "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter." As a poet, his verse is clever and satirical, and he wrote at least one good poem, "An Invocation," which is said to have inspired Kipling's "Recessional." It is an address to the Goddess of Liberty. The most representative stanza runs:

"Let man salute the rising day
Of Liberty, but not adore.
'Tis opportunity, no more,
A useful, not a sacred, ray."

Bierce has been misunderstood, because of his intense and paradoxical nature. He was a great satirist, and an original artist. He has been characterized as a human devil, but like all cynics, he sometimes revealed a warm heart. Doubtless he concealed much concerning himself, and wrote and spoke and acted often with perverse superficiality.

He was vain as well as egotistical, and liked to create a stir. His writings have not attained anything like the popularity that their literary merits warrant. He had been bitterly criticised, because he was fearless in his own opinions, and dearly loved a good fight for itself. He acted, in an unique way, a valiant part, being consistently inconsistent. He was not so cold and hard as he would have the world believe. In fact, there are some people living who can attest that Ambrose Bierce could be generous, and then promptly forgot the assistance that he had rendered.

A MOTHER'S LETTER

My dear little girl, I am longing
To see you and kiss you to-night,
I sit all alone with your picture,
Here in the evening light.
Your letter—it reached me this morning,
And brought me a smile and a tear,
To think that my child has been honored!
Oh, mother is proud of you, dear.
When you were a bit of a lassie,
The prayer of my heart seemed to be
To give you a chance in a college,
Though I knew it would take you from me.

But now that the June-time is climbing
Up blossomy hillsides of May,
The time for your coming draws nearer—
I counted the hours to-day.
Unchanged are the scenes at the homestead,
The wren sings the very same trill,
The brook in the pasture is joyous,
Your collie is faithful still.
The stretch of the clovered meadow
Is keeping its fragrance for you,
And down near the path to the orchard
Are poppies of every hue.

When I look at the welcome that Nature
Is planning to give you, my dear,
I almost forget I am lonesome,
Forget how I've missed you this year.
Your room is all ready and waiting,
We papered it, Daddy and I,
The paper has violets through it,
The border has trees and the sky.
Your carpet is brighter, we turned it,
Your curtains are dainty and new—
But best among all of the welcomes
Are the *arms* that are waiting for you.

ELLA FLATT KELLER.

The Liberty Bell of Our Nation

THE STORY of the famous old Liberty Bell of Philadelphia, which will be exhibited at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, next month, is closely and curiously knit with the initial movement on this continent that "all men are created free and equal." In October, 1751, the State House having been completed, the Assembly ordered the purchase of a bell for the tower to be cast in London, and to bear the inscription: "Proclaim liberty throughout the world unto all inhabitant thereof, Lev. XXV. vs. 10." It was set up in August, ~~1752~~ 1752. The following month a crack developed and it was recast again. In 1777 the bell was taken down by the American army and transported to Allentown to prevent the metal from falling into the hands of the British army, then approaching the city. In 1835 it was cracked in tolling for the funeral of Chief Justice Marshall. According to the diaries of Philadelphians dated at the opening of the Revolutionary War, the Liberty Bell was not rung in celebration of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, nor on the fiftieth anniversary of that day, July, 1826. The Declaration of Independence was first publicly read on July 8, 1776. At that time the bell was used to call public bodies together, and on that day it was rung to call the Committee of Safety to assemble in the State House. But throughout the decades since then it has acquired a sort of legendary place in the hearts of the nation, and it is now recognized as the symbol, made public in 1776, of summoning the spirit of the thirteen colonies to arms and liberty.

The objection of Philadelphians to having the old bell temporarily moved three thousand miles to California for exhibition at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and incidentally other large cities in the Union, while on its travels, was based on the fact that the crack in the bell is growing, and it was feared that the jarring due to train motion on a long overland haul, notwithstanding every mechanical precaution to prevent them, would materially injure the life of the old bell by developing the crack and perhaps other latent weaknesses. Signs are plain that this crack is extending and eating its way over the dome of the bell. Metal experts have diagnosed the extending crack as a "sickness," with which the metal is now suffering, due to the decomposition of the ingredient tin. Temperature, and perhaps the quality of the tin used in the original composition in casting, is held responsible for the gradual decay. So far no remedy has been found that will check it. However, the old bell, through skillful mechanical devices, can be preserved for many centuries, as it appears today, and continue to symbolize for generations the spirit of 1776 and the birth of the nation.

"On the Zone, the weird and fantastic is heightened by night."

With the Crowd at the Panama-Pacific Exposition

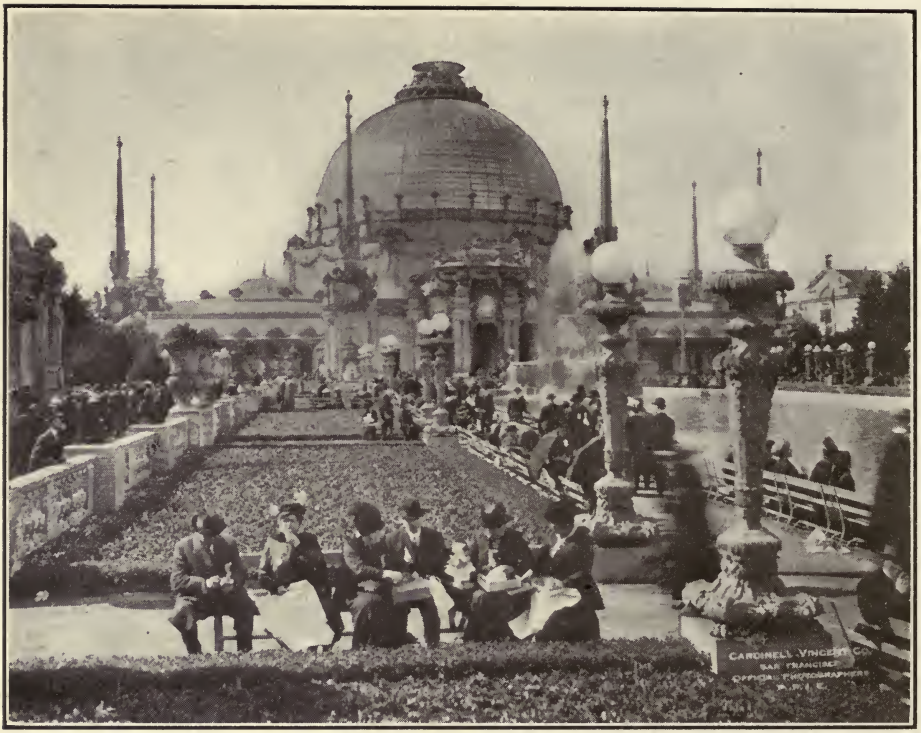
By Edith K. Stellmann

THOUSANDS have written of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. The art, the architecture, the color harmonies and every phase of every plan or purpose of the Big Show have, each in turn, furnished story matter during the past year, and our magazines and newspapers have teemed with such tales.

But, after all in praise, appreciation and description of the many wonders of the Exposition, the most interesting feature has remained almost untouched and the finest tribute that has been paid it is unchronicled in print.

But the enthusiasm and buoyancy of the crowds of people in attendance, by their pleasure, which is sincere, and their happiness, which is contagious, the final word that makes for the success of our great enterprise is spoken —the final touch of absorbing interest is added. Let us, then, consider the crowd.

From early until late, this spir-



Seated in some attractive spot in the extensive gardens the visitors lunch over their baskets in picnic fashion.

ited host storms the Exposition gates. It may be weary with the physical exertions of a day's sight-seeing, but it does not realize the fact. It may have lived with Trouble and Care, but for the time these are forgotten. Joy is in the air. Festivity is a panacea for all ills.

Nor is this ebullition of spirits confined to any race of people, class or age. It is as much in evidence in the demeanor of the priest as the jolly tar. The country maid has no more of it than "the daughter of a hundred earls."

Poet, philosopher, cynic, the couple on their honeymoon, the patent medicine vender, selling his wares—each is equally drunk with the wine of diverted minds and entranced senses.

Not long before the opening day I was talking with a college professor, who was brimming with ecstatics and general information concerning the Exposition, and who genially loaded me with data until I reeled under the burden. I remember one thing: he was disappointed. While admitting points of superiority over other world fairs he had attended, he deplored the lack of "magnificent distances" which had so delighted the eye at Chicago in 1893.

Some time later I was rounding out my fourth consecutive day of sight seeing inside the grounds. I pride myself on sensible footgear and on being a good pedestrian, but I was more conscious of my pedal extremities than is altogether comfortable. So I sank upon a green bench and mentally thanked the gods that the men who laid out the fair grounds were less prodigal with their miles than the professor would have had them. I recalled that the professor's wife had sensibly opined that possibly the professor's earlier enthusiasm and partial

preference for the White City of 1893 was due to greater youth and impressionability.

The thought was scarcely out of my mind when I encountered the gentleman himself. It was on the Zone, whence I had gone for relaxation. He was nearing a gaudy concession entitled "Bowls of Joy," with a boy of ten and a girl of twelve or thereabouts, one on each arm. All were encased in smiles, the professor's being the most expansive of the trio.

"Come on," he cried, waving a bag of popcorn at me. "This is great! Have you ridden around the Panama Canal?"

I endeavored to reply, but he did not wait for me.

"It's the canal itself to the life. Just as though you took the real trip," he gasped. "Everything explained by tele-phonograph. Marvelous mechanism!"

I scarcely knew the man, so changed was he from the dignified scientist of our preceding meeting. I followed, hoping to learn if he still felt the lack of magnificent distances, but I had no chance to ask.

"Greatest fair on the face of the earth," he chortled. "We've been all over—Palace of Fine Arts—Live Stock—Transportation—Streets of Cairo," and then we were swept by the crowd into the aforementioned container of delight, where further discussion was impracticable.

According to Major Frank Boggs, of the U. S. Engineering Corps, who was identified with the canal during and after its construction, the miniature reproduction of the Panama Canal on the Zone is just what the Government should have installed at the Exposition. No detail has been overlooked, and everything is so concise that in half an hour a person can derive as much information concerning the big canal on the isthmus as he would in a three days' trip through the Canal Zone. He went over the five acres concession and watched the operation of ships through the locks and the vari-

A pair of the rubber-tired wheel chairs will comfortably carry a family.

For a time, fresh country visitors usually shy away from the exuberant invitations of the "spielers."

ous bodies of water, and was pleasantly surprised to see with what care the builders have taken in carrying out the minutest details and various points of interest. The buoys, light-houses, cities and wireless stations being in exact accordance with the plan mapped out by the engineering corps in charge of the Panama Canal.

Another noticeable phase of the Exposition crowd is a return of that spirit of camaraderie which was peculiar to San Francisco directly after the big fire of 1906. That was a time social barriers were leveled, an interval of pure democracy, when man spoke to man, forgetting class and kind.

At the Exposition I have seen many people ignore the necessity of a formal introduction, so engrossed were they in the sights about them. I have witnessed and been a party to friendly exchange of ideas with people who were perfect strangers, sometimes with people that spoke in an unfamiliar tongue.

One afternoon I stood in the midst of a group with necks stretched and heads bent backward. The roar of an aeroplane propeller sounded in our ears. A hand touched mine, and I removed my gaze from the vanishing bird-man above terra firma, and smiled into the eyes of a quaint little Chinese woman. She had the wee feet of the leisure class, and though the possession of these small feet is said to interfere with the sweetness of the owner's disposition, she was serenity itself, and thought only of the fantastic dips and turns of the intrepid aviator. I nodded, giving utterance to a timorous "Ho la ma," which some one had told me was the Chinese "good-day." The little lady surveyed me inquiringly (perhaps my pronunciation was at fault), and then answered: "Heap fine. Him plenty sabe!" and clapped her jeweled hands.

A day or two later I was contemplating the bas relief on the pedestal of the mighty shaft of Progress, when I was accosted by a woman who approached me with a most determined air. As she fixed her eye on mine I felt that I should own up to anything of which she might accuse me. She was panting from her hasty walk along the Marina. "Yes," she ejaculated suddenly, "John has got to come."

I felt certain that John would, so I nodded and she smiled and explained.

"You see, we thought that if I came and saw it all, I could tell John about it—he's my brother—and so we would not have the double expense. I'm a great hand at describing things that way. But he's got to come and see this himself. It's too much for me. It's worth the price, if he has to mortgage the farm to get here."

I thought so, too, when she told me her story. She taught school in a small town in South Dakota, where she and her widowed brother lived on a small farm. And this was her first trip beyond the borders of her native State. She sketched in graphic words all that the Exposition meant to her, the new outlook it had opened, and I saw the effect of the color and beauty around us on one who had lived ever in the sombre shadow—the knowledge of people and places that had come to her, and what a sweeping vision it had opened.

There are bits of unconscious humor that come ever and anon to the surface on this great wave of humanity in the Exposition grounds.

It was in the gorgeous California building, resplendent with its banners of scarlet and gold, its harvest of fruits and flowers, birds and trees. I was hidden by a wall of dried fruit, through an interstice of which I glimpsed a young couple gazing about, wonderstruck, their hands clasped. He was a tall, good looking chap with a grave cast of features. Evidently he took all things seriously, and she, without seeming "highbrow," had the air of a trained observer. Here, thought I —for speech was about to return to them—"I will get a really intelligent opinion of the fair. His lips opened. He spoke low, and I had to strain my ears to hear him.

The little independent electric auto trains go everywhere along the broad avenues, and afford an inexpensive way of covering the well-defined and most interesting routes.

"Even without a child one may enjoy Toyland with what is left of the boy or girl nature."

"Is my 'ittle duckie enjoying umself?"

Again I was in the Mathews-McComas room in the Palace of Fine Arts. Four buxom matrons came to the door and peeped curiously in. "This," said the foremost woman, with an air of confidence so final that no questions were asked and no one sought the guidance of a catalogue—"this is the Whistler room. He painted 'The Man with the Hoe,' about which Edwin Markham wrote a great poem and a picture of his mother which you see in all the art stores."

In days of old—and not so very old either—there were dangers to be encountered when one left the sacred walls of home to face the formidable life of a great city. Thanks to the newspapers and the oft-recounted tales of gold brick and green goods, the wisdom of Solomon may be hidden beneath the most unsophisticated exterior. Everything about the man and his wife whom I encountered one day on the Zone smacked of the farm and of the first visit to a great city, but the nonchalance with which he trod the Exposition's glittering pleasure

street could not have been exceeded by the most blase boulevardier. His flashing eyes said to all they encountered: "Take me for a sucker if you dare." Even the blue uniformed college youth guides and the smartly clad Exposition guards had no chance to get close to him, and when a glib-spoken young man came out of a post card studio and tried to persuade him to be photographed, the old man spoke his mind.

"Young feller," he said sternly. "You can't fool me. I live just outside of North Bend and I read all the papers. Try it on somebody else, sonny. Ma and me ain't takin' any chances." And off he marched with his admiring spouse on his arm.

Among those who enjoy the Exposition to the full are members of the local Oriental quarters. The Chinese and Japanese take their entire families with them when they visit the fair. The Japanese, westernized in dress, go everywhere, to the illustrated lectures, the band concerts, organ recitals, etc., and examine with critical eyes. The Japanese husband appreciates every bit of the fair: the liberal education for himself, the entertainment for his wife and the amusement for his children. I saw one such family with a baby in arms and a cute little boy continually lagging behind. I followed them, fearing a little that the youngster might get lost, but whenever he got a certain distance behind it occurred to him and his parents simultaneously that the limit was reached, and the two approached each other hurriedly until the widening gap was closed.

Brighter and more interesting as to attire are the Chinese, for the women fortunately cling to the exquisite coloring, rich materials and unequaled comfort of their native garb. A quaint mixture of the Oriental and Occidental they present, for the masculine element is for the most part clad nattily in the latest fashion of his Western brother.

With what genuine comfort families spend a day on the grounds is evidenced each time one looks about. Not only are places where food may be obtained numerous, but the prices are

Western Facade of Palace of Education

Under Main Archway, Tower of Jewels

very reasonable. Little kiosks where popcorn, peanuts, candies and that most refreshing of sweets, ice cream, may be had, are distributed generously. Many, quite naturally, prefer to eat food from their own parcels or baskets, and these are seen on every side, seated in some attractive spot, serenely lunching. An absurd rumor that visitors to the fair were not permitted to bring lunch, or that they were charged half a dollar for the privilege, is absolutely without foundation. Lunchers are welcome, and their convenience has been provided for in the most thoughtful and practical of ways. You can find them comfortably lunching from their pasteboard boxes while the strains of a band concert adds zest to the occasion. Others prefer the shade of huge palms, with the splashing of a nearby fountain making music to their ears.

The sensible and experienced sightseers at the Fair take their time, realizing that there is so very much to be seen and that undue haste brings them nothing but a headache and enforced rest the next day. Yet there are a certain number who never learn this, and rush about, hither and yon, as though the devil of unrest were driving them.

There are a great many ways to rest weary feet, and for the most feeble to get about in ease and comfort. A couple of rubber-tired wheel chairs will carry a whole family wherever they wish to go at comparatively small expense. The chairs roll along, side by side, permitting uninterrupted converse for the garrulous or intermittent exclamations of delight to those who are wholly immersed in the sights unfolding before them. Some prefer the little automobile chairs which hold two or three, according to the girth of the passengers, and which are easily manipulated by a hand lever. They move with a tortoise-like gait which does not appeal to the average high-speed American nature, but which is grateful

to the more serene and placid of temperament.

The little auto trains afford an interesting and inexpensive way of covering the well defined routes. One has the various spots of interest pointed out, and a comprehensive idea is gained of the general plan as well as the beauty of the grounds.

Days I enjoy most are those on which the crowd contains many children. I always loiter around an exhibit which attracts the young folks, for I love to watch the eager interest in their faces. Their questions and comments are often more intelligent than those of the average grown-up. In the Southern Pacific building, around a small model engine, I have watched groups which contained, I am convinced, more than one potential Edison or Newton.

On the Zone we are all children, regardless of size or years. One who has reached the age of discretion desires to forget the fact; he borrows a boy or girl, if he has none of his own, and indulges in a sort of progressive circus. But even without a child, one may enjoy Toyland with what is left of the boy or girl nature.

As the night, with its marvelous illuminations—its flashes of additional color—gives to grounds, statues and buildings a charm that is little short of magical, so in the night crowd there is a more complete surrender to the delights of the moment. The most beautiful spot in this nocturnal Fairyland is, beyond all question, the Palace of Fine Arts and its reflection, mirrored in the still waters of the lagoon. Exclamations become more subdued or give way to silent admiration in this locality. Beauties such as the night scenes of the Exposition are too wondrous not to be preserved in picture, and the kodaker is too ingenious to let the lack of a tripod discourage him.

One hears on the lips of many the

In the broad flower covered esplanade where giant fountains play.

Fountain of the Setting Sun, Court of the Universe

name of the architect who designed the Exposition's crowning beauty, and with the mention of his name one usually hears the wish spoken that the Palace of Fine Arts may be preserved. Surely it is too beautiful to be lost after one brief year, to glitter like a gorgeous moth and die almost as soon.

On the Zone the fantastic and weird is heightened by the night. The crowd is swayed this way and that by the music, the color, the bits of foreign life, the amusing and diverting concessions, the dancing and the merriment. The crowd lingers long, and when the illuminations are switched off, one by one, it turns with its first regret toward the gate and home.

The Exposition year is young. During the months to come with vacation times and warm weather, many more will invade the Jewel City. Many people of note will visit here, and many whose lives have been care-ridden and restricted will come to absorb of the beauty and knowledge to be found therein. We, who have shared in the opening days feel a great gladness when we think of this, for we know it is not a thing to be seen and forgotten, but the influence will be lasting.

Knowledge of men, countries and achievements in their highest degree may be found at the Exposition, but the thing that will make it pre-eminently successful is the fact that here, as in previous expositions, the crowd is lifted out of itself, out of its rut and habit of thought, by the overwhelming harmonies of sound and color and beauty. The crowd that has come here to absorb the highest pleasures of the senses and mind, and that will return to its more or less ordinary, everyday habitat, will never be quite the same for the transcending beauties of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition will impress its stamp upon them and raise their ideals of human endeavor and worth.

Richard Garnier, the Man With a Marvelous Memory

By Lannie Haynes Martin

A FEW WEEKS ago a man whose picture has been in every big magazine and paper in the country, and who has been the subject of scientific, semi-scientific and pseudo-scientific articles for the last twenty-five years was standing in a Los Angeles Hotel lobby. Near him, fluttering about, was a dapper, spatted, monocled young swell, a gilded youth. The gilded youth walked up to the man and said: "Ha! Ha! Why, don't you know, I recognize you?"

"Is that so?" said the man.

"Yes, indeed," replied the gilded youth, smiling at his own cleverness, "you are the monkey doctor, aren't you?"

"Yes," said the man gravely, "I am. What are your symptoms?"

And, for all of the really scientific articles written about him, for all of the honors heaped upon him by the scientists of three continents, the conception of this gilded youth is what many have of the man who can give the last word in anthropology and whose biological observations will probably enable him soon to give the first word in a new psychology. For it was never with the idea of talking "monkey talk," becoming a monkey doctor or teaching animals human speech that Professor Richard L. Garnier went to Africa and lived for twenty-three years among the chimpanzees and anthropoid apes. But it was to study the elements of lingual utterance and its relation to brain development. The vast amount of data that he has accumulated and classified in these years he is now applying to human brain processes, and has come to the Pacific Coast to live an open-air life while he writes his book on psychology.

Professor Garnier was born in Abingdon, Va., about seventy years ago. He was educated in Blountville, Tenn., a small town ten miles from his birthplace. At seventeen years he began teaching school, and he says he has taught, either a writing school or the grammar grades in nearly every State in the Union, and that he knows three thousand people by their first name. His memory for names, faces and facts is something remarkable. It is probably due to what he calls his sub-conscious observation register, which he says takes in everything automatically. Every one has it, he says, but he simply knows how to manipulate his a little better than most people. The fact, too, that he began early to classify and make synthetic his observations has had much to do with the development of this wonderful memory power.

In his early youth, when he was an unknown village school teacher, he was then practicing many modern methods which had not at that time been discovered by the school men and was making practical strides in pedology, notwithstanding the fact that he had then never heard of Pestalozzi, and Madam Montessori had never heard of herself. This was fifty years ago, and in the mountains of Kentucky and the valleys of Virginia he was making little gardens with his pupils, teaching them to use their

hands and hoes and hearts in getting acquainted with nature. One of his favorite methods of teaching geography was to take the children down to the nearest creek and have them scoop out a bay, build a sand and pebble isthmus, discover islands, continents and peninsulas in the miniature configurations of land and water.

Making a careful analysis of language he began to study the speech of very young children, and this lead him to make research into the similar sounds made by animals. He had that eye and ear for causation which Herbert Spencer says marks the highest type of intellect. He wanted to know why a dog barked a certain way at a certain time, and if it barked the same way for everything or a different way for the same thing, and why; and it was not so much the dog he was studying but nature's undeviating law of conservation.

In studying the domestic animals he found a direct relation between the movement of the digits and the per cent of brain development. This, in connection with comparative anatomy, led him to make a study of the anthropoid ape, the one animal that most resembles man, which has an identical anatomical structure, the same muscular system, and the same intricate nervous system.

Long before Professor Garnier had read Professor William James' theories on the connection between the movements of the human hand and the workings of the brain, he had observed that the quality of intelligence increases in proportion to the dexterity of motion. By a long series of experiments, Professor Garnier discovered that the number of separate and distinct movements made by the human hand is twenty-seven, and that of the anthropoid ape twenty-one. The movements made by the digits of a cat or dog, both of which are believed to be so intelligent, are only five. Following this scale, the per cent of intelligence in an ape may be inferred.

It was when he first began to study the apes in the Zoological gardens connected with the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C., that Professor Garnier first made a remarkable discovery regarding human memory. In listening to their chatter and trying to determine the exact meaning of various sounds he found that having nothing in his own vocabulary to which he could replate it he could not remember with sufficient accuracy to make scientific comparison. It was about this time that the phonograph came into popular use, and one day when he had gone several hundred miles from Washington on an important business trip, he suddenly thought of how he could make use of phonographic records to make permanent the elusive sounds so that he could then compare each set of sounds and discover if they had identical meaning. He abandoned his important business interests, returned to Washington that day and got permission from the Smithsonian officials to make records of the monkey chatter. They laughed at him, however, and his wife begged him not to tell any one, because the world would think him crazy. And it did. For although he had sworn the Smithsonian people and the phonograph man to silence, he did not think the negro keeper in attendance knew enough to tell anything, and consequently gave him neither tip nor caution. But it was this negro that gave a very intelligent story to an avid newspaper reporter, who played it up with lurid pictures and vivid headlines. And to this day people not understanding the reason for which the experiment was made, say: "Well, what is that crazy Dick Garnier up to now?"

The thing that Professor Garnier discovered by his experiment was this, that, after getting two monkeys to chatter into two separate phonographs, the monkeys and the phonographs could be rearranged so that one monkey would reply to the "statements" made by the other monkey. After making many hundreds of experiments of this kind, Professor Garnier finally established beyond doubt and beyond

coincidence that there was a thinking power behind the monkey chatter. Just how important this discovery was, not even the scientists understood then, but have since come to realize its value.

Probably no other living man has given the study to the fundamental motives underlying the actions of animals that Professor Garnier has given them in the forty years he has been observing them. He has raised twenty-six chimpanzees and twelve gorillas, and his success in capturing a gorilla and bringing it to this country, a feat never before accomplished, so astonished the savants connected with the Zoological Gardens in New York that they wondered if he had used some magical mantrams on the supposed untamable creature.

The small ape named "Susie" which was brought to America by Professor Garnier and exhibited in Philadelphia was pronounced by G. Stanley Hall, Dr. Webster and other psychologists "a thinking animal," beyond all question.

Professor Garnier has just completed a book for children called "The History of the Monos," in which he gives much interesting animal lore in popular fashion, carrying an ethical lesson and satirizing human conduct in a way to make enjoyable as well as profitable reading.

The busy anthropologist is now living incognito, and he is deeply engaged along the same line in following up new investigations.

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A RARE BABY GORILLA

LILLIAN E. ZEH.

A LIVING gorilla is now considered one of the rarest and most wonderful of wild animals to be shown in captivity. This is owing to the difficulty of capturing them, as well as finding a suitable diet on which they will thrive while in captivity. Only two specimens have reached this country, and both have died of starvation, and lack of exercise, in a week or ten days after their arrival. There has just arrived, however, at the New York Zoological Park a young female gorilla, Miss "Dinah," in perfect health, and considered the finest one of her race that has ever come out alive from Africa. The gorilla is the largest of the great apes, walks erect, and in form, body and limbs most resembles man. She was captured in the dense forests of the French Congo of West Africa by a collector for the New York Zoological Society. Shortly after her capture, a large and roomy hut was built for her, and the collector began to subdue her wild nature and also to change her natural food she had been used to eating in the jungles, and instead fed her on bread, bananas, pineapples and other cultivated fruits, and also various kinds of cooked meats. Shortly, she became tame, playful and affectionate, and ate with great relish all of

Miss "Dinah," as she posed for her picture.

Miss "Dinah" and her keeper after arrival at the New York Zoological Society from the Congo Country, Africa.

her new food stuffs. Therefore, from this preliminary training in the line of eating food and learning the ways and manners of civilization she is now at her new home at the Zoo, very lively, full of play, and her appetite is everything that could be desired. In all these particulars she is the direct opposite of nearly every gorilla that ever came out of Africa. There is every reason to believe that this young gorilla will live long and prosper.

Miss "Dinah," as she is named, is the only one ever known to attempt a laugh or even smile, but she does both. When tickled under the arms or bottom of the foot she chuckles audibly, in a manner verging on a real laugh. Keeper Engleholm has greatly interested her by showing her image in the mirror; with great caution she reaches her arm around the mirror and feels for the image; not finding it, she peeps over, under and around the sides of the glass. She never tires, seemingly, of the futile search of the mysterious gorilla behind the mirror. Miss "Dinah" is undoubtedly the last wild animal that will come from Europe for some time, owing to the war. She is valued at $5,000.

WAR

Vulcan's forge is glowing bright,
Armor issuing day and night;
  War is on.
Splendid youths swing forth with
    pride;
Hollow drums roll far and wide;
Flambeaux sweep the countryside
  Here and yon.

A rood of land, a famous spire,
A glut of some insane desire—
  These the spoil.
And the cost? It beggars speech:
Manhood lost at every breach;
Commerce paralyzed at each
  Gun recoil.

Tears of women flowing free;
Hunger throttling childhood's glee;
  Honor's tor
Crashing down beneath lust's stride;
Dead unburied, putrified;
Monuments thrice multiplied—
  This is War.

ARTHUR POWELL.

Florence M. Nace and Her Work

By Elma Kendall Conklin

Miss Florence M. Nace.

SOME WOMEN are rarely endowed. In addition to all the home-making, womanly qualities that are so appealing, they possess that peculiar mentality that goes toward the making of a financier. Where one painstaking man fails in business, another less painstaking perhaps succeeds, because he has indefinable something in him that gives the turn and twist necessary to the capture of that elusive god, Success.

Indefinable as this something is, it has a distinct commercial value. Some men and a few women possess it. When a woman does posses it, she is an enigma to her own sex, and usually a solver of enigmas for the opposite sex.

Such a woman is Florence M. Nace, who has been in the employ of the Realty Syndicate for twenty years. She has no office, no office hours. Her business time is unlimited, for so much does she enjoy her work that it overlaps her play time. Recreation is just another name for it, and the "twain is verily one." She has no title. Auditor nor adjuster does not fit. Perhaps it were better to call her Efficiency Expert—a comparatively new title in the business world for those upon whose desks, like Miss Nace's, are laid problems to be solved, difficulties to be overcome, leakages to be stopped.

Hers is a mind well adapted to such work, for she frankly admits that a project without obstacles has no fascination for her. With limited means and unlimited thought and originality she likes to turn out something better than another turns out working the other way 'round. Almost any one can get results by making sufficient expenditure, but it takes a good business mind to get the same results with half the output.

Under Miss Nace's supervision and management, Piedmont Canyon became beautiful Piedmont Park, with its rock bordered nooks, its uniquely housed springs, its children's playground, its art gallery and its amphitheatre. This last was a rubbish heap when Miss Nace discovered its acoustic properties. She asked permission to turn it into an outdoor theatre. Men smiled at her project, but she had the dump heap and basin dynamited out,

Hotel Claremont, Claremont, Oakland.

and here around the eucalypti trunks was built a beautiful rustic theatre to seat three thousand people. When it was finished and in demand for outdoor entertainments, the men still smiled, but this time with Miss Nace, not at her.

Since 1907 she has successfully managed the Key Route Inn properties, including the hotel and Arcade, with its numerous offices and stores. The same tenants have occupied these places of business during her entire eight years' management. When Miss Nace took charge of this property, the back rooms of the hotel overlooked an unsightly lot, which had been made the catch-all for all sorts of debris. This "efficiency expert" wanted income for her hotel. Why have any back rooms, she reasoned, when by parking the vacant lot they could all be made front rooms?

It was done almost over night. Full grown hedges and palms were planted, lawn turf set in and a children's playground made. When President Taft visited Oakland a few years ago, he was received by the officials of the city on this erstwhile rubbish heap, now a place beautiful.

Miss Nace believes with Browning:

"If you get simple beauty, and naught else,
You get about the best thing God invents,"

for in the aesthetic aside from her personal love of it, she realizes a wonderful business asset and makes others realize it too when she changes a rubbish heap into a rustic theatre that brings in good money, and back rooms into front ones, overlooking a spot beautiful enough for the reception of the head of the nation. It is this characteristic of evolving something useful and beautiful out of the material at hand that gives to all her enter-

prises a different touch; and the fact that the thing is different always makes it welcome in this conventional world.

One of Miss Nace's comparatively late undertakings was a large rock quarry in the Berkeley hills which has been a failure for years, although the rock was the best to be found around the bay region. Where lay the trouble? This efficient expert was more than anxious to take charge and investigate. She found that the big force of men employed was consuming all the profits. In place of steam power, necessitating the employment of an engineer, she installed an electric power. Where rock had formerly been loaded on to tramways by hand, it was now blasted and loaded into gravel cars by machinery. Several tunnels, needed to facilitate work, were put in, and in a short time the quarry was on a paying basis. The great scenic Skyline Boulevard beginning at Richmond, skirting the Contra Costa hills, and extending on to Mt. Hamilton, will be made of the hard blue rock from this quarry.

The woman who has accomplished all this feels compensated if she carries her undertakings to a successful finish. She is never visionary. She never attempts a thing until she has thought it out and can see her way to the end—as she says: "Not unless I can get my arms around it and encompass it." The biggest armful she has had yet is her new enterprise, the Hotel Claremont.

As all California knows, or has known and perhaps forgotten, this place was built for a Hotel de Luxe. When the University acquired more land and brought the hotel property within the mile limit liquor law, the idea of a millionaire's hotel was abandoned; for whoever heard of moneyed men dining without wining? So for nine years this spacious building, with its large sunny rooms and porches overlooking the green hills and the bay, has stood a silent though emphatic confederate of John Barleycorn.

But along comes Miss Nace. She sees in it a splendid new problem to solve. The fact that no man would attempt it was itself an incentive. With "simple beauty" as her keynote, she planned a home place for that large class of cultured, refined humanity whose one exception perhaps from financial worry is the income tax, and whose thirst can be gratified by the drink the Lord provided for man and beast.

Back of the grove looms a song-caressed grove of eucalypti in that beautiful, soft, bluey-green dress that Mother Nature made for them and them alone. In this grove Miss Nace found an inspiration—not for a poem, but for something more useful.

Always a strong advocate of home industry, she saw in these trees a means to give employment to the workmen of her own State, and at the same time supply her hotel with furniture, simple in line and beautiful in tone. Why send money to Grand Rapids in this time of financial stress, when men, mills and material were available here?

Up in the hills the Realty Syndicate had a mill, and on hand was a goodly supply of eucalyptus lumber. Without waste of time, for Miss Nace acts quickly, it was loaded onto auto trucks and sent to a nearby factory, where everything was set humming to fill her big order. She has watched her furniture grow. She has seen her lumber cut, planed, ripped, sanded and glued. She has learned to recognize in unfamiliar bits of wood, familiar portions of everyday furniture; over there is a pile of smooth, velvety spindles that have just come through the sanding machine; beside them is another pile. These are cross-pieces with holes punched through them; ready to receive the same velvety spindles and to be made into the headboards and footboards of simple, quaint bedsteads. Next to these are chair backs that went into a contrivance as bits of straight wood and came out fascinatingly curved, ready for a human back to snuggle against.

In another portion of this factory all the quilts and mattresses, both wire and floss, needed in this big hostelry in the Berkeley hills, have been made. Chairs, tables, dressers, bedsteads, quilts and mattresses! Why, indeed, should this lover of home industry send to Grand Rapids?

Despite her public work, Miss Nace is not a hotel woman, but lives at home, and is a great home lover. She has built several houses and reconstructed many in artistic fashion for friends, merely as pastime. Like most people who achieve, Miss Nace likes solitude and loves the great out of doors.

Her first home was built in the interesting section on Ocean Beach where street cars formed the nucleus for unusual abodes; and where people who were doing things in literature and art were welcomed. Her present home is not in crowded mart, but on the Piedmont hills, and still another is her lodge near the eucalyptus lumber plant, and this is her joy.

Built entirely of eucalyptus logs, it it sits upon the crest of the Contra Costa hills, and commands a view of earth, sea and sky. Richmond, to the north; Oakland, San Francisco and the ocean to the west; innumerable hills and valleys to the south, and still more to the east. From early morning far into the waning day the song of the lark and the plaintive song of the quail are heard, and wild flowers of every description nod a welcome to the one who sees.

In this ideal hill home, Miss Nace solves many business problems and crystallizes many of her impressions into working plans. She might be able to tell you how to capture the "elusive god," but if she couldn't, a study of her would give you an insight into the process.

Wander into the Piedmont Art Gallery some day, and there you will find a portrait of this interesting woman by Richard E. Partington. Study it, and you will see that she possesses that dignity of character so essential to a woman in public life; you will see also that her whole personality is indicative of energy and determination; not the ironclad determination that tramples the beautiful flowers by the roadside in order to garner the grain in the field beyond; but a determination to take hold of whatever is at hand and make out of it the very best that can be made, conserving the flowers while she garners the grain.

Miss Nace has a happy way of forgetting those unimportant things termed failures. While her eye is still on the goal she treads them under foot, making of them just what they are—a stairway in the great construction.

ASPIRATION

Oh, welcome yearning—the unrest, the pain!
For, like a star condensed from cosmic fire,
Substance of dreams am I; and I aspire
The mightier glory to insphere, to gain
The wider circle! Oh, from plane to plane
To rise, with climbing visions, ever higher!
Welcome all pangs of strife which urge me nigher
The perfect type! At last I shall attain!—
Eye hath not seen, ear heard, nor heart conceived,
So sings the seer, the things for me prepared;
Oh, limitless the good to be achieved!
In my advance I follow God-voiced law:
In my desire is destiny declared,
And toward eternal life through death I draw!

STOKELY S. FISHER.

THE RED SPIDER

BY
H.B.HOLT

THE EASTERN sky had changed from bluest blue, through almost every hue of the rainbow, to cold grey, and the hush of the evening was over the land. On the still night air there came the crooning of a mother as she lulled her little black babe to slumber, and further in the distance, away from the native quarters, could be heard the rattle of traffic. But these signs of a tangible world were unheeded in a little darkening room where two men talked earnestly in a subdued whisper.

"Thou sayest," said one, "that the god within it still lives, and yet no living man has had the evidence of his own eyes that it is so?"

"Even so."

And as the gathering gloom took the world in its mysterious embrace, two tiny lights shown clearly and yet more clearly from the object upon which the two men gazed reverentially, almost fearfully.

"The god is a malignant and vengeful god, thou sayest. Verily, I believe it might be so."

"I tell thee 'tis so, for when these old dry limbs of mine were not yet grown to boyhood's estate, I heard it from the lips of my father."

"But may the god not be departed from this earthly cage many years?"

"Canst look and question thus?"

And the questioner bowed his head convinced. The night was now at hand; the last shadow had become merged in the darkness, and the two small lights shone vividly. The scintillating opalescent gleam was emitted from the eyes of a huge red spider, carved elaborately from a solid piece of wood. It was a triumph even of Oriental deftness in its minute accuracy, yet hideous loathsomeness. The long angular legs were red, the abhorrent body was red, and from the deep-set eyes, cruel and sinister, and speaking unutterable malice, issued the strange glow which pierced the darkness to where the two men were seated.

For generations it had been where it now stood, the subject of half-veneration and awe, for was not the old fakir said to have uttered a terrible warning on parting with it that it should be guarded as a sacred object, for a horrible curse would fall upon the hands which stole or broke it?

This, and this alone, was known by the men in the darkened room, and a hush fell upon them as they gazed. Their Oriental minds, prone to superstition, filled in the gap, and with rev-

erential silence they departed from the room, leaving the great red spider to maintain its solitary vigilance in the darkness. The cruel, sinister eyes shone even more venomously than usual, as they stared unblinkingly after the disappearing figures.

* * * *

Dr. Urillia looked back thoughtfully at the disappearing town as the Mercedes slowly panted her way out to the open sea on her long journey to the white cliffs of England. A lazy scolar, a student of Oriental customs and ideas, he was not contemplating with pleasure the return to matter-of-fact England, where a nigger is a curiosity and a native tradition mere heathenish rubbish. The strange beliefs of strange men had a peculiar fascination for him. He had penetrated far enough to see that there were simpletons and rogues amongst all classes of men, and he realized the inevitable result. But he had gone further; in his wanderings over the face of the earth he had seen the unaccountable in more phases than most people had, and knew that the finite mind of man—puny man who crawled along the streets with his nose buried in the surroundings or his material mind fixed on politcs—had never grasped half of Nature's secrets. What particularly engrossed his mind at this moment was an incident which occurred just as the Mercedes cast off her moorings and swung out to sea. When the gangways had been cleared and four feet of space separated the ship from the dock side, a lascar had pushed his way through the crowd, and with a flying leap landed on the deck. Tripping, he fell like a log and lay prone with a broken leg. As he fell, a sharp crack, not unlike the discharging of a pistol, was heard above the throbbing of the engines and the hurry and scurry which always occurs on the departure of a vessel, and as an indignant officer approached the fallen creature, the latter hastily concealed something in his scanty clothing.

The great steamer had got well under way before the captain heard of the unexpected addition to his human freight, and sooner than lose a few precious minutes, he decided to carry his incapacitated passenger. So the man was carried below, not too gently, and deposited in a spare cabin in the forecastle.

The whole incident had impressed itself vividly on Dr. Urillia's mind, and he felt himself growing interested without a clearly defined reason. When the land had sunk beneath the horizon he made his way leisurely below deck and sought out the maimed lascar, now groaning in a bunk. Not without some deference—for a lascar is often an unpleasant thing to handle—he set the broken limb, and in doing so discovered the thing which the wretched creature had guarded so jealously.

It was the huge image of a red spider, perfect in workmanship, yet with one leg missing, broken off almost close to the scaly body. The doctor shuddered as he handled the repellant thing and placed it on a table. His knowledge of lascars and their temperament forbade him to inquire how it came into the man's possession. Interrogation would be perfectly useless, so he left his patient and strolled on to the deck, where he stared vacantly at the cold, quivering waves through which the Mercedes cut her way.

* * * *

Again the sun was setting. The throb-throb of the engines was the only sound which came to the ears of the dirty lascar as he lay wracked with pain in the semi-darkness. Full consciousness was only just returning, and he moved his hands uneasily, as though searching for something. Suddenly, in spite of the pain in his broken limb, he raised himself on his arm and dived his hands under the coverlet. Still he found not what he sought, and his eyes moved slowly round until they became fixed in terror as they encountered two tiny lights which twinkled and glittered with an evil glow in the darkness. He uttered an inarticulate cry and sank back, with eyes still riveted on the beady lights. Total darkness now reigned in the

The grewsome thing was crawling towards him.

cabin, save in the direction of the spider. Hungrily, greedily, the two eyes blazed forth their malignant hatred, and as the lascar lay transfixed in terror at the sight, all power to move being gone, the hideous fact was gradually born upon him that he was not alone—that his stolen treasure had an individuality of its own, and one from which he would fain escape. He shut his eyes; the sweat poured from every limb, and his brain reeled. He dared not look again, and fought with the power that told him to gaze back at the glittering object which he felt was drawing nearer and nearer. With a sickening sensation he realized that the something—the wretch knew it could be nothing but the possessor of those awful eyes—had mounted to where he lay and was trailing its long, sinuous legs up his paralyzed body. He would have shrieked aloud as he felt the thing creeping upwards—now it was on his chest—but the power of speech had left him. Shivering with abject terror, he looked cringingly into the baleful, glowing eyes which encountered his but a few inches away. Every fibre of his body he exerted in one last frantic effort to move and cast the hateful thing from him, but he was unable even to close his eyes now, and the spider drew its scaly legs across its face. A sharp, stinging pain on his temple restored his voice, and he uttered a high screech of unspeakable horror—and then remained still.

* * * *

Dr. Urillia had smoked a last cigar and was just about to turn in for the night when he recollected the lascar and his hideous prize. Perhaps professional instinct, possibly curiosity, urged him to call in and see how his patient had progressed; also he desired to examine a little more closely the red spider which had caused him such an involuntary start. He had heard a weird legend of a red spider, and the thing interested him more and more.

The doctor entered the cabin where he had left the maimed man. He carried a lamp and placed it on a table, a morbid impulse impelling him to turn his gaze to where he had left the red spider. To his surprise it was no longer there. He turned to where the lascar had lain, but stood dumbfounded, for the patient's form had

vanished. Dr. Urillia was not a coward; he had held even life itself in his hands many times, not realizing what fear was, but he knew intuitively that this was no matter of mere life and death—an impression was fast gaining a hold in his brain while dread of an unknown danger and fascination fought for mastery in him.

Throwing the coverlet aside he found the lascar's body had disappeared completely, and hidden in the folds of the cloth was a figure he more than half expected to find—a red spider.

He hastily summoned the captain and explained that the lascar was missing. The ship was searched, but no trace was discovered of the man who had so abruptly joined the vessel as it left the dock.

* * * *

Dr. Urillia was thoughtful as he stared over the side of the ship at the racing waves and the phosphorescent sea. He was puzzled. Every moment conviction forced itself upon him. A man with a broken leg could not have scrambled overboard. And yet the lascar was gone. Moreover, had he been cast overboard, the incident would have been seen. Repressing a shudder, he once more turned in the direction of the cabin, whence the lascar had disappeared. Repugnantly he picked up and closely examined the carved leg of the spider, but after a moment's scrutiny almost dropped the object. There was no longer a missing leg—this was not the same image he had taken from the lascar. The first glance showed that it was redder, the legs were longer and more sinuous, the claws were sharper, and the evil looking body was an inch greater in diameter. This creature's whole form was perfect, nor did a minute examination of the cabin reveal the spider with the missing leg. Dr. Urillia looked with care, but, looking, knew it was hopeless to continue the search.

But he shrugged his shoulders, and for a while stared with morbid curiosity at the red creature.

Then, wrapping it up gingerly in the covering, he conveyed the spider on to the after-deck. He looked round—no one was watching and he dropped the bundle into the silent sea. As it disappeared, his brows contracted. He lighted another cigar, and looked absently at the quivering depth of water. Dr. Urillia had his theory, but it was unpleasant even for a student of Oriental beliefs.

CRATER LAKE

The silent lake that lies here in this place,
Engirt by sheer walls of the shattered peak—
What tale were ours could its still waters speak!
Once, after age-long quiet, nature's face
Was altered. Fires spouted, and apace
Upon the fire-flash followed sound that smote
The hills with horror. Then Earth's yawning throat
Received a mountain, fled from this disgrace.

While massy rocks were hurled into the sky,
And dreadful thunder shook the solid earth,
While snow-of-ashes hid the sun on high,
Back to the dusky caverns of her birth
Returned Mazama. Now the waters plash
On craggy walls, and in the sunshine flash.

EVERETT EARLE STANARD.

IN OLD SANTA MONICA

By D. La Siskron

IN DAYS primeval, man hunted a cave close to running water where succulent roots and berries grew—food and drink only influenced him. Just such a spot was the Canyon of old Santa Monica. From rough mountain crags a rushing torrent had worn the deep arroyo across the level and through the high bluffs that face the sea, a nature made homesite. Though the oldest inhabited part of the country, old Santa Monica to-day drowses sleepily while progress marches on and man-made cities spring up around her, covering that once sage-brush covered land with the olive and orange from the sea on through Los Angeles to the mountains.

Here in old Santa Monica, a decade ago, Spanish American people lived out their destined part in the cycle of time: with them this story dwells.

The Story of a Big White Bull-dog and a Little Brindle Terrier.

Juan Sanchez, the fat butcher of old Santa Monica wept copiously each time Manuel Estrada's big white bull-dog "chewed" up his little brindle terrier. Juan also wept "tears of joy" when—but I must first tell you about Juan's nephew, Miguel Espinosa.

Miguel was a vaquero. The only work he had ever done in all his life of twenty-one years had been to ride a caballo (horse.)

He was a "gallant caballero"—he worked but once a year—at the time when the stockmen of the country rounded up their cattle and branded the young. Miguel was in his glory at such time: none were more expert in throwing the riata, bunching, separating or using the branding iron. He spared neither quoit nor spurs in the dashing equestrian feats which he performed with daring yet graceful abandon. The rest of the year he idled away, living at the home of his rich uncle, Juan Sanchez.

"He lives too fine for a poor man's son," wailed old Juan, fearing Miguel cared more for his (the uncle's) money than for the uncle himself. Miguel's father had always been poor.

"He loves his horse more than he loves me," the uncle often avowed, but Miguel was his sister's child, and

she was dead, so though the uncle grumbled, Miguel stayed on. However, handsome, indolent Miguel was grateful in a way.

Manuel Estrada.

Rich men's sons and poor men's are very much alike, for just around the corner, where the uncle was wont to take his daily walk, was a fashionable livery stable, in the door of which inevitably stood a rich man's son, Manuel Estrada.

Manuel's hobby was a big white bull dog, just as Miguel's idol was his horse. Now, Manuel Estrada was a bully; his big dog was a bully also. Trained to fight, his dog had never known defeat; the big brute literally "chewed up" every dog that was unfortunate enough to pass the stable, to the great delight of his master, the hangers on and employees who dropped all work to enjoy the fight.

Miguel's Sense of Justice Outraged.

One day in early spring, the busy morning hours in the shop being over, Juan Sanchez, fat and complacent, rolling a brown paper cigarette, was taking his daily pasear around the block, his little brindle terrier at his heels. Miguel, prancing by on his horse, stopped and saw—for the first time—the dogs fight, for, as usual, the big dog attacked the little one before the absent-minded uncle realized what had happened.

"Take heem off, take heem off!" wailed old Juan Sanchez. "He will keel heem," he cried, wringing his hands.

Then with a great show of effort the white dog was pried loose from his victim.

"Grab your dog by the hind legs," commanded Manuel Estrada to Miguel's uncle. "See. I hold my dog the same way; now pull—first pry his jaws open, hombres," he called to the stable hands, after which the uncle carried his bleeding dog home, crying:

"Pobre Perrito" (poor doggie) and threatening to use the law against Manuel Estrada and his dog.

Miguel, a silent spectator, was stirred with indignation at the uncalled for brutality, at the deliberate manner in which the white bull dog was allowed to mangle any chance passer-by for the amusement of his master and his master's friends. Miguel lingered until all was quiet, then rode home, put his horse up, and returned.

"A fine dog, that," he said, speaking to Manuel Estrada.

"Yes," was the answer.

"He can fight, too," Miguel ventured.

"Never been licked," Manuel replied.

"No," ejaculated Miguel, in pretended admiration, and then and there he began a study of Manuel's dog which lasted day after day as the weeks slipped by, until the dog's every movement, every mode of attack and way of fighting was familiar to Miguel, while at the same time, though apparently friendly to them, his contempt for both dog and master grew.

In the meantime he had been feeding and making friends with his uncle's dog.

"Uncle," he said one morning, "would you like to see Perrito whip the bull dog at the stable?"

"Yes, I would like to see that, but eet can't be done," the uncle answered. "My dog Perrito is what you call game—he fight to the last breath, but he ees too leetle and I suffer for him, my heart ache to see such big dog fight that leetle thing."

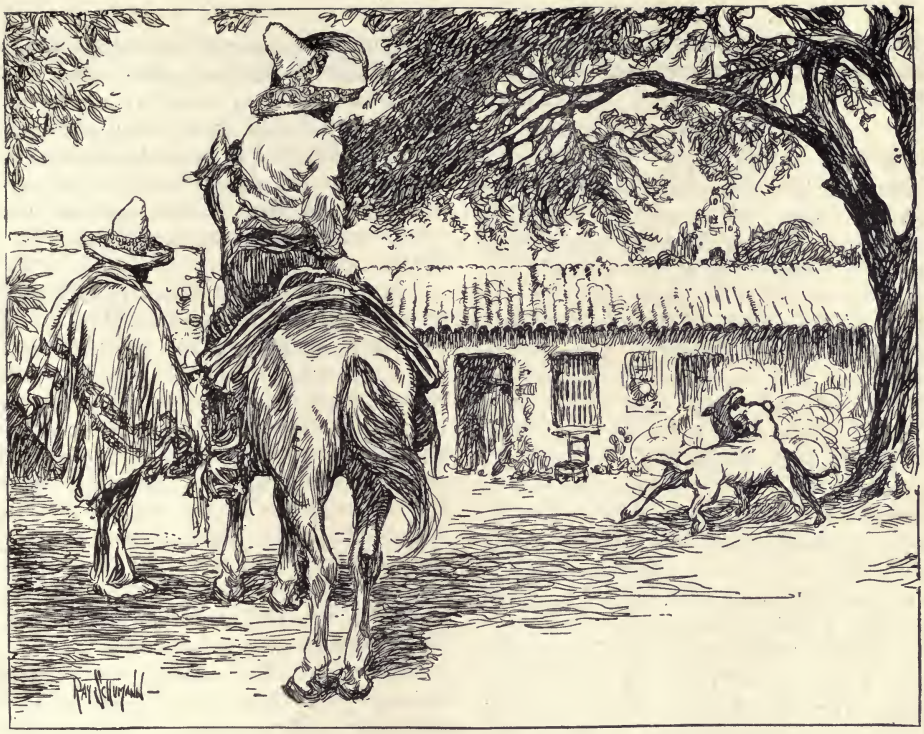
"Will you let me train Perrito, Uncle?"

"You train yourself to work," snapped the uncle. Miguel winced but ignored the speech. Turning away, he remarked:

"I'll keep Perrito in the stable with my horse. Eh, Uncle?" Receiving no answer, Miguel took his uncle's silence for consent.

In Training.

Along the high bluffs that skirt the fine, sandy beach of old Santa Monica, each morning now Miguel could be seen on his little pinto cow horse, followed by the brindle terrier. They



"Trained to fight, his dog had never known defeat."

finished their morning run by a dip in the sea early, as Miguel did not wish to be seen training the dog; he did not want Manuel Estrada to know he planned to give him the surprise of his life the next time his dog jumped little Perrito. But alas for Miguel. "Man proposes and fate decides."

Bare headed, bare footed, his only garments a shirt and trowsers, Miguel rode his horse like an Indian, with neither saddle nor bridle, merely a half hitch about the horse's nose. Once on the beach Miguel discarded the shirt, rolled up the trowsers, then taking Perrito in his arms, mounted his horse and rode out into the breakers. After the first few mornings, it was hard to tell which of the three enjoyed the swim most. When out as far as the horse would go, Miguel would throw Perrito in, jump in himself, and all three—man, dog and horse—would swim back. Many times the horse towed the other two ashore, Miguel and the dog clinging to his long tail. It was great sport.

When back at the barn, Miguel would feed the dog cooked meat and soup thickened with meal. This was his only food in twenty-four hours; the rest of the day the dog lay stretched out in the sun, then toward evening Miguel would play with him. He rigged up a pully in the barn and tied a sack to one end of the rope; with this he would tantalize the dog, but once Perrito got his teeth into the sack, Miguel might hoist him to the ceiling, swing him round and round, without being able to shake him off. Often Miguel would inveigle stray dogs in and teach Perrito to get this hold on the leg, taking pains never to let him seriously hurt the other dog; thus Perrito was not long in learning his power, for no matter how big the dog, if little Perrito once got this leg hold, the other dog was helpless.

At last Miguel had Perrito ready for the fray, and decided on the following day for the test. Perrito was "hard as nails"—he was an intelligent animal and had learned his lesson well.

Little did Miguel dream that his future happiness in life depended on the outcome.

The Dance.

In the old Spanish settlement in Santa Monica Canyon, the danza or balle (dance) given nightly was well attended, but the Saturday night balle was the most popular, the whole countryside turning out with the end in view of staying in town over Sunday, going to church, visiting friends and relations, and feasting (such as a barbecue of beef, beans and chili), thus making of Sunday a general gala day.

There were some fine old Spanish families who never mixed with the populace, but the greater part of this very human family, feeling strongly the pulse of life, sought amusement and grasped eagerly the only thing the country afforded, the balle. They had not arrived at the phase of civilization which knew the value of the simple life. The pure ozone-laden air of the fresh sea breeze meant nothing to them; mingling in the crowded room with its fetid human breath meant much more—human companionship.

Miguel loved the danza. He spent his all on decoration for his horse and himself. Around his wide sombrero was a leather band thickly studded with silver buttons; from his spurs dangled silver chains; the heels of his boots were the highest, and his trowser legs had the widest spring at the foot of any then made. His horse's bridle had a great silver concha on each ear, a Mexican dollar hung on its forelock, and his Spanish saddle was jet black, high of horn and elaborately carved. He made a gallant figure as he rode the streets of old Santa Monica, especially in the eyes of the senoritas who attended the danza.

Marie.

Marie Asevida, the beautiful daughter of a wealthy ranchero, was the promised bride of Manuel Estrada. Their parents had pledged them to each other when infants, as was the custom in many old Spanish families, and the wedding would have long since been over had not Marie taken a violent dislike to Manuel, when after several years away at school in a Los Angeles convent she came home and met him for the first time since childhood. Instinct of the opposite sex is generally true: it was in this case, at any rate, as Manuel was not a mate for Marie.

Manuel's wealthy father had started him in the livery stable business, but was now in despair at the reckless management, for Manuel was his own best customer, driving about town in his fashionable buggies, and dashing around on the finest saddle horses, his white bull dog ever at his heels, causing his father to urge haste in the marriage which he hoped would induce his son to settle down. On the following day there was to be a dinner party at which the formal announcement of the marriage was to be made.

Marie rebelled. She wept and begged her father not to insist on this marriage. He refused to listen. He had given his word and the preparations continued.

Marie's old nurse, Zara, an Indian women, secretly sympathized with Marie. She knew well the character of Manuel, knew that he had already won the love of a girl whom he met nightly at the public dance. Driven by her young mistress' distress to tell all she knew, she was appalled at the demand of Marie to be taken to the balle that night that she might see for herself.

Marie said "good-night" to her father early in the evening, then hid in the servants' quarters, in old Zara's sleeping place, until the Indian woman was free to go. Then with her rebosa draped about her head and shoulders, she could not have been told from any of the usual dancers as she sat on the bench in the hall near the door, old Zara by her side.

Manuel arrived. His girl came across the hall to greet him. They stood so close to Marie that she could have reached out her hand and touched them. Marie listened to their greeting with flushing cheeks.

"Come, Marita," whispered Zara, pulling at Marie's sleeve. "You have heard plenty."

"Not yet, Zara," huskily answered Marie, filled with indignation against the man chosen to be her husband, and whom she had just overheard deliberately paying court to another on the very eve of the announcement of his engagement to herself.

"How shall I expose him?" she murmured, more to herself than to the old woman.

"Chiquita mia," wailed Zara, "come away before you are discovered."

"Peste, compose yourself; we are watched," murmured Marie. Leaning against the wall on the opposite side of the room was a slender young man. His eyes had roved carelessly over the hall, then fastened themselves on Marie. The graceful poise of her dainty head attracted him. There was only one such figure in all Santa Monica, beautiful Marie Asevida. Miguel—for it was he—had met her the previous summer at her father's hacienda. Perhaps it was the memory of her beautiful face that kept him from paying attention to other girls.

Carelessly throwing his serape on a bench, along with his spurs, showing his horse to be not far away, Miguel sauntered up to the little figure sitting by the old servant.

Bowing gracefully, he asked Marie to dance with him—a common custom of the dance hall. To ask a girl with an escort, without a previous introduction, was to court a knife in the back, for these men were jealous of their women, and brooked no interference with their particular girl unless sanctioned by them.

'Tis the way of a story of the common people to the sordid truth.

Old Zara scowled, but Marie coquetted. Without removing her rebosa from about her head and face, she answered:

"I am not dancing to-night, Senor, but may dance just once. Should you care to earn the dance," she archly asked.

"You have but to tell me your wish, Senorita, and the dance is mine," Miguel declared, stimulated to take any risk by his desire to see the face under the rebosa.

"Ah, 'tis but a whim of mine to tease a—a—some one I know," she finished.

With a bough of understanding Miguel waited in a listening attitude.

"See that shawl lying on the bench yonder? Confiscate that unobserved, Senor, and the dance is yours."

Miguel straightened, looked once at the garment on the bench, keen eyed he tried to pierce Marie's veil, but the brightly colored rebosa was of heavy crape, opaque to all but the wearer. He then deliberately walked back to his position against the wall.

Marie was piqued. Old Zara again urged her to leave.

A man's high falsetto was singing "La Paloma" to the tinkle of a guitar. Still Marie stayed on.

Now the floor was crowded with dancers, the beautiful Spanish waltz had begun. With a heavy heart, Marie arose to go. If she could have secured that girl's rebosa she might have surprised Manuel into committing himself before her father. Intuition told her that he would never consent to his child marrying a faithless man. She turned and confronted Miguel standing there with his serape over his arm. He lifted one corner and exposed the coveted rebosa hidden in its folds. Then he lay it down by old Zara.

"May I claim the next dance, Senorita?" he courteously asked.

"Thank you for the risk you took, Senor, but I dare not stay longer."

"May we not finish this waltz?" Miguel smilingly interrogated. Responding to his gay manner, Marie had waltzed around the room when Miguel whispered:

"Remove your rebosa, Senorita; you are attracting attention." This was not the cause of the startled looks being cast about the hall, however. The shawl had been missed, the doors locked, and the dance now called to a halt. Some of these rebosas were of

great value, being hand wrought with threads of gold and silver.

Marie gasped. "I must not be seen here, Senor."

"Quick, Senorita—the window," whispered Miguel. In a second Marie was at the window. Miguel pressed close, shielding her from the crowd. A succession of reports, then darkness—Miguel had shot out the lights. A smashing of glass and Marie felt herself lifted bodily through the window, then dragged, half-carried, she stood beside a horse. Without a word of explanation, Miguel placed her behind him and they rode off into the starry night.

The Secret.

The Indian servants were astir early the next morning in the casa of Don Ramon Asevida, for to-day was to be the big feast day. The formal announcement of the marriage of the beautiful daughter of the house, Marie, to Manuel Estrada, and the select of the neighborhood were to dine there.

Great bunches of oranges on the stem and branches of ripe dates lay on the stone floor of the patio. Quantities of frijoles con queso had been prepared. Earthenware pots of chili sauce thickly strewn with raisins and olives stood by great stacks of tortillas de maiz. The dulce remained yet to be made before the barbecued meats were to be taken from the hole in the ground (oven of earth), where they had been slowly cooking since the day before.

Silently among them worked Zara, Marie's Indian nurse. No one, to have seen her, would have dreamed that she had spent a sleepless night scheming with Miguel Espinosa against this wedding.

Marie had confided in Miguel, and he had vowed by his patron saint that Manuel Estrada should never marry her. He returned to the vicinity of the dance hall and hunted up old Zara—who still had his serape with the stolen rebosa, and they had settled on a subtle way of causing Manuel himself to break the proposed marriage tie.

A hidden hope now smouldered in Zara's breast, but not by the flicker of her level eyes did she betray the secret.

Marie slept late: that is, she kept to her room, one moment lost in elysian dreams, the next cast down in despair. She had now met the one man in all the world that she could love. What if he had done naught but ride a horse all through life, her father had many horses that needed a rider, and Miguel had proved both brave and gallant—and such a partner for the danza. Marie lived again through the ecstacy of that one dance.

Suddenly with a bound she was at the door. "Were the guests arriving so soon?" With a low cry to an attendant she called through the door. Pushing aside the others Zara answered her mistress. Aloud she said. " 'Tis but a messenger with a gift for you, Senorita." But once inside the room, Zara carefully drilled Marie in the part that she must play that day.

Miguel had sent Perrito, his uncle's bull dog, to Marie as a gift. The dog had been delivered by a boy who immediately disappeared. The card bore naught but "Recuerdo De Amigo" (remembrance from a friend.) Nothing to give an inkling from whom it came.

Marie's part was to inveigle her father to wager her dog against Manuel's white bull dog.

Miguel had judged rightly when in his extremity he had thought of and proposed this, for Marie's father, Don Asevida, was a born gambler. To bet on a cock fight was his greatest pastime; a bull-fight, down by the Mexican border, an occasional treat, while a dog fight presented to him a chance to bet not to be missed. His guests were of the same type.

The feasting began after siesta time when the guests had all arrived. Fine old vino de San Gabriel was served, and later, when the toasting waxed warm, Marie boasted of her gift, the little bull dog—at the last moment safely hidden in old Zara's quarters,

Miguel having impressed it on the Indian woman's mind the dire result of feeding him anything. The dog was to have not so much as a drink of water. Perrito was in perfect condition and Miguel trembled with fear lest anything go wrong. The stage was Marie's freedom.

Seated between her father and her would-be lover, Marie wielded her wit and the wine so well that soon she had the bet made between her father and Manuel.

"And the stakes!" cried Marie.

"Si, si," chorused the guests.

"I, myself, shall be the stake," dramatically declared Marie.

"How? How is that?" exclaimed Manuel, passing his hand across his forehead in bewilderment.

A shocked silence ensued.

"Good!" then spoke Manuel's father turning the tide of disapproval into favor. He was so sure of the outcome: he had seen little Perrito—that he then and there sent for Manuel's dog. He would have these young people married and done with fooling. This was the opportunity to settle it for good.

Zara's Part in the Plot.

A short, plump figure stood out from among the palms in the garden of Don Asevida, her head and shoulders draped in a bright rebosa.

Stunned, Manuel Estrada staggered away through the trees. A good gambler is a good loser, and he had lost. His dog had hardly lasted ten minutes. Little Perrito had recognized his old enemy, and like a flash had shot out at him, getting a leg hold close to the body on the under side of the right front leg, and hanging on like grim death. It was to be a fight to the finish. Manuel's dog had no chance whatever to get at him; it was now simply a matter of how long before the bone would break or how long the big brute would stand the pain of the little terrier's grinding teeth.

Alas for Manuel! Fate was dealing out some of his own medicine to him. He had left every one and come out into the garden to compose himself—to realize that he had lost Marie.

Then he saw the figure in the gay rebosa, and in another minute Manuel had her in his arms confessing his love for her, and her alone. The figure slowly faced him. It was Zara, the Indian woman, wearing the stolen rebosa. Manuel had mistaken her for his girl of the dance hall as Zara had intended he should.

With a curse he threw her from him and turned to meet the angry eyes of Don Asevida, who had seen and heard all. Manuel backed away toward the stable after his horse, an ugly grin on his face. Better get away before he committed himself further, he decided; there was no hope for a reconciliation now.

At the entrance, as he was leaving, he met old Juan Sanchez and his nephew, Miguel. His eyes followed them curiously. Could all that had happened to him that day have been mere accident? Then in a flash he remembered the old butcher's dog and knew.

"So it is to you I owe all this," he hissed, placing himself directly in Miguel's path, but Miguel calmly returned his angry look with steady eyes, then merely shrugged his shoulders and passed on at a shove from behind by old Juan, who laughed insolently in Manuel's face and crowded up to him as if to dare Manuel to start something. The Indian woman, Zara, had sent them the word they were waiting for, and they were now on the spot immediately after, prepared to lay seige to Don Asevida in behalf of Miguel, who was there to make plea for the hand of Marie.

Miguel had confided the whole story to his uncle, confessed his love for Marie and that she returned his love. The uncle had responded with his money bags so gallantly that even old Don Asevida was finally won over to look favorably on handsome Miguel, his daughter's choice.

Juan Sanchez wept tears of joy over his dog, Perrito, while feasting was resumed, and the fickle guests now toasted the newly chosen bridegroom.

Pier 44

By Llewellyn B. Peck

Standing out on the pier-head,
Sweeping the luminous gray,
Close-wrapped o'er the whispering waters,
I hear the start of the day—
The shrill command of the whistles,
Where the sun-shot steam cloud gleams,
And the patient girders tremble
To the rumble and clank of the teams.

Not Ostia's sea-whipped triremes
Brought Rome more wondrous store,
The toll of the deep-sea argosies
Piled high on Forty-four.

Cases of Orange Pekoe,
And jute bales white and raw;
One for my lady's table,
One for the prison's maw.
Product of field and jungle
And desert, with odors that cling,
From Asia's oldest countries;
Oh, weird are the songs they sing!

The busy ships of Carthage,
They swept the ocean floor;
But Dido knew not half the wealth
That goes through Forty-four!

Cases of silken cargo
To the waiting freight trains whirled.
(What regret e'er held right of way
To speed o'er half the world?)
Oh, you, who prate of lost Romance,
Who but the dead past prize—
Go seek the bay, and humbly pray
That God shall give you eyes.

The fleets of Tyre and Sidon,
They cruised the wide sea o'er;
But Hiram dreamed what you may know
In the shed of Forty-four!

And ever the doors wide opened,
Rimmed in the flare of day,
Show in a gleaming vista
The Pageant of The Bay—
Cruiser and tramp and liner
And sea-browned barkentine,
The ocean brothers side by side
With the toiling tugs between.

Ever changing, yet changeless,
At rest on the sunset shore.
God send a singer of olden time
To sing of Forty-four!

Reminiscences of Early Virginia City

By a Californian

Part II

The following chapter from the life of George Thomas Marye, an early California pioneer who was a resident of Virginia City during the years from 1869 to '81, gives a fuller account perhaps of the town at that time, and of some of its people than has yet been published. Virginia City cut such a brilliant figure during the years of its fleeting prosperity and played such an important part in the life of the nation that its story must always have a lasting and alluring interest.

IN 1863 Virginia City was still in what we may call its first period of prosperity. Blauvelt, who had held a responsible position in the banking house of D. O. Mills & Co., in Sacramento, after his arrival in Virginia City established himself there with an associate as bankers and brokers under the firm name of Arnold & Blauvelt. Among his colleagues in the same line of business were James H. Latham, Wells-Fargo's agent in Virginia City, Paxton & Thornburg, H. G. Maynard of Gold Hill, and Stateler & Arrington, all of whom were well known, and except Stateler long engaged in business on the Comstock or in connection with it in San Francisco. Stateler was unsuccessful a a few years later, and when he failed he owed a good deal of money to C. W. Fox, who was at one time Marye's agent in San Francisco. Fox, who was not inappropriately named, soon convinced himself that if he had to wait to be paid with the other creditors, his chances of getting his money were very slender, though he believed that Stateler could pay him if he wanted to. So he went to him and said: "Stateler, I believe you have a very good business here, and if we went in together and you let me manage it we could both make money. I think I would be willing to furnish the money to start

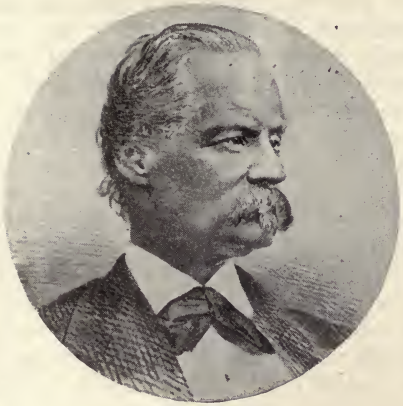
D. O. Mills

the business up again, if you let me handle it. I will think it over and see you again in a day or two." Stateler, who was naturally anxious to re-establish himself and particularly with a man who was willing to furnish the capital, readily acquiesced in the suggestion. In a day or so Fox came back again and said: "Well, I have been thinking about that matter, and I am willing to furnish the capital to start up again, but it wouldn't do for us to go in together if you owe me money. People would say that I had just gone in to help you out, and they wouldn't have any confidence in the concern and we wouldn't get any business. You had better pay me up and

we can start with a clean bill of health and make it a success." Stateler must have thought that the opportunity was worth the sacrifice, for he paid the money, but the co-partnership was never formed and he never resumed business. Fox was Marye's agent in San Francisco in the early seventies, when he added considerably to his store, but the arrangement did not last long and the agency was discontinued when Marye opened his own office in San Francisco.

Prior to their failure, Stateler & Arrington carried on a large business in all the various fields of activity in and around Virginia City. When the decline in values came, following upon the exhaustion of the early ore bodies, notably of the great body of black sulphurets in the upper levels of the Gould & Curry, when the value of that mine fell from $6,000 a foot to $700 a foot, Stateler & Arrington were unable to stand the pressure and were obliged to close their doors. Their principal creditor was the Bank of California, to which they owed $40,000, and the bank, through its president, William C. Ralston, sent up to Virginia City to realize whatever could be procured in satisfaction of its claim from the assets of the bankrupt firm, Wm. Sharon, who later became for a time the most prominent figure on the Comstock, and who had a good deal to do with Marye's going to Virginia City to engage in business in 1869. Fortunately, soon after Sharon got to Virginia City there was quite a strengthening of values, and he was enabled to bring about sales of the timber lands, saw mills, town property, mortgages and other assets of the defunct firm at figures which fully repaid the bank. Settling the affairs of Stateler & Arrington kept him on the Comstock for some time, and during his stay, after going over the ground very thoroughly, he reached the conclusion that it would be highly profitable to the Bank of California to open an agency in Virginia City, and also that the increased banking facilities furnished by the agency would greatly aid in the development of the district. When he returned to San Francisco he presented his views to the managers of the bank, and succeeded in convincing them of their soundness, and in 1864 he was appointed to go to Virginia City and open an office there as the bank's agent.

The building at the southwest corner of Taylor and C streets, in which Sharon established the agency of the Bank of California, and where it has been ever since, was in 1863 the property of T. J. Taylor, a forwarding and commission merchant, after whom Taylor street was named. Taylor was prosperous enough until he became the owner of a mine, or of a mining location, called the Solferino, and became possessed with the idea that it was rich in ore. He could not free himself of that infatuation, and gradually stripped himself of all that he had in order to carry on development work in what proved to be merely a hole in the ground, and in so doing he borrowed $12,000 at 5 per cent a month from W. H. Blauvelt, and gave a mortgage on the Taylor and C street property to secure the debt. Blauvelt very reluctantly had to take the property in satisfaction of the mortgage, and when he and Arnold established themselves as bankers in Virginia City they opened their office in the building Blauvelt had thus acquired. Sharon, in looking for a suitable location for the agency of the Bank of California, proposed to Blauvelt to buy his building at a fair valuation and to take over his business and take him into the bank as well. Blauvelt understood that the agency would be his close neighbor in any event, and he knew it would be a formidable rival and would surely get the lion's share of the business, so he acquiesced in the arrangement, and the agency was opened in the month of September, 1864, in the old Taylor-Blauvelt building, where, as we have said, it has been ever since. Some months afterwards, in May, 1865, Blauvelt was made the agent of the bank in Gold Hill, and he continued to hold that



William Sharon

position until 1879, when the agency there closed out its business.

Sharon was no novice in affairs of the Comstock when he opened the agency of the Bank of California in Virginia City. He had already won his spurs as an operator in the shares of the mines, and at least on one occasion had shown those qualities of quick decision and firm purpose which subsequently distinguished him. He had invested heavily and at high figures in stock of the Gould & Curry mine, which he looked upon at the time as of almost the same stable value as real estate holdings in San Francisco, and when it began to decline rapidly from the price it had reached of $6,000 a foot, he hurried to Virginia City and went into the mine, and, as he used to say afterwards in telling of it, "I trembled." He at once telegraphed to his broker in San Francisco: "Sell my stock." The next day he got the report: "Have sold (mentioning the number) feet; think it better not to force more on the market just now; expect prices will rally in a few days." Sharon at once sent another despatch: "Sell all my stock." He lost all that he had embarked in the venture, but the proceeds of the sales paid what he owed, and he was free from debt. The stock did not rally, but continued to decline, and had he waited a day longer he would have had a heavy weight of debt to add to his losses. No one ever accepted the fortunes of war with greater equanimity than Sharon, and no one ever carried through difficult and hazardous ventures with a more unruffled spirit. Marye's son, who years afterwards did a large business for him in the Board in San Francisco, used to say that no one could be more agreeable to do business for, and that he never once heard from him a word of complaint or blame at the way his orders had been executed.

But Sharon's ventures in the main were very successful, and just after he went to Virginia City to open the agency, and while he was getting it ready to begin business he quite made up his losses in Gould & Curry by profitable operations in the stock of the Yellow Jacket mine. He used to go into the mine pretty much every day, and he began to buy when the stock was selling at $350 a foot. He bought five feet, and continued to buy in lots of five feet at a time until the stock reached $575 a foot, at which figure he bought his last lot of five feet, and had then thirty feet. He stood on his holdings, collected several dividends, and then sold out at the highest prices the stock reached, from $2,500 to $2,700 a foot, and made a profit of more than $60,000 feet. It was less than six months from the time he made his first purchase of five feet until he sold out, and after he sold the stock declined rapidly, so that he had luck on his side as well as good judgment in that venture. A year or so afterwards he operated very successfully in the stock of the Savage mine, and in 1867 he told Marye in San Francisco that in his stock operations, and in taking over milling properties on the Carson River, he had made all of $250,000 in the preceding six months.

At the time the Bank of California opened its agency in Virginia City the experimental stage of the strenuous life of the town was largely over. At the outset the owners and directors of the mines had to experiment with men as well as with the means to best extract and reduce the ores. It was not

easy to find skilled men trained in deep mining, and those who were tried and from whom much was expected, sometimes furnished more amusement to their unpretending brethren on the Comstock than profit to the mine. On one occasion the directors of the Ophir made overtures to Walter W. Palmer, a mining man who had had charge of a mine in Mexico, and who was temporarily in San Francisco, to appoint him superintendent of the mine. While the negotiations were pending he said: "Gentlemen, my terms are a salary of $25,000 a year and a contract for that length of time. You must reach a conclusion within forty-eight hours, for if we do not come to an understanding within that time I must go back to my work in Mexico." A salary of $25,000 was a very large one in those days, as much as the President of the United States was then receiving, and it was very unusual to make a contract with a man whose abilities had not been tested. But the directors thought that Palmer knew more about quartz mining and reducing ores than any one else in California or Nevada, and they accepted his terms and elected him superintendent. At the mine where he had worked in Mexico they used what was called the Patio process of amalgamating silver, and after he came to the Comstock he spent most of his time at the Ophir mill in Washoe Valley trying to improve that process by driving horses through the pulp, consisting of crushed ore, quicksilver, salt, copper and water, saying that the warmth of the horses' feet was necessary to make the amalgamating process complete. The directors as well as the superintendent were the butt of a great deal of ridicule, and when his term of employment came to an end it was not renewed.

But if there were some mistakes the selections of the men to do the work were for the most part judicious and attended with happy results. The superintendents, foremen and miners originated and introduced many improvements in mining operations, and the way the work was done on the Comstock became the model and example for deep quartz mining the world over. Philip Deidesheimer, a German engineer from Hesse-Darmstart, who was superintendent of the Mexican, or employed in some responsible position in the mine, originated the "square sets" system of timbering, which was at once adopted in all the mines on the Comstock, and has since then been in general use everywhere. The Encyclopedia Brittanica speaks of the magnificent timbering of the shafts of the Comstock lode, and quotes from James D. Hague's description of it, but there is no mention made of Deidesheimer who originated it. For some reason he did not patent his highly original and valuable invention, and it was the frequent subject of remark for years on the Comstock that if he had done so he would have been in the receipt of very large sums of money from royalties. His improvidence, or perhaps the nonpatentable nature of his invention was all the more to be regretted that those sums would have been very acceptable to him in later years.

Another mining superintendent of the same period was Seth Cook of the Sierra Nevada. He was afterwards largely interested in several mines of the Comstock and in mining properties elsewhere. B. F. Sherwood was superintendent or business manager of the Central, which subsequently, as a part of the Consolidated Virginia, yielded an enormous output of the precious metals, but that is an incident of a later date. P. N. McKay, or as he was popularly known on the Comstock, Pat McKay, was superintendent of the old California. He lived in the superintendent's house, which is still standing and goes by the name of the California House. McKay was friendly with the important firm of Bolton, Barron & Co., in San Francisco, and was supposed to represent their interests in Virginia City. Robert F. Morrow began his long connection with the Comstock at a very early day. He was at first superintendent

J. W. Mackay

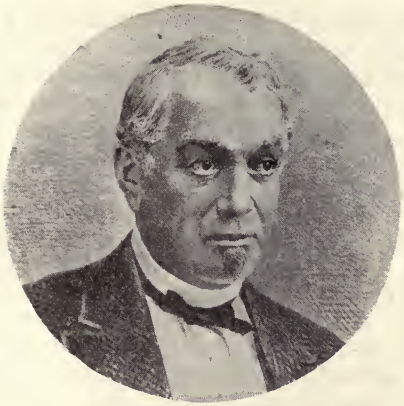
of the White & Murphy, and when work was discontinued in that mine, which afterwards became a part of the Consolidated Virginia, he became superintendent of the Savage. He retained that position until he transferred his activities to San Francisco, or, as the expression always was in Virginia City, to the Bay, where he joined the San Francisco Stock Exchange and became one of its most vigorous members. Charles L. Strong was superintendent of the Gould & Curry when it was working its great body of black sulphurets, and was paying dividends of $125 and $150 a month, and the property was selling at the rate of $6,000 a foot. Strong was fond of display, and made his tenure of office a brilliant one. He spent money lavishly, drove four horses, and as the saying was, kept champagne on tap. Unfortunately, when his exaggerated ideas of the emoluments and permanency of his office were harshly corrected through the loss of his position, the change in his circumstances was more than he could bear, and he ended his days by suicide in San Francisco a few years later. He was followed by Charles Bonner, whose brother, John Bonner, sometimes afterwards was one of the best known journalists of San Francisco and a literary man of enduring reputation. Charles Bonner died while superintendent of the Gould & Curry, leaving an interesting family well provided for. His widow afterwards married a well known business man of San Francisco, and his children owned an extensive and valuable vineyard in the San Joaquin Valley near Fresno. J. N. Walker was superintendent of the Bullion mine, and also of the Exchequer. Those two neighboring mines were very eligibly situated on the lode and great hopes were entertained about them; but they never yielded anything and they proved disastrous investments to every one who had much to do with them. De Land, the owner of De Land's mill in Ten Mile Canyon, was superintendent of the Chollar at an early day, but he did not hold the position long. He was succeeded by Isaac L. Requa, who was superintendent for a long time, and who accumulated a large fortune in Virginia City. The superintendent of the Empire Mill and Mining Company was Robert N. Graves, whose subsequent career furnished a striking example of the vicissitudes of mining. After the great development in Consolidated Virginia and California in 1875 he had an income of eighty thousand dollars a month from twenty thousand shares of Consolidated Virginia and twenty thousand shares of California, both of which mines were paying monthly dividends of two dollars a share. But he continued to operate extensively in the highly speculative shares of the Comstock mines, and his later ventures were not successful. His great profits soon melted away, and when he died many years after he left very little. Charles Forman was also one of the early superintendents; he had charge of the Eclipse Mill and Mining Company. That claim and a number of other small adjoining ones, among them the Bowers, Plato and Empire, were merged later into one company called the Consolidated Imperial, of which Robert N. Graves was the first superintendent. Forman remained in Virginia City, and was at one time superintendent of the Overman mine. When he left the Comstock he went to Los Angeles, where he resided for many years. Captain Thomas G.

Taylor was superintendent of the Best & Belcher in the early or middle sixties. He was afterwards superintendent of the Crown Point, and when he retired he went to San Francisco, where he lived for the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of an ample competency.

It seems curious at first blush that neither history nor tradition in Virginia City furnishes any information about the men after whom some of the most important mines were named. The Best & Belcher, the Gould & Curry, the Hale & Norcross, the Savage, were all prominent mines, and at various times represented enormous values, yet no one knew anything about the men whose names they bore. That seems strange at first, but when we reflect about it it becomes less so. The early prospectors were always poor men of roving and adventurous disposition, and when they had made their locations they soon realized that they had not the money, and probably in some instances the patience to develop their claims, so they promptly sold them for such small remuneration as they could get, and drifted on to new fields to make other discoveries. We may indulge the hope that they did make other discoveries that paid them better than those they had made on the Comstock, but it may be confidently asserted that none of them ever made another which added so much to the wealth of the world.

The transition from dealing in feet in the mines to dealing in shares of the capital stock of the mining companies took place in 1867, on the San Francisco Stock Exchange, and everywhere. At the outset the mines were organized or incorporated with feet and shares, the number of shares corresponding with the number of feet, and the number of the latter being usually the same as the number of feet in the claim on the lode. Still, if there was any question about the number of feet that a mine was entitled to it always incorporated for the full number that it claimed. In some instances there were several shares to a foot, as in the Gould & Curry, which had four shares to a foot, but for a long time all the dealings in interests in the mines were in feet. Gradually, however, the many advantages of dealing in shares rather than in feet became obvious, and the old custom was abandoned for the newer and more convenient one. Many of the less important mines were originally incorporated in Nevada, because it was easier and cheaper to incorporate there —but in 1867, or by that time, practically all of the mines, with some rare exceptions, had been re-incorporated in California, with such number of shares as seemed expedient in each instance, but always without any consideration of the number of feet in the mine. The number of shares, however, in the different mines was never a constant quantity, nor was the par value of the shares. Thus in 1871 after the great development in Crown Point and Belcher the number of shares was greatly increased in all the more important mines, and the par value of the shares in practically all of them was made $100. And again, as late as 1889 at the conclusion of the Spanish war, there were radical changes made. The Government at that time, having imposed a tax upon all the corporations of the country in proportion to the amount of their capital stock, the mines of the Comstock found it necessary to greatly reduce their capitalization. The Yellow Jacket Silver Mining Company, as an illustration, which had always been a Nevada corporation, and which had at the time we are speaking of 120,000 shares of the par value of $100 each, amounting to $12,000,000, sold its property to the Yellow Jacket Gold and Silver Mining Company, a new corporation organized under the laws of the State of Nevada, with 120,000 shares of the par value of $3 each, amounting to $360,000. The other mines made similar arrangements to escape a burden of taxation which would have crushed them out of existence.

Mining development was at a pretty



William S. O'Brien

low ebb on the Comstock in 1868, and it was very little, if any, better, when Marye first went to Virginia City in the beginning of 1869. The early ore bodies in Ophir and in other mines of Virginia City and Gold Hill had ceased to yield in paying quantities, and the great body of black sulphurets in Gould & Curry, which had attracted the attention of the world, had for some time been exhausted. Sinking, drifting, cross-cutting were actively carried on in all the principal mines, but there had been no recent developments to reward the miner, although the indications had continued steadily favorable. It is one of the surprises of the Comstock and an illustration of the uncertainties of mining everywhere that the only group of mines on the lode proper in which work had been completely abandoned was that which was subsequently organized into the Consolidated Virginia and California companies, which proved the greatest producers of all the wonderful mines of Washoe. The group lay between Best & Belcher on the south and Ophir on the north, and included the Dick Sides, the White & Murphy, Central No. 2, California (the early incorporation of that name), Central No. 1, and the Kenney. Central No. 2 was at that time a corporation without assets. Its claim on the lode had been sold out in execution of a judgment in favor of Williams & Bixler, a firm of Virginia City lawyers. They had performed certain legal services for the company, for which they made the charge of twelve hundred dollars. The company was not doing any work, and could not levy any assessments, and so could not pay the bill. Williams & Bixler were obliged to bring suit and to sell out the property of the company in satisfaction of their judgment. The stock in the Consolidated Virginia and California Companies received for the property thus acquired when those mines were afterwards organized and incorporated reached the value in 1875 of $3,000,000.

But those conditions were undreamed of in Virginia City in 1868, and values were on a very different plane. Prospecting was extensively carried on in the principal mines, as has been said, but for immediate results the town had to look to sources of less magnitude and less promise. Smaller deposits of ore which had been overlooked or neglected in times of greater profit were turned to account either by the mining companies themselves or by contractors, to whom contracts were given to work certain parts of the mines. Rule & O'Neale, owners of the Marysville Mill in Gold Hill, obtained a contract from the Gould & Curry mine to work the rejected ore in the old stopes on payment of two or three dollars a ton to the company. It was current rumor at the time that they made quite a large sum out of their contract, as they were said to have uncovered a number of pockets in the old redledge, in which the percentage of gold was unusually high. The Chollar croppings were vigorously worked, and Walter Hobart was said to have made a profit of a quarter of a million out of his contract with the Chollar Company to pay one or two dollars for each ton of ore taken from above the "three hundred foot level." The re-working of previously abandoned or neglected portions of the mines proved profitable in a good many instances, and gave employment to many men and to a number of quartz

James G. Fair

mills, but it was not the kind of mining on which great expectations could be based for the future.

The expense of milling the ores was very considerably reduced at this time. It had been $25 a ton, but in 1868 it had fallen to $15. William Sharon and his associates in the Union Mill & Mining Company had acquired possession of mill and mining sites on the Carson river, and had improved and enlarged old mills and built some new ones, and the old steam mills in and around Virginia City and Gold Hill were unable to compete with the cheaper water power, and had to go out of existence, to the great loss of their owners, and the Union Mill & Mining Company proved Sharon's most profitable possession, as it was of his principal associate, D. O. Mills. It was during this period that John W. Mackay, who afterwards loomed so large on the Comstock, came into general notice. His great abilities as a miner and organizer marked him for success from the time he first came to Virginia City from Downieville in California in the early '60's, but he had of course to wait and plan for the opportunity to start on his upward career. It came to him when he obtained control of the Kentuck mine, which became a dividend producer under his management, out of which he made a good deal of money. Afterwards he became superintendent of the Bullion, through which he made his salary and nothing more, for the mine was always a will-o'-the-wisp, and with the most alluring indications never yielded a pound of paying ore, but it was while he was superintendent of that mine that the connection was formed which afterwards became celebrated, between Flood and O'Brien in San Francisco, and Mackay and Fair in Virginia City. At first there was a fifth partner in the alliance, James H. Walker, whose brother, Governor Walker of Virginia was Governor of that State when Marye's cousin, John L. Marye, was Lieutenant-Governor immediately following the reconstruction period. Walker, for some reason, withdrew from the combination which was subsequently known as the Bonanza firm, and Mackay bought his interest, and that is why in all of the ventures of the firm after that time Mackay had twice the holdings of any one of his colleagues. The combination as permanently constituted, and which was destined to have such a brilliant career on the Comstock and in the business world of San Francisco was made up of Jas. Clair Flood, Wm. Shonessy O'Brien, John W. Mackay, and James G. Fair. Three of those were men of very exceptional ability, and in all likelihood each one of them would have pressed his way to the front rank in any community in which his lot might have been cast. It was often a matter of discussion among those who knew them well when they first became prominent as to which one was the dominant or leading factor in the aggregation. The question was never answered, for the reason that there was no general leader, each of the three taking the lead in those activities which were tacitly recognized as falling more particularly within his field. Entire harmony prevailed among the members of the firm until Fair withdrew from it several years after its great successes, and after the fever heat of the mining period on the Comstock had quite subsided.

The new union of forces revealed itself to the general public of Califor-

nia street and Virginia City in a very striking and unexpected way. After the Bank of California had established an agency in Virginia City with Sharon at its head, and Sharon had organized the Union Mill & Mining Company, he and his associates, usually known as the "bank crowd," had gradually obtained complete and undisputed control of practically all the mines on the great lode. In 1869, however, at the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hale & Norcross mine for the election of directors for the ensuing year, Fair and Flood made their appearance with enough stock standing in their name and sufficient proxies to enable them to carry the election. Mining circles, and indeed the public generally, were at once filled with curiosity to know who the new men were who had thus unexpectedly and without attracting any attention, obtained control of such an important property. And if the many inquiries which were made at the time resulted only in showing that they were new men without any particular interest in their past, what they had recently done and especially the manner of its accomplishment, gave promise of much of interest in their future, a promise which was abundantly kept.

When these men obtained control of the mine an assessment had been levied, which was not, however, de-

J. C. Flood

linquent at the time of the election. Soon after they took charge they rescinded the assessment, and declared a dividend, and their management of the property gave them such a prestige that at the next annual election of the Gould & Currie they had proxies enough to take over the mine; and and it was through following a very thin clay seam carrying diminutive specks of quartz from the bottom workings of the Gould & Curry through the Best & Belcher mine into Consolidated Virginia ground that the great bonanza was discovered.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to
fortune."

TWILIGHT IN SANTA BARBARA

The golden sheen of sunset fills
Canyon, and valley, and the bay;
And glints on peak and distant hills
That vanish, leagues and leagues away.

Down in the wee snug valley sleep
The nestled houses—drenched with haze;
And out by pier and ocean, weep
The sobbing waves of long past days.

A dream town; and of seas and deeps;
And where the Mission waits in tryst,
A wealth of years in silence sleeps
'Mid lovely hills of amethyst.

LEILA WEEKES WILSON.

The Deer Poachers

By Maud Goodhue

AL LOOKED snubishly over the table on which steamed potatoes, beans, bread and a few other eatables, then turning to his mother, said: "I guess I'm losing my appetite, mother. Nothing seems to look good to me."

"It's this doing without meat that's the trouble, my son. I don't know what to cook for you. It seems like the same old thing every day, beans and potatoes, potatoes and beans. You are tired of them, that's what's the matter; but with meat eighteen cents a pound and twenty-five cents stage fare, it's more than we can pay, when you've been out of work most all the year. We ought to be thankful for what we have, Al; it's more than hundreds of others have." Mrs. Johnson sighed as she thought of the time when they had less on the table.

"Oh, I'm just snoopy, mother. I'll be all right in a day or two; don't you bother about me," answered Al, attempting cheerfulness.

The meal was finished in silence. Then Al snatched his gun from above the door, and buckled his hunting belt around his waist, while his mother looked on in silence.

"I'm going quail hunting, mother. Don't look frightened—quail are in season.

Late that evening Al walked into the house with a contented expression on his face.

"Did you get any quail, Al? You must have had some luck."

"No quail, mother, but no more hunger. We are going to have meat to eat, and plenty of it while it lasts."

"You don't mean you have killed a deer. You know the penalty for killing out of season."

Al smiled. "I didn't kill a deer. I killed two deer. Don't be fussy. No harm will come of it. Is supper ready? I'm as hungry as a she-wolf."

After his meal, Al went over to the Frolicks, called Beany out, and told him about the deer, offering him a part of the meat if he would help bring them home. More help was needed, so they went to Morrow's. Al was the promised husband of Morrow's daughter, and he thought it would be safe to confide in his future father-in-law and brother. A little later the four men stole up the mountain side, through the thick underbrush and tall pines that towered above, shutting off the view of the rising moon. After climbing over the first crest, they reached a small ravine. Here old man Morrow pleaded fatigue, so the three younger men climbed the next top and brought two carcasses down to the ravine, where they skinned and quartered them. The town was reached a little after midnight, and the venison was hidden in cellars and out of the way places, safe from any curious game warden's prying eyes.

The following morning Al stepped to the back door of his aunt's house, next door, with a bundle wrapped deep in newspapers. Aunt Grace was the only one up in the household, and Al handed the bundle to her with a twinkle in his steel blue eyes as he said: "Just a piece of wild sheep for you, Auntie."

She gave him a startled look. "Oh, you bad boy. I know what kind of sheep it is. I don't know whether to take it or not. Gibbie doesn't like venison, and since he had to help pay that fine for having venison out of season, he told me if I ever took another

piece he would take his sentence."

"Never mind, Grace, you'll be safe in taking this meat; there'll be no fine if you're careful.

A little later, Aunt Grace, her husband, and son Ben sat down to breakfast, and a nice, steaming, juicy piece of venison was placed before Ben.

Ben whistled. "Say, you're a rustler, mother. Meat for breakfast is going some. I'll take a chance."

"Yes," put in his father, "but your mother will have to rustle a little more when it comes to paying the fine. I refuse to ever pay another fine for meat I do not eat."

"Oh, eat some, dad, and take a chance. It's as good as fried chicken." said Ben, enjoying his mouthful.

"No; it's too expensive to suit me, especially when I'm broke."

"Well, mother and I will take a change. It's only expensive when one is caught."

* * * *

Three days later Jim Hall, game warden, sat on an old fallen tree on the mountain side, eating his lunch. His eyes wandered over the great Sierras. There they lay, that mighty wrinkling of Mother Earth's old face, huge, jagged masses of bare gray rock patched here and there with green and finally capped with white where they pierced the blue. All over the gray sides, like attacking columns, the dark, daring pines swarmed in massed battalions, then, where ravines gave them footing, in regiments, then in outpost pickets, and last of all in lonely, rigid sentinels. But far above the loneliest sentinel pine in the distance, cold, white, serene, shone the peaks. Hall had been among these mountains ever since his birth, yet he never tired of their grandeur.

Hall walked up along side the log he had been sitting on, in order to reach his horse, which was tied on the other side. He had gone but a few steps when he noticed that the dirt beside the log had been disturbed, the underbrush parted and broken, and a bunch of pine needles heaped up, as if hurriedly pushed there to conceal something.

"Who's been playing around here?" murmured Hall to himself, eyeing the spot with interest.

Hall loved wild animals. He had a little doe at home which he had found mired in a small swamp, almost dead. He had taken it home under great difficulty, and mothered it back to life. To kill one of these wild meek-eyed deer was to him a crime. When he saw the poachers' signs, he realized instinctively that some one had broken the law, and the next moment he was transformed into a sleuth on the trail. He untied his horse and led her along as he traced the tracks of Al, Beany, Charley and old man Morrow. Finally he came to the secluded ravine where the four men had skinned and quartered the deer. From the signs he knew that the killing had been made some three or perhaps four days before.

Hall's suspicions, now having legs to run on, he set to tracing the tracks of the four men. They led to the open trail that runs through the little mountain town. These signs gave him his direction, and Hall was almost certain the deer were killed by some one in that town. Eight families were located there. Which of them were guilty?

While Hall was planning a way to catch the deer slayers, some of the latter were clearing away all evidences of their poaching. After the venison, which lasted a week, was gone in Aunt Grace's household, she accepted a dish of chili con carne from her sister, Mrs. Johnson, which partly contained venison. Her husband, thinking it canned, ate it with great relish. Ben was tickled over the mistake, and could not forbear joshing his father, who swallowed the meat unconcernedly and said: "Any one can tell this is canned by the taste. Canned goods always taste of the can."

Ben snickered. "This is Adam and Eve repeating themselves, dad. Mother has put up a meat sell on you. It's venison."

"Is that true, Grace?" and he looked steadfastly at his wife.

She did not reply, but "yes" was written on her face.

"Well," exclaimed dad, seriously, "there is no use crying over spilt milk. I've swallowed the venison, and I suppose one-third of the fine is up to me. Anyway, I feel responsible."

"That is what we're working for, isn't it, mother?" put in Ben. "It's better to divide a fine between three than two."

The meal was finished in silence and then the unexpected began to happen. Aunt Grace had just gone to bed. Her husband and son were sitting by the fire reading, when there came a heavy knock on the door, and Hall followed his knock by opening the door.

"I'm sorry, folks!" he said, "but all the signs say a deer has been killed by some one around here. I'm after the shooter; I'm going to search every house in the town."

"Sure, go ahead," put in Ben, unconcernedly, knowing that the venison had all disappeared.

Aunt Grace was startled and sat up in bed when she heard the game warden's voice down stairs. Luckily for her she had followed the adage "Early to bed," etc. Being alone, she had time to think. She knew all the venison had disappeared except what was at Al's home. Her first thought was of her sister, Mrs. Johnson. While Hall, her husband and son, were searching the front porch, Grace slipped down-stairs, stopping only to slip a kimono over her nightdress and a pair of shoes on her bare feet. There was no back gate leading to her sister's yard; she could not go out of the front gate without being seen. Though over fifty years of age, without hesitation she climbed the fence. Al was in bed, so Mrs. Johnson took it upon herself to save her boy. She felt that her mention of the lack of meat at the breakfast table had prompted him to kill the deer. She hurriedly took the meat from the shelf and ran to Smith's little cabin, nearby, where she concealed it on a shelf above a window ledge on the outside of the house. In the excitement, this was the only hiding place that entered her mind. She was confident the game warden would not search that shelf, and in the morning she hoped he would be gone.

It was lucky for Aunt Grace and her household that the venison was gone, for Hall searched the cellar, and even the place where the meat had been hidden. Not finding any trace of deer in the lower part of the house, Hall insisted on searching up-stairs. Here he found Grace, who had crept back, over the fence, and was now pretending to be intentively reading her "Science and Health." Hall apologized for disturbing the old lady, but—duty was duty.

Al's home was searched next, then the remainder of the neighbors' homes, but without success. Hall was not daunted. He intended to search more thoroughly in the morning, when he would be aided by daylight.

Al, relying on his mother's shrewdness, did not question her. Mrs. Johnson was very uneasy that morning, for the game warden had left, and she knew if the venison was found on the Smith shelf the guilt would fall on Smith. She didn't like Smith, but she sensed the injustice of placing the punishment on him. Her boy was in danger, however, and he must be saved, even if it cost Smith imprisonment. Her only consolation was the hope the venison would not be found. And as she rocked and hoped, she saw Hall coming up the road with the meat in his hand. Mrs. Johnson at once confessed to her son what she had done. Al said nothing; he respected the instinct that had prompted her attempt to save him.

Smith had left his house very early that morning, and of course was unaware of the cunning net tightening around him. The following day he was arrested and taken to the county-seat. Three days later his trial came on.

Al tried to put the subject out of his mind, but without success. He cross-questioned himself. He had always

considered himself a just man. Was his act that of a just man? But it was not until the night before the trial that Al said to himself: "I will do my duty."

Early next morning he hurriedly put on his overcoat and hat, stepped lightly out of the back door, and tapping at Ben's window he called softly. Ben slipped on his clothes and crawled out upon the front porch where Al was standing.

Al was determined. "Ben, I'm going to Quincy and give myself up. I can't let Smith suffer for my shooting. I can't see any crime in taking a little wild meat myself, when I want it, but just the same it isn't fair to let another man suffer when he is innocent."

"If you're going to take that stand, Al, we'll all give ourselves up."

"That's why I came over here before leaving. Look here, Ben, I started this trouble, and I'm ready to take the consequences. Why should the rest of you suffer? What's the use of all of us going to jail? If you really want to help me, why stay out of jail and earn money to pay part of my fine, and make my term shorter. The rest of you are safe; the game warden will be satisfied in sticking me. Talk to Beany and Morrows, and make them see the foolishness of giving themselves up. Good-bye till I get out," and Al hurried away, leaving Ben standing perplexed on the porch.

The trial had begun when Al arrived at the court house. It was a dimly lighted small hall, at one moment full of sounds, and at another of silence, in which all the machinery of a country trial was displayed.

No one in the room paid any attention to him, for all eyes were on the prisoner. Al listened to the trial; waited what seemed hours to him, and when the argument was in, he walked over to the district attorney and whispered something. In turn, the district attorney stood up, turned to the jury and the court, as he said: "Gentlemen of the jury, acquit the prisoner. This man admits he killed the deer."

TONGUES OF SPRING

I dreamed upon a hill when spring was young:
  And lo! it seemed each thing that lived or grew—
  Each meanest bird that fed its song with dew—
Was dowered of beauty with a minstrel-tongue.
Elves in the grass their little harps had strung,
  And crickets bowed their viols as they knew
  That symphony of old, while deep and true
Frogs scraped their 'cellos till the blue roof rung.

And as I listened I could hear a note
  Like tinkle of an antique clavichord;
    Fagottos through the fugue went wandering:
Chorals of bud and petal were one throat,
  And over all the rapturous soared,
    Shouting to earth: we are the tongues of spring!

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

Indian Grape Pickers in California

By D. Bartlett Drown

PEOPLE who live in Southern California will tell you that an Indian is about as interesting as a lump of dirt. That may be so, but even a lump of earth may have an absorbing interest for the person who deigns to examine it closely. Nearly every autumn of my life since babyhood I have had such a chance to observe these Southern Indians. I have seen them come to the vineyard districts, lay their camps, live, work and play, but have not seen them depart, for they did that while I have slept—and none of these things have they done as the white man. Let me tell you of them as I have seen them.

In the quiet valley of El Cajon, late September had come with its Indian summer haze. It was grape picking time. The grapes hung heavy and rich upon the vines, beneath the reddening leaves, awaiting the hands of their Indian pickers, when through the drowsy air I first heard the "pfad, pfad" of horses' hoofs, and the sound of rattling spokes and loosened tires. Then through the dust appeared scrawny little horses, with tired, filmy eyes, struggling forward with a big lumber wagon loaded with ponderous Indians. The wood of the wagon looked like boards on a much trodden bridge, except where a portion of the original vivid blue remained, and by the way the wheels shook it looked as if they would soon fall to pieces and leave scattered over the road the occupants—flabby squaws, stolid men, and grinning children, all dressed in gorgeous colors of red and blue set off by huge spots of dirt.

The wagon had not been long in view before a group of braves on horseback dashed by, spreading across the road as irresponsibly as a group of school children. In good natured tones they shouted something back to those in the wagon, but they were going so quickly that only a few words could be understood.

More vehicles loaded with Indians came into sight and caught up with the first, and as the leaders, coming to the crossing of two roads, perilously dashed around a corner toward the West, they followed.

A short distance past a great pile of rocks, a creek crossed the road. On its borders grew willows, cottonwood and sycamore trees, while beyond in all directions were vineyards.

Here the procession of horsemen and conveyances halted. The men sprang from the wagons and unhitched the horses, while the children tumbled out easily, but only after much exertion did the fat squaws manage to arrive safely on the ground.

By the time the women were out the wagons had been hauled up to the sycamores and the tongues propped up against the peeling trunks. Young men led the horses towards the rocks, picketed them to trees on either border of the road, and raced back to camp. There they cut willow branches and rapidly built a windbrake, facing the north, and thatched it with twigs.

When the screen was finished they collected stones, and in the dry, sandy couch of the creek, built a crude fireplace. Now, according to their idea, the camp was complete. Some of the men sat down on the sand and talked; others studied the lay of the land, while their chief went to make arrangements with the vineyard owners about the picking.

The chief, whom the Indians called

"Captain Fred," and the ranchers "Indian Fred," was a tall man, but his well expanded chest and limbs made him seem dumpy. He had a big mouth which could be either widened into a childish smile or shortened into grim determination. His brow looked like a newly plowed field, for it was brown like freshly upturned soil, and it was deeply furrowed. Father Time had done that plowing, and, though Father Time was "an old hand at the job," those furrows were far from straight.

In a few minutes Indian Fred came before a large ranch house. He stopped and uttered a loud "Who! Who; Who!'!' like the hooting of an owl. In answer to the call a man came out at the front door.

"How do you do, Fred?" he asked. But the Indian only grunted and put one broad hand over his chest. For his own people this gesture was impressive, and secured him respectful attention at once. The rancher, however, only smiled at the large, fat hand with stubby fingers so widely stretched apart that the bright calico showed between them.

"When can your men come, Fred, and how large a force can you let me have?"

"Man over there," pointing to the north, "must pick his grapes. Maybe one day—maybe three day." Waving his hand towards the creek: "They all come to you then."

"All right, Fred, come as soon as you can."

The Indian's mouth let out a short, deep guttural sound which seemed an acquiescence, and, with a mixture of a waddle and a stalk, walked to the camp under the willows.

There, one of the roaming Indians had brought a package of beefsteak, wrapped in a brown paper, and an old woman, with claw like hands, had stretched it across the stone fire place, and was roasting it. She poked the meat with a long bony finger, while the rest of the Indians sat on crossed legs and taciturnly looked on. Now and then one of the children would run shouting to drive away a dog who, scenting the cooking flesh, had come to investigate.

When at last the meat was done the hag picked it up, and Indian Fred, with his sharp grape-knife, cut and dealt it out to the waiting ones. Greedily they devoured it, and for long after it was eaten they squatted upon the ground in silence. The last light of day was gone, and darkness was masking everything but what was close by the fire; even there, shadows were stealthily moving, and a haze of ashes was beginning to veil the red coals when one after another the Indians fell asleep just as they were. They lay there like logs, with no covering but their scanty clothing, no pillows but their hands.

Beyond, were what seemed to be bushes. In reality they were the dusty, aching horses who had dragged their ropes across the road and lay there on their sides, there to be frequently awakened by night-travelers who hesitated to drive over the stretched ropes. But nothing disturbed the Indians. They were tired, for the journey down from the mountains had been a tedious one; dust had lain on the road thick and soft as flour. Mountain fires had kept the thermometer high, and no wind had softened the heat. Yet now the air was balmy and a merciful breeze fanned both Indians and sore horses into deeper oblivion, which lasted until earth was again visible.

At five o'clock the morning was warm, though a thick fog filled the air. The Indians watered and restaked their horses, ate a sparing breakfast, and then all but the old women and children started for work. The wrinkled squaws remained by the fire while the children played and ran around, grinning, giggling and shouting at passersby.

Meantime the others, led by Fred, had gone to the vineyard. Fred pointed out where each should begin work, and, two at each tray, they commenced picking grapes from the dew wet vines. When one tray was filled, another was begun. Laughing and chattering they kept at the picking all day,

but frequently stopping for drinks from a brown jug placed under the protection of a vine.

The sun was setting when the Indians left off the work and walked up the long avenue under the cypress trees. Then men and women joked with each other; some of them ran races; while the children went ahead, calling back to them, screaming, and turning on and off the water taps which were fixed about a hundred feet apart along the avenue.

At the croquet grounds the men stopped, for they saw scattered balls and mallets leaning against a summer house. Their curiosity was aroused. They understood that there must be some connection between the mallets and the balls. So they seized the mallets and wildly hit the balls. Simply to hit, hear the sound, see the balls roll, more than satisfied them. It struck them as funny—so that the usually self-contained men shrieked in astonished merriment, and rolled over the ground in amusement.

But duty comes before pleasure—even for an Indian. It was time to water and restake the horses, so the men reluctantly left the grounds to take care of the ponies. They went towards the rock-pile, untied the long black hair picket-ropes, coiled them up like lassos, and hung them on their arms. Then each man jumped upon his horse, and urging it to a gallop, tried to get to the water-soaked wooden trough before the others, yet they arrived there together, and tumbling from the horses' backs, opened the gate and led the creatures to water. As the sturdy animals took long drinks the men leaned on the barbed-wire fence, solemnly and dumbly regarding them. When the horses were satisfied there were more races, for each owner wished to be first to reach the staking grounds, so that his horse should have a choice plot of grass on which to feed.

Meantime, from the camp in the creek was ascending the odor of brown beans, blended with the savor of roasting steak, while at intervals came a smell like onions. Darkness had been growing, and, at this moment, the camp fire was the only source of light, though a languid moon with barely enough light to keep herself visible, was in the East.

The men came in, stretched themselves full length on the ground and were handed their portion by the old squaw; the women were left to get their own, while the children stood around, waiting for their turn, and, when opportunity offered, slyly helped themselves.

Supper was soon over, and with it all work for the evening was done. There were no dishes to wash, for they had used none. So they lay about on the ground till about eight o'clock, when their sport began. The children huddled up to the fire and the men, together with the women, formed in a circle about the fire as a nucleus. Their voices were the "orchestra which discoursed sweet music for their dancing." With this vocal accompaniment, with bodies oscillating to the music, with swaying arms, now erect, now crouching, they danced about the glowing fire. From the western hills came the hungry hollow howls of a prowling coyote; now arose the short, sharp barks of vigil-keeping dogs; the low of an awakened cow added a note of mournfulness.

The witch-like singing of the Indians continued. The melody in a minor strain was sustained by the braves; the grunts of the old women kept time; above all, the clear voices of the young squaws played an obligato. As the time passed, the strain grew softer, the dance more dreamy, as one by one the Indians dropped out of the sport and fell asleep, until at two o'clock they appeared like grave-mounds in the lingering shadows caused by the fire.

Soundly they slumbered and much they needed to, for the next day, and the next, for the following six weeks, was spent at this one. Each day saw the early rising, the poor breakfast, the work, the return to camp in the evening, the watering of the horses,

the pungent-smelling supper, and the night of dance and song.

But one evening late in October all the grapes were picked. The rancher called the men to him and gave them each a cent and a half for every tray which they had covered with grapes.

The Indians took the money and went back to the creek—but, though it was supper-time, they ate nothing—instead they came and handed to Fred their earnings, until altogether he had eight hundred dollars. Then he divided the men into two groups. Each of these selected four from their number, and those eight representatives, together with Fred, who bore the money, proceeded a short way up the creek from the main camp, and on the dry sand built a roaring fire from cotton wood and sycamore stumps.

Fred arranged the two parties in lines facing each other, with the fire between, and laid on the coals some herbs, which gave forth subtle gaseous fumes, temporarily affecting to the mind. The group to the windward grumbled, but the chief answered it by saying: "Ump, that piece game—Ugh, you stay there—morning, wind change." Having thus given his decision, he pulled from his pocket the bleached thigh-bone of an eagle, ran through it a dirty string about two feet long, tied the string in the center about the bone in a hard knot, and handed this, which he called a "peon," to the nearest man at the head of the line to the windward. Three more white bones he treated in the same manner; then he fixed four bones, painted black, likewise, and handed them to the same person. Next he gathered fifteen sticks, and, retaining them in one hand, with the other he took a blanket, carried on that arm, and handed it to the man to whom he had given the bones.

The two divisions of Indians knelt. Fred stood where he could see both. Members of the side with blanket and peons kept the blanket up by their teeth, so as to hide their hands. Then they took in each palm a peon, the string of which was wrapped around the wrist—so that the bone could not be changed to the other hand by any sleight-of-hand trick; folded their arms over their chests, and, with a toss of their heads, threw the blanket to one side.

Each of the other set in turn tried to locate the bleached bones. For every lucky guess they made Fred gave to them a stick; for every mistake the other side got the stick. When all the white bones were found, the other side took its turn at guessing. So the game continued till all fifteen sticks were distributed between the two parties.

Now the game began in earnest. The first set which guessed were at it again. They narrowly watched the hands of those with the peons, hoping that a player, growing tired, might show more of the string than that part around his wrists, and, if he should, to locate the peons by the markings on the strings. The other company was too wary. It could not afford to lose now, when the sticks had been given out. It was determined to have the honor of winning that game, and it wanted the eight hundred dollars.

At midnight the game was still going. One side had then fourteen of the fifteen sticks, but just when the game seemed almost ended, a happy conjecture was made by the losers, and another, and another, till again the outcome was doubtful. No weariness was shown; no talking disturbed them; the guessers sat with folded arms while the peon-holders silently swayed back and forth; and Fred stirred the coals and put on more stumps. The flames, blazing up, frightened away a prowling coyote.

Though it grew lighter the game continued; the sun rose but did not disturb the nine men under the trees; noon hour arrived, yet the Indians felt no pangs of hunger; the sun had set and still the game had not ended.

It was again dark, and the chief built a new fire so that the players might see the strings of the peon-holders—if they could. The words of the aboriginal song continued to go out

away from the cheery light and brightness of the fire into the darkness.

"Many—a—many—se—vah—
Ugh—a ugh—a—Ugh—a-a—"

At eight the monotony of the chant was broken. A loud whoop announced to the Indians in the big encampment that the game was finished. Like ants attracted by molasses, they suddenly swarmed about the peon-players to learn the outcome. In short, guttural words the chief told them the result; he told them also how near to losing all the winning division was at the hour of midnight of the previous day—then he apportioned the eight hundred dollars among the members of that side.

As they went back to the camping-grounds no particular demonstration was made: the losers seemed no more sullen than before; the winners looked no happier. When there, they lay down, with heads towards the West, and in a few minutes they were oblivious of the game just played, of life, of everything.

The same rancher, who perhaps had passed by the evening before, knew that the game was over; for through the willows he saw no more the group of eight men seated upon the ground with the stocky figure of their captain standing guard—and the song, peculiar to peon, had died. In the main camp he discerned the sleeping forms, and inwardly determined that in the morning he would bring them some raisins to take back with them to the mountains.

But on the next day the old camping ground looked lonely; the thatched wind brake still stood, but it sheltered no people; the rock fire-place was there—yet it confined no animating fire. There were no wagons under the sycamores; no horses dragging their picket ropes across the road; no children running around—only scattered ashes, cast-away clothing, and tin cans. A skinny cur with a stubby tail between its legs hovered near, but that was the only sign of life.

That evening no singing broke the silence of the night, and a cold wind shook the branches of the willow and the sycamore.

WHERE SWINGS THE GATE

(San Francisco, 1915)

The Gate of all the World—with lips aglow
  And thirsting for the West-wine, strange and sweet
  In through the gate they drift, with dusty feet.
The broken men come in. Oh, eyes that know
The old world's torture and the old world's woe!
  They come to seek their lost youth; it is meet
  The glad young west shall make them new, complete.
New lives she gives to all who seek her so.

The ships come, silent, where the fog drifts thin.
  See, grandly draw they on, in purple state.
The Gate of all the World! Come in, come in!
No stranger's home is this. See, we are kin
  To all the nations. Nay, you need not wait,
  There will be welcoming, where swings the gate.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

Wild Flowers of the Arctic

By Agnes Rush Burr

PEEPING radiantly forth, on an Alaskan tundra, from a little nook formed by a big out-cropping stone, shone, one bleak day in September, a little yellow flower. So brave and bright was it in that great solitude and on that sodden day, irresistibly I paused to admire it. And then I fell to wondering about the flowers of this seemingly barren region.

For, to most of us, the thought of the Arctic brings a mental picture of a great, snow-covered expanse, stretching miles upon miles, in loneliness and silence, to a dim and distant horizon. If the thought of flowers comes at all it is apt to be put aside with the conclusion that the only thing akin to flowers of which this region could boast would be the dainty snow crystals, the flowers of the atmosphere, which in their exquisite perfection, are as lovely as the flowers of the soil. Or, if we turn to the thought of summer in these silent places, we still picture but a dreary expanse of monotonous grasses. But this little flower, peeping so radiantly in late September from its sheltered nook, hinted at a summer beauty as varied and marvelous as the snow-blossoms of winter.

"Are there many wild flowers about here?" I asked of a woman in a mining camp.

She smiled. "If you want to know about the wild flowers," she said, "go and ask the little German woman in the road-house yonder."

So to the road-house I fared. My query about wild flowers brought a glow to the little German woman's face. "I show you," said said. She led me to an inner room, a big, cheery, comfortable sitting room with many windows, the sort of room not often seen in Alaska. At one end was a big bay window, filled from floor to ceiling with plants. A parrot swung in a cage. Canaries trilled. Gold fish swam about in an aquarium. Opening from the room was a little conservatory; and while, having excused herself, she disappeared, I peeped into the glass-house of flowers.

Glorious blue trumpets of the morning glory draped one side with a sheet of color. Old-fashioned pinks spiced the air with their pungent odor. Pansies lifted their saucy faces. A bunch of zinnias made a spot of glowing color. Pure white calla lilies, with hearts of gold, caught the eye. Marigolds carried the thought to far-away village gardens. And, thriftily ranged side by side with the blossoms, were rows of lettuce, radishes and other vegetables—a garden in every sense, though under glass, and in far-away Alaska.

I heard a step and turned. "You love flowers," I said.

Again the glow burned in her face and eyes. With a gesture, she turned to the package she had in her hand. She was a woman of few words, was this little German flower-lover of the tundra. Gently, almost lovingly, she took off the layers of old yellowed newspapers, and with an air of pride and a glance of approbation, displayed a home-made flower press. And then one by one she lifted the sheets of cotton batting, old blotting paper, and newspapers, and the flowers of the tundra lay before me.

And what a wealth there was!

"I know not their names," she said, "but, ach! they are wunderschon."

And wunderschon they were.

Yellow poppies in their golden beauty gleamed from the page, showing they were as much at home on an Alaska tundra as under the warmer sun of California.

Daisies, white and yellow, she had preserved in generous quantities. And again her hands expressively stated how lavishly they spread their familiar bloom over the bleak wilderness.

A blossom of a rich, deep, indigo blue that somewhat resembled the sweet pea in its form and grace, was carefully arranged upon a page. But she shook her head negatively when asked its name.

Forget-me-nots looked forth from her sheets with all the shy beauty of Colorado mountainsides or sheltered nooks of gardens. Hudson Bay tea brought memories of other wind-swept wildernesses. Iris in majestic beauty of gold and purple claimed a whole page of her press to themselves. Dainty little anemones, so fragile that only a gentle and loving hand could have preserved their delicate loveliness, shared their space with a silky white fluff as evanescently beautiful as the breath on a frosty morning.

A starry white flower like a cherry blossom, and a yellow bloom like a cowslip, she had preserved many times. Perhaps they carried her thoughts back to some garden in the far-away Fatherland.

The blue cornflower, the wild heliotrope, a blue-purple bleeding heart, wild immortelles like a silver moss, clover heads, graceful purple asters, shy violets, fire-weed—surely the tundra had garnered every flower of nature's garden to beguile its loneliness.

And she had the wild grasses, and the little red vines that grow like patches of wine-colored velvet close to the tundra's heart. And most exquisite of all, she had the mosses with their little, creeping tendrils of green loveliness, and their tiny, starry blossome, fairy-like in their beauty and daintiness.

For an hour or more, she turned the sheets and showed me her treasures, every blossom carefully pressed, every little bunch daintily tied with blue ribbon. To me, it was an hour of the keenest pleasure. And when I had finished, and gazed again at the crude, home-made press, the yellowed newspapers, the bits of old cotton and blotting paper, my voice was a bit tremulous as I reiterated, "You love flowers."

"Once more the glow leaped into her eyes. "Yes," she replied, simply. "The tundra in summer is——" She made an expressive gesture and gazed out of the window.

And when I went out the tundra had indeed taken on a new face. No more I saw a bleak, monotonous waste. I saw it as she saw it in summer. I clothed it with the mosses with their dancing little blossoms. I saw the gold and purple of the flag and violet and aster; the white of the daisy; the sky-blue of the forget-me-nots, the deep blue of the harebell, and the many other shades of blue of its many blue blossoms, for this seemed the land of blue flowers. I saw the pink and rose and tawny orange of other blossoms. In fact, every hue of the rainbow seemed to have been captured by the hundreds and hundreds of wild flowers that carpet the tundra from the first warm days of spring until the snow lays over them its warm robe while winter reigns. I saw the Alaska cotton lifting its downy head, and making great splashes of white in the dun and green of Alaska grasses. And no more was the tundra desolate or dreary. For this gay company of beauty made it as fair to gaze upon in summer as any of the seemingly more favored spots of earth. And in winter it had its great illimitable fields of snow, with their uncounted millions of wondrously formed and perfect snow-crystals. And as I mushed back to the little Alaskan town, I fell to pondering upon the beauty, always exquisite and perfect, that is lavished so unstintedly and impartially upon every nook and corner of Mother Earth.

Evil the Husk of God

By Lannie Haynes Martin

IF THE QUESTION: "What do you most desire?" could be put to all mankind to-day, it is more than probable that 99 per cent of those who could formulate an intelligible estimate of their own inward longings would say: "I want to find out how to get possession of the power within me." The uses to which this giant power would be put would in no way differ from the direction of the pigmy efforts of to-day. The greedy dwarf transformed into the grasping genie would still steal the Rhine-Gold. The man who, for selfish ends, strains for fame, power and position, would be selfish still; the libertine, licentious still; the tyrant, unmerciful and cruel still. That is, he would be greedy or selfish or licentious or cruel until he had learned his lesson; and it is obvious that, for the good of the rest of mankind, it is infinitely better for him to learn his lesson as a pigmy rather than when grown to a giant. Then there is the righteous, who would be righteous still—the generous man, who gives all he can and longs to give more; the idealist, who senses a higher realm, but cannot visualize it clearly enough to paint its picture so men will believe in its verity. He it is who is striving hardest to-day to get possession of the power within him; and that, in itself, argues the ultimate triumph of good over evil, for he, the prophet of the dawn, will be the poet, the philosopher, the philanthropist, of the future.

But right here the pessimist, who is only an optimist with opthalmia, says: "Why do the giant powers for good have to lie dormant all the while the evil genii are being transformed into respectable citizens?" "Because we are all fruit of the same tree—the tree of good and evil, the tree of evolution."

We have heard so much of evil being a negative, and good a positive force, that, simply because of our material way of translating thought, the statement has grown into a kind of platitudinous, vague nebulosity which we cannot grasp; it has become, to a great extent, one of those false, symbolic conceptions which Herbert Spencer defines as a pseudo-ideas. We need something more concrete to explain the use of evil . . . or so-called evil, which you will . . . the use settling that world-old dispute, the wrangle over the origin of evil; for what is useful is necessary, and what is necessary has right to be. Going back to the idea of the good and evil fruit on one tree we find that, to carry out the simile with vegetal accuracy. It is only lack of development in the one fruit which makes it a not-good kind; each fruit is trying to burst its shell; each is developing with more or less rapidity towards the potentially perfect germ, the tree's ideal.

Now, if the unlikeness is merely a variation of the rate of speed, and not a difference in the process of development, why should we call one fruit evil and one fruit good? Why should it not be more logical to say that the common cause which prevents ultimate perfection in both is the evil? The fruit, perhaps, does not understand why it is confined in that tough husk, and it no doubt would call that evil. The fruit's point of view may be useful to us. We call our own limitations evil, and, letting the husk stand as symbol for that unknown quantity, evil, let us see if, by vegetal algebra, we can solve the human equation. It

is a law, both of botany and zoology, that as the plant or animal evolves the husk or skin becomes thinner. Having verification in both plant and animal life, we may call it a biological law, and apply it to man, psychologically as well as physiologically. The cocoanut, plantain and other uncultivated fruits have thick husks or rinds; the cocoanut having not only a tough husk, several inches thick, but inside the husk a hard shell, and inside the shell a fibrous skin. The elephant, rhinoceros and hippopotamus have skins very much thicker than the domesticated horse, ox, camel and dog. To call a man a pachydermatous individual is to say he is insensate, unsympathetic, and in a low state of evolution. The most highly-developed orange has the thinnest peel. The scientifically cultivated watermelon of California has a rind so thin that housewives cannot utilize it for the old-fashioned watermelon preserves. Every one has heard of the cactus pear which has not only a thick skin, but added to that were thorns which rendered the palatable and nutricious fruit within inaccessible. Burbank hastened its evolution some thousand years, producing, by means of cultivation, the thornless cactus. And so various psychologists are seeking to hasten the evolution of man. The exact method which proved a successful process with the prickly pear might not bring results on the chestnut burr, so the psychologist and horticulturist alike experiment.

One of the foremost psychologists of the world to-day has said that if man could find out by what normal means his faculties could be stimulated so he could burst his inhibitory limitations and "go over the dam," that the entire problem of mental and ethical science would be solved. But this seems doubtful. It would be only removing the trouble one step further away. It would only be a case of the earth resting on a stork and the stork on a turtle, and the turtle on—what? If we found the condition or circumstance which would unlock our latent energies then it would be a question as to what would produce the circumstance. It is probably a universal experience with animal life that, with the consciousness of having actually accomplished something, comes the sense of added power. The hesitant, frightened fledgling, making its first attempts at flight, shows confidence and eagerness for effort after its most insignificant success. It is a matter of common speech that beasts of prey "become emboldened by successful carnage," and history furnishes many proofs of the dynamogenic effect of success on man. It was Marathon that made the age of Pericles possible, not because the victory insured peace and the peace brought plenty and culture followed in plenty's train; but because the Greek knew he had done a wonderful deed, and, in his joy and exultation, he arose and sang and wrought out his ecstacy in marble. Emerson says: "When a man puts his heart into his work he is relieved and gay." And whatever manner of spirit it is that has the unlocking of our latent energies, one thing is sure: that spirit is a pragmatist! It demands results. Unto him that hath done shall be given capacity for more doing.

But the question arises what is going to make him do in the first place? He has not the will power, the desire to begin the attempt; he imagines he has not the efficiency to carry on the labor, and he knows that at that time he has not the strength to complete it. The very beginning of an undertaking will often exorcise the inhibitory devil, the "I can't" thought, but what is going to generate enough power to overcome the inertia of will and start the first effort? There comes to all of us what Emerson calls a "solstice" of the energies; when "the stars of our inner firmament stand still," and we need some touch from without to set in motion the first processes of perception, desire, inspiration, action. After that, if we wind the physical clock pretty regularly, we can keep the machinery moving for quite a while—until there comes another solstice!

William James has said that when a

man "passes to a higher qualitative level" (when he stops lying or fearing, for instance, or says "no" to some unworthy impulse) he "feels that his total power rises." Ruskin expressed negatively something of the same thought when he said that for every lie we tell our vision of truth is just so much obscured. Presupposing, then, that man has enough faith and enough moral stamina to put this key of the "higher qualitative level" into the door of his limitations, he can pass to any heights he chooses. But the question still persists: "What is going to give him the faith and the moral stamina if he hasn't them? What is going to make the first break in his husk of evil" We have seen that this husk we have made to stand for evil clings tenaciously to the developed and the undeveloped fruit alike—only in the developed it is thinner—but still, to that fruit, it is evil. It has been made clear that as the entire product of a tree, the whole of a species, evolves, the skin of each individual fruit or animal grows thinner. Now, to more easily solve this biological equation, let us transpose the human factors all over to the vegetal side and make a botannical fable:

Two fruits were growing side by side. One was a luscious, nutricious, wholesome fruit, and it was trying with all its might to cast off its shell. The other fruit was on a different branch and received less sap and sun, but it was growing on the same tree. Its shell was thicker, its fruit not so good, but it was trying equally hard to cast off its husk of limitation. The wholesome, nutricious fruit called its own husk evil, but its neighbor's husk is called good. The undeveloped, unenlightened neighbor, seeing the same thing, the husk, called by different names, grew resentful, and there was much illogical and unfruitful controversy as to what was evil and why. Meantime each fruit was straining every fibre to draw all the sap, all the sun, air and moisture to itself. In these straining, contracting efforts each drew its own husk closer to it. After awhile each got so tired of this holding on "by tooth and toe-nail" that they both let go—relaxed—fell off the tree entirely, their husks rolled off and lay impotent, innocuous, non-propagative, but the fruit "whose seed was in itself" multiplied "each after its kind," only the new generation, having the "let go" impulse born in them, had thinner skins to begin with, and neither of them strove so hard for a monopoly, as their predecessors. With each successive generation the development was more rapid, and the husk grew thinner and thinner, until finally the fruits could look through the surface covering and see that they were of one flesh; in their joy at this they scattered their seeds far and wide in mingled exultation, so that when new trees sprang up, blossomed and bore fruit, there was never again a husk in all the world!

So all elevation, all expansion, all releasement from limitations, becomes a question of ethics. When man earns that his own lying, hating, grasping, envying, stealing, fearing and lusting, in all their varying shades and degrees, are the things which bind his husk of evil to him; when he knows that these cause his physical suffering and his mental lethargy—mental unavailability—here and now, and are not just merely suspected of producing some vague spiritual, inconvenience in some hazy hereafter, then he will become habitually, stably, moral; and in the desquamation of his husk of evil there will come free and continuous play to his pent-up powers.

Crossing the Plains, Days of '57

A Narrative of Early Emigrant Travel to California by the Ox-Team Method

By Wm. Audley Maxwell

(Continued from last month.)

CHAPTER VI.

Origin of "Piker." Before the Era of Canned Goods and Kodaks. Morning Routine. Typical Bivouac. Sociability Entrained. The Flooded Camp. Hope Sustains Patience.

THE APPELATION, "Piker," much used in the West in early days, synonymous of "Missourian," had its origin on these plains. At first it was applied to a particular type of Missourian, but later came to be used generally.

There was among the emigrants a considerable number of persons from Pike County, Missouri. Some of these had the sign, "From Pike Co., Mo." painted on their wagon covers. Others, when asked whence they came, promptly answered, "From Pike County, Missouri, by gosh, sir;" often said with a shrug implying that the speaker arrogated to himself much superiority by reason of the fact stated. The display of such signs and announcements like that just mentioned, were of such frequent occurrence that the substance was soon abbreviated to "Piker," and became a by-word. It was often, perhaps always, spoken with a tinge of odium. Possibly this was due to the fact that many of the people referred to were of a "backwoods" class, rather short in culture, and in personal make-up, manner and language, bearing a general air of the extremely rural.

Though only persons of that description hailing from Pike County were those who at first had to bear the opprobrium generally implied by "Piker," later it was applied to all persons of that type in the Far West, regardless of their origin. Many years of mingling of California's cosmopolitan population has changed all that, producing her present homogeneous, sterling, virile and somewhat distinct type of "Californian," so the "Piker," as such, is no longer in the land. A later application of the same word —descriptive of a person who does business in a small way, has nothing in common with the "Piker" of early days.

Fifty-eight years ago, the time of the events here narrated, was before the era of canned goods. Nearly all of the foodstuffs carried by the emigrants were in crude form, and bulky; but substantial, pure, and such as would keep in any climate.

During the first few weeks of the trip we milked some of the cows and also made butter, the churning operation being effected mainly by the motion of the wagons, in the regular course. That this did not last long was due to reduction of milk supply. After a time there was not sufficient even for use in the coffee, or for making gravy, that convenient substitute for butter.

Such delicacies as may now be found in first-class canned meats, vegetables and milk would have filled an often-felt want. The occasional supply that we had en route of fresh meat and fish were obtained largely by chance, we having no knowledge of where hunting and fishing were likely to be suc-

cessful, and it being deemed unsafe for members of the party to wander far or remain long away from the train. It seems regrettable that the invention of hermetically sealed and easily portable foods, and the inducement to cross the plains to California, did not occur in reversed sequence.

Neither had the kodak arrived. Had it been with us then, this narrative might be illustrated with snapshots of camp scenes, characteristic roadside views, and incidents of travel generally, which would do more for realism than can any word picture. We often see specimens of artists' work purporting to represent a "'49er" emigrant train on the overland journey—some of them very clever; but seldom are they at all realistic to the man who was there. A painter cannot portray it from memory so it will appear as it really was. He may surpass the effort of the Yankee to make a wooden nutmeg taste like a nutmeg, but there is always something lacking; there is little flavor to the wooden nutmeg, and the picture from memory lacks detail, color, character—the something to tell of the wear and tear of the elements. Only the photographic print or the painting made from life will contain the make-up, with the proper attitude, the motif and the landscape effect.

The man with a camera could have perpetuated, for example, the striking scene presented to us one day of a party consisting of two men and their wives, with two or three children, sitting on a rocky hillside, woefully scanning their team of done-out oxen and one wagon with a broken axle; no means at hand for recuperation and repair. In the scorching sun of a July day they waited, utterly helpless, hopeless, forlorn, confused; and a thousand miles from "anywhere." Such a grouping would not have made a cheerful picture, but would have assisted immensely in recording a historical fact.

But no emigrant ever found another in distress and "passed by on the other side."

We were early risers, and the camp was each morning a scene of life with the rising of the sun. By sunset all were sufficiently fatigued to wish for making camp again. Therefore, from the morning start till the evening stop was usually about twelve hours, with variations from time to time, according to necessity.

Breaking camp in the morning became routine, and proceeded like clock work. Each patient ox voluntarily drew near, and stood, waiting to be yoked with his fellow and chained to his daily task. So well did each know his place by the side of his mate that the driver had only to place one end of the yoke on the neck of the "off" ox, known, for example, as "Bright," and hold the other end toward the "nigh" ox, saying, "Come under here, Buck," and the obedient fellow placed himself in position. Then the bows were placed and keyed, and "Bright" and "Buck" were hitched for duty. It required but a few minutes to put three or four yoke of oxen in working order.

As the result of much repetition, the packing of the camp articles onto the wagons was done dexterously and quickly. Each box, roll and bundle had a designated place; all being arranged usually to facilitate sitting or reclining positions for those who rode in the "schooners," that they might be as comfortable as possible, and read, sleep, or, as the women often did, sew and knit, or play games. During some parts of the trip, such means of whiling away the hours was very desirable, if not a necessity. If there ever was a time or condition in which it could be pardonable to "kill time," these circumstances were there, during many long days.

The bivouac was always a scene of bustle and orderly disorder, especially if the camp-site was a good one: wood, water and grass being the desiderata. Obedient to habit, every person and animal dropped into place and action. With the wagons drawn to position for the night's sojourn, teams were quickly unhitched, the yokes, chains,

harness and saddles falling to the ground where the animals stood.

Relieved of their trappings, the oxen, horses and mules were turned to pasture, plentiful or scant. Cooking utensils came rattling from boxes; rolls of bedding tumbled out and were spread on the smoothest spots of sand or grass. Eager hands gathered such fuel as was available, and the camp-fire blazed. Buckets of water were brought from the spring or stream; and in an incredibly short time the scene of animation had wrought full preparation for the night, while the odor of steaming coffee and frying bacon rendered the astonished air redolent of appetizing cookery.

Some families used a folding table, on which to serve meals; but more spread oilcloth on the ground and gathered around that; or individuals, taking a plate and a portion, sat on a wagon-tongue or a convenient stone. Camp-stools and "split-bottomed" chairs were among the luxuries that some carried, in limited numbers; but these were not useful around a meal spread on the ground.

Appetites were seldom at fault; and the meals, though plain and of little variety, were never slighted. It is hardly necessary to add that bacon and coffee were easy staples. Bread was mainly in the form of quick-fire biscuits, baked in a skillet or similar utensil, or the ever-ready and always-welcome "flatjack," sometimes supplemented with soda-crackers, as a delicacy.

Nearly all the nights were pleasant —mild temperature, and very little dew. This gave much relief, the heat of the daytime being frequently irksome. Many of our men came to prefer sleeping wholly in the open, with the heavens unobscured; often requiring no more than a pair of blankets and a small pillow each.

Early evening was often devoted to social gatherings. If the night was pleasant, groups would assemble, for conversation, singing, and story-telling; sometimes varied by dancing, by the young folks of some companies. The more religious sang hymns and read the Bible sometimes, in lieu of attendance at a church service, of which they were deprived.

When wood was plentiful, a bonfire added to the comfort and cheerfulness of the occasion. Often neighboring trains camped quite near, and much enjoyment was found in visits by the members of one party among those of another. In such ways many agreeable acquaintances were made and friendships formed, some of which have endured throughout the nearly three-score years since passed.

But we were not always favored with clear and pleasant weather. No one who was there can have forgotten one night at the Platte River, when we had a most dismal experience. Rain began falling in the afternoon, and for that reason we made camp early.

The tents were set up on a bit of flat ground near the river bank. There were some large trees, but little dry wood available for fuel for the camp fire except on an island, which was separated from us by a branch of the river, about twenty yards wide and a foot deep. Some of us waded over—getting our clothes soaked—others crossed on horseback, and carried back from the island enough wood to make a fire. But, time after time, the fire was quenched by the rain, which now was falling in torrents; so we had much difficulty in preparing our supper.

The people huddled into the tents and wagons, half-hungry, more than half-wet, and uncomfortable altogether. With the exception of one or two cots, the bedding was spread on the ground in the tents, and all turned in—but not for long. Some one said: "Water is running under my bed." Then another and another made the same complaint. Soon we learned the deplorable fact that the large tent had been pitched in a basin-like place, and that the water, as the rain increased, was coming in from all sides, the volume growing rapidly greater.

We succeeded then in lighting one lantern, when the water was found to

be something like two inches deep over nearly all parts of the large tent's floor. The beds were taken up and placed in soaked heaps, on camp stools and boxes; and the rain continued pouring, in steady, relentless disregard of our misery. Except where lighted by the single lantern, the darkness was, of course, absolute. Relief was impossible. There appearing to be nothing else to do, everybody abandoned the tents and huddled in the wagons; the lantern was blown out, and there was little sleep, while we waited and wished for daylight.

Some of the days were warm and some hot. Some were very hot. Discomforts were common; and yet not much was said, and apparently little thought, of them. Having become inured to the conditions as we found them from time to time, discomforts, such as under other circumstances would have been considered intolerable, were passed without comment. There were times and situations in which hardships were unavoidable, some of them almost unendurable; but these, having been anticipated, were perhaps less poignant in the enduring than in the expectation.

Let us for a moment raise the curtain of more than half a century, while we look back on one of those ox-drawn trains of "prairie-schooners," as it appeared to an observer on the ground at the time: about the middle of August, and beyond the middle of the journey. Permit the imagination to place the scene alongside that of the present-day modes of traversing the same territory, when the distance is covered in a less number of days than it required of months then. Perhaps such a comparison may help to form some faint conception of what the overland pioneers did, and what they felt, and saw, and were.

There they are as we see them, on a long stretch of sagebrush plateau. The surface of the plain is only sand and gravel, as far as the eye can reach. The atmosphere is hazy, with dust and vibrating waves of heat arising from the ground. Far away to the northwest is the outline of some mountains, just visible in the dim distance. In the opposite direction, whence we have come, there is nothing above the ground but hot space and dust. Not a living thing in sight but ourselves and ours.

The animals appear fatigued, jaded. The people appear—well, as to physical condition, like the animals: generally all look alike. Yet the people seem hopeful. And why hopeful? The inherent and indomitable trait of the race which makes it possible for humanity to look over and past present difficulties, however great, and see some good beyond. That is why the world "do move." Often, as it was with us, progress may be slow, but every day counts for a little.

Just here twelve or fifteen miles a day is doing well—very well. From a slight eminence at one side of the way we may stand and see the slowly creeping line of wagons and stock, for many miles fore and aft, as they bend their way in and out around and over the surface of knolls and flats, hillocks and gullies. From a distant view they seem not to be moving at all.

The hour of mid-day arrives, and they stop for the "nooning." There is nothing growing in the vicinity that the horses and cattle can eat, and no water except the little in the keg and canteens; so the carrying animals stand in their yokes and harness, or under saddles, and the loose stock wait in groups, their thirst unslaked.

As the people come out of the wagons and go about the business of the hour, we see the marks of the elements upon them. The women wear "poke" bonnets and gingham dresses. The men are unshaven. All are sunburnt to a rich, leathern brown. Some are thin, and at this particular time, wearing a serious expression. They are not as unhappy as they look, their principal trouble of the moment being merely anxiety to satisfy prodigious and healthy appetites.

There, under the stress of the midsummer sun, now in the zenith, no shade, no protection from the flying dust, they proceed cheerfully to build

a fire of sticks and dry weeds; they fry bacon and bake biscuits, prepare large pots of coffee, and they eat from tin plates and drink from tin cups.

No one says, "This is awful!" They laugh as they eat, saying, "Good, ain't it?"

This is not a cheerful view altogether of the retrospective; but a sketch true to life, as life was there. It was not all like that. A good deal of it was.

Some will say that these overland travelers were over-zealous, even foolhardy. One of the earliest pioneers, Mr. Daniel B. Miller, who reached Oregon by the plains route in 1852, wrote later to relatives in Illinois: "I would not bring a family across for all that is contained in Oregon and California." Himself single, he had come with a train composed almost wholly of men, but learned incidentally what risks there were in escorting women and children through the wilds.

But the enduring of all this toil, exposure and hardship had for its inspiration the buoyant hope of something good just beyond, something that was believed to be worthy of the privation and effort it was costing. The ardor of that hope was too intense to be discouraged by anything that human strength could overcome. The memories of those strenuous experiences are held as all but sacred, and you never meet one of these early overland emigrants who does not like to sit by your fireside and tell you about it. He forgets, for the moment, how hard it was, and dwells upon it, telling it over and over again, with the same pride and sense of noble achievement that the old soldier feels when recounting the battles and the camp life and the hard marches of the war, when he was young, away back in the sixties. One crossing this country by present-day conveyances, in richly-appointed railroad trains, with all the comforts obtainable in modern sleeping, dining and parlor cars, can hardly be expected to conceive what it was to cover the same course under the conditions described, when there was not even a poor wagon road, and the utmost speed did not equal in a day the distance traveled in half an hour by the present mode. Any person who rides in a cumbrous and heavily laden wagon, behind a team whose pace never exceeds a slow walk; over dusty ground, in hot weather, will, before one day is passed, feel that endurance requires utmost fortitude. Consider what patience must be his if the journey must continue for four, five or six months.

It is worthy of mention that there was no dissension among our people, nor even unpleasantness, during the entire trip; nor did we observe any among others. We were fortunate in having no "grouches" among us. Harmony, cheerfulness, a disposition to be jolly, even to the degree of hilarity, was the prevailing spirit. That, too, under circumstances often so trying that they might have thrown a sensitive disposition out of balance. All this in the wilds of an unorganized territory, where there was no law to govern, other than the character and natural bent of individuals. Such lack of established authority we had thought might lead to recklessness or aggressive conduct, but it did not.

Present residents in the fields and valleys, and the prosperous towns along much of the line of travel described, will find it difficult to reconcile the accounts here given with conditions as they see them now. Leagues of territory now bearing a network of railroads and splendid highways which carry rich harvests from the well-tilled farms, and connect numerous cities, was thought of ordinarily by the emigrants in early days only as it appeared to them, and then was, the stamping ground of savage tribes and the home of wild beasts, untouched by the transforming hand of civilization. To the keen observer, however, it was evident that we were passing through a great deal of fine country. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that part of that journey was through lands naturally barren, some desert wastes, much of which is still unreclaimed, some unreclaimable.

What is a Christian? What His Standards?

By C. T. Russell

Pastor New York, Washington and Cleveland Temples and the Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—Acts 26:28.

A CHRISTIAN is a person who intelligently believes that he is by nature a sinner, that by divine grace Jesus Christ the righteous died for his sins, and that through faith in the atoning blood and obedience to the Redeemer's teachings he has become "a New Creature in Christ Jesus." For such, "Old things have passed away, and all things have become new." Such New Creatures are separate and distinct from all other members of the race. Instead of earthly aims, ambitions and hopes, theirs are Heavenly.

Getting into Christ's Body.

It is not sufficient that these should make the proper start of faith in Christ and full consecration to do God's will, and not their own wills. It is incumbent upon them, after having made such a start and after having been begotten of the Holy Spirit, that they shall grow in grave, knowledge and love (2 Pet. 3:18.) This is styled "putting on Christ;" that is to say, adding the graces of character which God will accept and reward with association with the Lord Jesus Christ in His Kingdom. For these God has made provision of spiritual food in the Bible—"Meat in due season for the Household of Faith." (Matthew 24:45.) These are represented as at first "babes in Christ," requiring the "milk of the world," but if faithful, gradually attaining full stature—"strong in the Lord and in the power of His Might."

Such spirit begotten Christians must needs "fight a good fight"—not with others, but with themselves—overcoming the weaknesses and besetments of their own fallen flesh, the allurements of their environment and the wiles of the Adversary. Such as are faithful in these respects are Scripturally styled "overcomers," "the very elect." The promise to them is that they shall have part in the Chief, or best, Resurrection, and thereafter be no longer humans, but spirit beings of the highest order—"partakers of the Divine nature." These in death are "sown in weakness," "in dishonor," human beings, but are raised from the dead "in glory," "in power," spirit beings.—1 Corinthians 15:43.

Jesus' promise to these overcomers reads, "To Him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in My Throne, even as I overcame and am set down with My Father in His Throne"—"I will give him power over the nations," etc. Again He says: "Blessed and Holy are all those who have part in the Chief Resurrection: on such the Second Death hath no power, but they shall be priests unto God and unto Christ, and shall reign with Him a thousand years."—Rev. 3:21; 2:26; 20:6.

All Jesus' teachings are applicable to this special class; namely, those who became His disciples. He did not assume to be a Teacher of the world, but merely of those who leave the world, sacrificing all to become His disciples. To these He said: "Ye are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." Again, "If the world hate you, you know that it hated Me before it hated you." The great Teacher did not include the nominal church as His disciples, but rather counted them in with the world. In evidence of this, we note the fact that the world that persecuted Him was the Jewish nation, professedly God's consecrated people; and that those who have persecuted the followers of Jesus have likewise been nominally people of God, but really of the world.

These are the Christian addressed by the Master, saying: "I say unto you that you resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man shall sue thee at law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."—Matthew, 5:39-42.

Duties, Rights and Privileges of Christians.

The thought of non-resistance is here, yet not to the extreme degree supposed by some. The turning of the other cheek, as illustrated by Jesus' own conduct, was a figurative expression, signifying the willingness to have both cheeks smitten rather than to do injury to another. Christians are to be law-abiding, whether they consider the laws just or unjust. If, therefore, the law deprive them of a coat, they are to yield it up. If it go still further and deprive them of their cloak, they are still to be non-resistant to the law, but submit to it with good grace, knowing that hereunto they were called.

Be it noted that neither the coat nor the cloak was to be given up upon demand merely, but only after the law, justly or unjustly, had so decreed. Similarly with respect to the compulsory walking of a mile. The Christian is not to submit himself to every whim of everybody; but seeking to do the will of God, he is to go about his own business, unless the opposition to him amount to a compelling. And this compelling under ordinary circumstances, would mean a legal compelling; for the protection of the laws of the land in which he lives may be sought to protect his rights and liberties, as St. Paul appealed to governors and kings.

Christians Live for the Future.

Christians are to love their enemies in the same sense that God loves the world—sympathetically. They are not to love their enemies in the sense of affectionate love and tenderness, such as they bestow upon their families, friends and lovable persons. Their love for their enemies as defined by Jesus should be such as would lead them to feed their bitterest enemy, if he were hungry, to clothe him if he were naked. They should not pray against their enemies, but for their enemies in the sense of wishing, desiring, for them enlightenment and true wisdom, which would turn them from being enemies and evil-doers, to make of them followers of Jesus, or, at least, well-doers.

Christians are not to lay up for themselves treasures on earth; for they have renounced the earth and all hopes of a future life upon the earth. Their walk in the footsteps of Jesus signifies that as He cast aside earthly ambitions, hopes and aims, so would they, taking instead the Heavenly ambitions, hopes and aims. In other words, they live for the future. This will not hinder them from the ordinary pursuits of life to the extent that may be necessary in "providing things honest in the sight of all men"—in providing for their families, etc. But, with these Christians, any overplus above life's necessities represents so much opportunity for serving the Lord and His

Cause; and in so doing, these are laying up treasure in Heaven—a future reward.

This does not signify that they must live from "hand to mouth," nor that if they have possessions they must riotously distribute these to others. On the contrary, they are to seek in all things to have the mind of the Lord—to do God's will. God's mind is a sound mind; and these Christians, in seeking to do God's will, are said to have "the spirit of a sound mind." This dictates that they should live wisely and economically.

Christian Stewardship and Citizenship

To these Christians, everything that comes to them or that they possess by nature is considered a thing of God, because in becoming followers of Christ, they made a full consecration of their wills—their all—to God. Hence from that moment forward these Christians are stewards of God's mercies—stewards of their time, their talents, their influence, their property-their all. According to the way they use their stewardship, investing their talents to the Master's praise, will be His commendation of them, as represented in the parable. Whether many talents are possessed or few, the commendation is to those who have done well, have been good and faithful in the use of their talents, not for self-aggrandizement or show, or worldly accumulations of treasure, but faithful in the service of God, showing forth God's praises in the assisting of others and themselves to the knowing and doing of the Divine will.

Christians are to "lend, hoping for nothing in return," and not as the world, merely to be willing to do good and to lend to those who would do as much or more in return. Christians are thus to illustrate the fact that they are children of the Highest, and that they have been begotten of God, that they have His Holy Spirit and disposition, and that it is shining out more and more in their words and conduct as they grow in the character likeness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Christians are not to go to war. Their fight is not to be with carnal weapons, but with "the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God." They have the most powerful weapon known in the world for their warfare. This does not signify that they may not put bolts and bars upon their doors to prevent robbery. It does not signify that they may not call for police protection; for this is a thing they pay for in taxation and are entitled to according to the laws of the world. They may not claim of their own nation anything that an alien might not claim; but they may claim all that an alien may claim. Indeed, Christians are styled aliens, strangers, foreigners, so far as the present government of the world is concerned. Their citizenship, according to the Bible, is the Heavenly one, which they will fully enter into when they shall have shared the Chief Resurrection.

No Christian Nations.

The Bible knows nothing of Christian nations or of a Christian world. The Bible puts the Christian as separate and distinct from the world and from all nations. Christians are a nation, or people, by themselves, in the same sense that the Jews are a nation, or people by themselves. "Ye are a Royal Priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people"—a people for a purpose. (1 Pet. 2-9.) The term Christian nation comes from a serious doctrinal error which crept into the Church about 800 A. D. At that time Pope Leo III began to recognize as Christian nations all the nations which recognized his Pontificate. The custom has prevailed and is still in vogue amongst Protestants and Catholics; but it is wholly unscriptural.

A Christian conscripted to the army or the navy would be subject to the "powers that be," and obeying the Master's words, would go, as in Matthew 5:41: "Whosoever shall compel thee to go." The Christian compelled to enter the army or the navy might properly request service as a non-combatant in the Quartermaster's De-

partment or in the Hospital Department, but if required to kill he is to obey God rather than man, and not kill. He may comply with his orders to the extent of going into the trenches and being shot at, but no further.

Is it urged that such a view of Christianity would wreck our present civilization? We reply that nothing in the Bible implies that our civilization is Christian, or that the Lord ever expected it to be Christian. God's time for saving the world from its sin and weakness has not yet come. The present is merely the time for calling, finding, testing and delivering the Elect. The Elect, when glorified, will constitute Messiah's Kingdom, and with Him will be empowered fully with spiritual control for the government of the entire world.

Then will come the time for the enlightenment and uplift and blessing of all mankind—the non-elect. Theirs will not be a blessing of the same kind that the elect will secure, but a blessing which they will appreciate equally. The world's blessing and salvation will not signify a change of nature from human to spirit, but a restitution to human perfection.—Acts 3:19-23.

What are to-day styled "Christian nations" are in the Bible styled "Kingdoms of this World," and their complete disintegration is Scripturally outlined as incidental to the establishment of God's glorious Kingdom under Messiah, for which we pray, "Thy Kingdom come; Thy Will be done on earth, even as in Heaven."

Some may wonder how it ever came to pass that all the people of civilized lands are enumerated as Christians—except Jews and professed infidels. Statistics tell us that all the inhabitants of Italy are Christians; that more than ninety-nine per cent of the population of Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, etc., are Christians—and that the total number of Christians thus reckoned is nearly five hundred millions. Surely it is time that intelligent people realize that some great mistake has been made, and that more than ninety-nine per cent of these "Christians" make no pretense of being followers of Jesus.

The error arose in the now long ago. When Pope Leo III recognized a King as a Christian king and his kingdom as a Christian kingdom, he recognized that King's subjects as Christian. There we have the matter in a nutshell. The whole thing was a mistake. The King was not a Christian, did not know the meaning of Christianity, and was not taught it. His Kingdom was not a Christian Kingdom, and his people were not Christians.

Meantime, here and there, obscured to the world, there have been true followers of the Lord Jesus Christ in every denomination. They have been out of accord generally with the great leaders of the church systems, as well as with the political leaders of the world. It has been true of them as the Apostle wrote: "The world knoweth us not, even as it knew Him not." (1 John 3:1.) The world does not yet know, understand or appreciate that the Church of Christ is not to be found in any of the professed churches of various names—Roman, English, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, etc. The Church of Christ is composed exclusively of those who have made a covenant with the Lord through faith in the precious blood, who have been accepted of the Lord by the begetting of the Holy Spirit, and who are seeking to walk to the best of their ability in the footsteps of Jesus.—1 Pet. 2:21.

Heaven, Hell and Purgatory.

The theory that Christians only are saved from eternal torture has had much to do with the error of counting all civilized people Christians. The creeds save Christians only—Jews, Mohammedans, heathen, all go to Hell to roast eternally. Roman Catholics provide a second chance for members of their church, in Purgatory; and many Protestants hold to a second chance for the heathen who have never heard of Christ. All the while, however, the Bible declares for only one

chance, but that a full one for every member of the human family.

The only chance offered during this Gospel Age is the opportunity of becoming a member of the Church—a true follower of Jesus. Such are to get the Heavenly inheritance, but not until the Resurrection. The remainder of the world will be offered an earthly future; and this offer will begin with the establishment of Messiah's Kingdom of a thousand years.

The Bible nowhere teaches that either saint or sinners pass to conscious condition at death. The Bible declares that all "sleep" and that the awakening time will be at the second coming of the Redeemer to establish His Kingdom. The First Resurrection will be the Church, and subsequently "every man in his own order." When once the fact is grasped that the Bible Hell is the grave—Sheol, Hades—then all is plain.

The great Divinely arranged Purgatory, to last a thousand years, will be glorious. All the heathen and the ignorant, superstitious millions of Christendom, who were taught to call themselves Christians, but who knew that they were not, will have the opportunity of coming to a knowledge of the true God and of His gracious provision for them.

A VISION

What see ye now, blind eyes of mine? Dear God!
My woman cometh meward in the night,
And oh, how strange and sweet and sad the sight:
The little feet reluctant and yet shod
With sheer delight!

Do I but dream, oh soul, or see her move
A moonlit myth, a wood nymph 'mong the trees,
Her gown diaphanous blown hither by the breeze?
I thank thee, Heaven, that hath made for love
Such things as these:

This night, this woman, and this wooing wind;
This veil of mystery over mystery thrown;
This thought that, save for thee, we are alone,
As once were they the first of humankind
Ere sin was known.

She cometh meward with her face ashine,
Alone she cometh, trustful, unafraid,
Yet fettered of the feelings of a maid;
And by no word of hers I know her mine,
By no word said.

Silent she cometh meward through the mist:
To her sweet self she something wondrous saith;
Then heaven and earth and all things hold their breath . . .
I close my eyes and by Love's self am kist
As if by Death.

HARRY COWELL.

Story of California Olive Industry

By Jane Hedder

THE FIRST olive trees in California were planted at the San Diego Mission the year that Napoleon was born. The cuttings were brought from Mexico by the padres. As the Mission fathers marched northward to establish other Missions, they took with them cuttings and seedings from this parent orchard, and in this way developed orchards adjacent to twenty other missions which they established in different parts of the State. This was the historic and romantic beginning of the olive industry in California.

When the secularization of the Missions occurred in 1834, the beautiful orchards were abandoned, and became the pasture grounds of the immense herds of cattle. It was again the story of the survival of the fittest, and when the first American settlers arrived, all that they found growing in the deserted gardens were the olive trees and a few scattered vines. These olive trees furnished the stock from which originated the majority of the olive orchards growing in California to-day. It is from these early associations that the tree which is the commercial olive in California has derived its name—the Mission. Notwithstanding many varieties have been introduced, it is the Mission which has up to the present time proudly maintained its supremacy.

In 1889 and 1895 there was much indiscriminate planting of olives throughout the entire State. The prevailing idea was that olives would grow and produce bounteously with practically no care, but experience showed that there were merits in proper fertilization and care. But before that was known, the growers were handicapped by lack of facilities for handling the product. The growers were forced to become producers or manufacturers. The people of the United States were the greatest consumers of green olives in the world. Our output did not compare in any way with the European product, and so the industry soon entered a state of decadence. From this point the history of the olive industry in California is the history of the evolution of a woman, for it was Mrs. Freda Ehmann who perfected the ripe olive and made it marketable. She began this pickling business on the back porch of her home in Oakland. Her frugal desire to save countless acres of olives from going to waste was the foundation of the present olive industry in California.

The value of olives and oils imported into the United States during 1911 amounted to $8,000,000; while the output from the orchards of California was less than $2,500,000. No later statistics are at hand, but these figures show the infancy of the industry. However, we are no longer in the experimental stage, for we know with a certainty that it is a boon to mankind in all ways.

California shipped about 300,000 cases of ripe olives last year, but this will be a very small figure compared with the output of the coming season.

Olives thrive in the southern part of California and throughout the valley of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers. They do well on a variety of soils, and will thrive on soils where other fruits will not produce at all. The San Francisco bay region in general produces a considerably smaller fruit with a somewhat higher percentage of

oil. The northern and southern interior districts produce a larger fruit, with a corresponding low percentage of oil; while the Sierra Nevada foothills and the southern coast range produce fruit of fair size and high oil content. The main types of olive cultivated are the Mission, Manzanillo and the Ascolano.

Only ten per cent of the people of the United States have ever tasted a ripe olive. Olive trees begin bearing the fifth year. They are profitable the seventh year; but I know of three year old olive groves where the trees averaged this year five pounds each. The olive business will be one of the most permanent and substantial of California's fruit industries.

Professor Biolotti, of the University of California, is at present instructing 895 people in his olive course by correspondence.

Most of the great food producers have recently begun handling olives on a large scale—because of the increasing public demand.

Professor Jaffa, of the University of California, says: "The ripe olive is a very valuable, palatable and easily digestible form of food, and should be considered as such. In a comparison of food values, he says it will be noted that in one pound of ripe olives you have practically eleven-twelfths of the caloric value that is noted for bread.

In one pound of ripe olives there is practically as much nutriment as in an equal quantity of rice, edible condition. In an equal quantity of olives and cooked macaroni, we have 415 calories in one pound of macaroni, while there are 1,100 in a like quantity of ripe olives."

TWO PRAYERS

Within the temple, far from all the rest,
With jewels flashing at his neck and breast,
Stood one in flowing robes of spotless white,
Whose mien and stately gesture spoke of Might.
In patronizing tones his voice he raised:
"Lord Allah, let Thy holy name be praised,
For e'en the little Thou hast done for me
I lift my voice in solemn thanks to Thee."

A woman knelt outside the temple door,
Her dress of rags so miserable and poor
The very beggars scornful turned away,
Clasped to her breast her sleeping baby lay.
"Oh, Allah," thus she prayed, devoutly bending,
"Thy glory will I sing in praise unending
For Thy great boon to me, unworthy one,
This priceless Gift of Gifts—a little son!"

Up from the earth to Heaven's golden door
The strains of thankful praise now swiftly soar.
"Two prayers, O Master," angels brought the word.
He answered sadly: "Nay, but one I heard."

ALICE HATHAWAY CUNNINGHAM.

"When a Man Comes to Himself," by Woodrow Wilson.

Needless to say, the author writes with that directness and simplicity, that impressive sincerity, and that felicity of phrase which make all his utterances notably effective. What gives special value to the work in question is the skill and wisdom with which he has selected and emphasized the right point of view—the point of view by which those who succeed and are happy in their success really live. With psychological insight President Wilson describes the wholesome change that comes over a man when he has arrived at a true estimate of the world and of his own place in it. Then he shows the immense value to the individual's personality of unselfish devotion to a task or a cause. Without this he makes it clear that a man can find no true adjustment. "A man is the part he plays among his fellows. He is not isolated; he cannot be. His life is made up of the relations he bears to others—is made or marred by those relations, guided by them, judged by them, expressed in them." And in the same light by which a man sees his private tasks aright he may obtain a true and comprehensive view of the functions of the State. "Political society . . . is an abiding natural relationship. It is neither a mere convenience nor a mere necessity. . . . It is in real truth the eternal and natural expression and embodiment of a form of life higher than that of the individual." The essay is fundamentally sound and extremely stimulating.

Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

"Barbara's Marriages," by Maude Radford Warren.

Barbara Langworthy, a sensitive, joy-loving Southern girl, is married at a very early age to a man much her elder. Her parents are dead, and her brother, with whom she lives, has married a woman older than he, whose money alone has enabled him to keep possession of the old family home. Anita Langworthy, narrow and embittered, feeling hopelessly that her husband's heart has never been truly hers, and miserably jealous of his affection for Barbara, makes the girl's life intolerable. Barbara marries as a means of escape—without in the least knowing the meaning of love or marriage. Her chivalrous bridegroom, seeing her evident shrinking, allows her to bring her brother with her on the wedding trip. Then on the day after the marriage there is an automobile accident in which both Barbara's husband and her brother are killed. Anita, transformed by the shock into a peevish invalid, holds Barbara responsible for the accident—as it seems to the grief-stricken young widow that she really is—and as reparation claims her service as nurse and companion.

From the slavery of her life with Anita, Barbara is at length rescued through the intervention of two men—Stephen Thornton, a hard-working young lawyer of good family, and John Hare, now a highly successful physician in California, but formerly looked down upon in his birthplace because of his "poor white" origin—a fact that has profoundly influenced his character. Barbara ends by marrying Thornton. The emotions of the story

are as distinctive as are the vividly suggested and atmospheric scenes in which its events occur. In each of the experiences related there is an individuality of thought and feeling that awakens warm personal interest.

Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

"Angela's Business," by Henry Sydnor Harrison, author of "Queed" and "V. V.'s Eyes."

Although Angela lends her name to the title of Henry Sydnor Harrison's new story, she shares the honor of being heroine with her cousin, Mary Wing. Mary is assistant principal of the City High School. She supports her mother and herself comfortably, and is a person of some distinction in educational circles. Angela, on the contrary, is a newcomer. She is an only daughter, and her activities are centered in home life, so that, in spite of Mary's friendship, she is often lonely for the companionship of her own sort of young people. The problem of fixing her place in society is as important to Angela as the ambition to advance in her profession is to Mary. Both are keenly alive to their advantages and their handicaps; and the contrast between them is shown, sometimes with much humor, in their effect upon the young author, Charles Garrott, who has studied womankind as a class and thinks he has little to learn about the sex. Mary and Angela "keep him guessing," and the end of the story leaves him in a humbler and more becoming spirit. The love element is constant and full of surprises, bringing out in still another way the contrast between the home-keeping girl and the girl in business.

Price $1.35 net. Published by Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass.

"Russia and the World," by Stephen Graham.

For more than seven years Stephen Graham has been a close student of things Russian. Compelled by an intense sympathy with the country and its people, he forsook his native England and went to Russia when he was twenty-three to study at first hand the life and customs of that country. This was the beginning of an attachment which grew stronger with the years, and out of which have come several of the most important contributions made to English literature bearing on the Russia of modern times. At the outbreak of the present European war Mr. Graham was in Russia, and his book opens, therefore, with a description of the way the news of war was received on the Chinese frontier, one thousand miles from a railroad station where he happened to be when the Tsar's summons came. Following this come other chapters on Russia and the war, considering such questions as: Is it a Last War? Why Russia is Fighting, The Economic Isolation of Russia, Suffering Poland, The Soldier and the Cross.

Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

"Vanishing Roads and Other Essays," by Richard Le Gallienne.

The author discloses unhackneyed viewpoints while writing of familiar things. The book is full of keen comments on contemporary ideals and misconceptions, but embraces much, too, that transcends the present and includes the past. There are essays vital to the lover of nature, and essays of assured appeal to the student of manners and of men. An indication of the character and scope of the book is afforded by the list of the contents appended: Vanishing Roads, Woman as a Supernatural Being, The Lack of Imagination Among Millionaires, Modern Aids to Romance, The Last Call, The Passing of Mrs. Grundy, The Persecutions of Beauty, The Many Faces, The Snows of Yester-Year, The Psychology of Gossip, The Spirit of the Open, An Old American Tow-Path, A Modern Saint Francis, A Little Ghost in the Garden, On Re-reading Walter Pater, The Mystery of Fiona MacLeod, Forbes-Robertson: An Appreciation,

Imperishable Fiction, The Man Behind the Pen.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"The Seven Darlings," by Gouverneur Morris, author of "A Penalty," etc. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.

The young Darlings, left of a sudden penniless, determine to use their one asset—besides charm and beauty —to make a living. It is a luxurious camp in the Adirondacks, and had it advertised as open for boarders; according to the plan nothing much would have happened; but more or less of an accident made the advertisement such that the applicants were chiefly eligible young men. From this situation arises a novel of several heroines and more love stories—a novel of healthy, modern, out of door adventure and romance, of just such a character as to unloose Mr. Morris's wonderful story telling gifts.

$1.35 net; postage extra. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The Lure of the Land, or Farming After Fifty," by Harvey W. Wiley, M. D., formerly Chief Chemist of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Dr. Wiley always knows what he is talking about and how to say it clearly, vigorously and entertainingly. This is a book for the thousands of men and women in the large cities who have felt the lure of the land and who are inclined to believe that a farm offers the happy and safe solution of their special problem. A book also for the progressive farmer. Sane, practical, constructively helpful discussion of the general question of the lure of the land, the "born on the farm" myth, the dairy the hope of the small farmer, farm labor, the farmer's market, State and Federal aids to agriculture, light, power and other comforts on the farm, agricultural waste, "Uncle Sam's big farm," etc. Dr. Wiley writes out of the wisdom of experience with farm life in all its phases, enriched by careful study of the problems of country life. His book is human in quality, invaluable for its reliable information.

12mo, 368 pages, price $1.40 net; postage 10 cents. Published by the Century Company, New York.

"Adventures with a Sketch Book," by Donald Maxwell.

Those interested in the topography of the war should read this book. The chapter entitled "An Opportunist on the Meuse" begins at Dinant and proceeds upon a series of "Adventures," with barges and secret service agents through Mezieres, Sedan, the fortress line Verdun-St. Mihiel-Toul and the district of Luneville and Nancy. Then, most sensational of all from the point of view of navigation and landscapes, an account of the strategic tunnel, where barges can pierce through the range of the Vosges and climb the gorge of Zabern, Strassberg and the Rhine. Further chapters deal with the arrest of the author and a companion on the northern frontier of Italy, and their imprisonment as Austrian spies.

Published by John Lane Co., New York.

"The Pro and Con of Golf," by Alexander H. Revell.

This book, an illuminating compendium of a genuine golf lover's experience, will unquestionably help to impart a higher standard for the game and foster those points which make it pre-eminent among thousands of devotees. Mr. Revell, an enthusiastic amateur golfer, has collected in this volume the results of years of play, experience and study of his favorite pastime, and has embodied not only his own views on the game but also the opinions of the leaders of the sport in America and abroad. The book is replete with timely information and cannot but aid the beginner in progress in a game in which proficiency comes only with experience, hard work, equable temper, assiduous application and much mental effort. He who follows

the precepts of Mr. Revell will be a good sport off and on the links, and that is four-fifths of the game of golf.

Price $1.25 net. Published by Rand, McNally & Company, Chicago, Ill.

"The Conquering Jew," by John Foster Fraser, author of "The Amazing Argentine," etc.; "Panama, and What It Means," etc.

Mr. Foster Fraser has studied the position of the Jews in every quarter of the globe; he has pondered on the vitality of this curious nation, on its adaptability to the variant circumstances, on its ability, its virility, and in this book he records the results of his observations, and the deductions suggested by them concerning the all-conquering Jew. There are facts contained in its pages which will probably startle the general reader, and which must arouse interest and admiration of all for the marvelously recuperative powers of this cosmopolitan "nation." What is the future position of Judaism in world politics? Will there ever be a homogeneous Jewish nation? Will it ever possess a country where its national aspirations can be exercised or find satisfaction?

Large 12mo. cloth, 300 pages, price $1.50 net; by mail $1.62. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

"South of Panama," by Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross, author of "The Changing Chinese," etc.

This is the unconventional treatment of our Latin-American neighbors, never neglecting the truth because it sometimes happens to be far from complimentary. Professor Ross went everywhere, saw everything, and every body worth while; and being well known in South America because of his previous works, he enjoyed entree to the circles in which sincere inquiry is understood and appreciated, and he was given every assistance by his scientific brothers in the various countries he visited. It is high time, according to Professor Ross, that it be recognized how little there is in common between Anglo-American and Spanish-American.

Published by The Century Co., New York.

"All for His Country," by J. U. Gisey, author of "The Blue Bomb," etc.

This is a stirring, patriotic, American novel depicting events which might easily take place to-morrow. Briefly, the United States becomes involved in the Mexican imbroglio, and then with startling rapidity events develop which are entirely compatible with our present state of unpreparedness for war. While we are occupied with Mexico, our country is suddenly attacked by Japan. Follows a crushing series of defeats for our arms, which constitute a terrible arraignment of our "little army and navy" legislators. The solution of the terrific problem which confronts the country completes what is a most intense and gripping tale.

Price $1.25 net. Illustrated. Published by The Macaulay Company, New York.

"Nyriam and the Mystic Brotherhood," by Maude Lesseur Howard.

An occult romance suggested by a short story which appeared some twelve years ago in a prominent magazine of general circulation. Behind the imagery "lurks the shadow of truth," readily recognizable by students of the occult sciences.

Occult Publishing Company, Chicago.

"Old Mission Tales," by Kate P. Sieghold.

These fine short tales are told in sympathetic mood with the early California Mission life as a background. Each one frames a phase of life or a legend, and the details are handled in a fashion to show the ardent love of the author for her materials, a kindly effort to attract attention to the most poetically romantic period in the history of California. The twenty-two pages, paper bound, have been gath-

ered very attractively by a leather thong after the style of the books of the old Mission pictured on the cover.

Published by John Newbegin, San Francisco.

"Biblical Libraries: A Sketch of Library History from 3400 B. C. to A. D. 150," by Ernest Cushing Richardson, Librarian of Princeton University.

This compact little book, punctuated with illustrations, is the result of twenty-five years of the author's delving into the early history of libraries. The material is not ripe yet for systematic publication, as the author confesses, as the rapidly growing results from recent excavation suggests that it will be long before it is. The work, however, is an excellent perspective of the field covered, and well worth the while of library lovers.

Published by Princeton University Press, Princeton, New Jersey. Price, $1.25 net.

"Joy," by Lillian E. Craner.

As the title implies, the author is the apostle of joy and sings its paens in various keys. Her little paper covered booklet of 32 pages, neatly illuminated, is addressed to those who seek Joy, but know not where it dwells; to those who know Joy well, yet have not learned to tell their brother men and to those who have taught her how to do her humble best. Her short poems radiate the joy she has found, and show the way by which other seekers may find the same happy illumination of the spirit.

Published by Miss Lillian E. Craner, Oakland, Cal.

"A Sheaf of Roses," by Elizabeth Gordon.

This is a gift book which will be highly appreciated by all lovers of roses. Seventeen of the most beautiful varieties, exquisitely drawn and colored by Frederick W. Martin, are gems of their kind. Each panel of roses is accompanied by a sympathetic verse setting forth the glowing beauty and tender sentiment of the fragrant flowers. Prettily bound and illuminated in letters of gold. $1 net.

Published by Rand, McNally & Co.

"Pauline, A Romance of the Civil War," by Arthur Willis Spooner, D. D., author of the "Grandest Work in the World," etc.

The plot owes its uniqueness and originality to an actual romance of real life. The historical background, thrown into relief by the "high lights" of the author's imagination, shows war not as a fascinating drama; its tragedies are painted in such startling terms that the reader cannot fail to realize that indeed "war is hell." Perhaps the fact that the author is himself a member of the Sons of Veterans and an honorary member of the G. A. R. accounts for the vividness and accuracy of detail and the wartime atmosphere.

Cloth; frontispiece; $1.35 net. Published by Sherman, French & Co.

"The Glen Path and Other Poems," by Samuel Theodore Kidder.

Gay or grave, underneath one feels the author's understanding of the human longing for brotherhood, for sympathy; its need for the touch of human love to link it to God. This is particularly felt in the religious verse. God comes to man not in scorn of things earthy, nor from oblivion to them, but through them.

Paper bound; 12mo; $1 net. Published by Sherman, French & Co.

"Love's Creed and Other Poems," by Albert Edmund Trombly, author of "The Springtime of Love," etc.

The distinguishing features of "The Springtime of Love," the author's earlier volume, reappear in "Love's Creed," but here one finds a broader vision, greater variety, maturity and restraint. In the satirical poems "Ave Marte" and "Dante's Rejected Canto" a new and happy note is struck.

Cloth; 12mo; $1 net; postage extra. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston, Mass.

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